

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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Ten Cents
a Copy



“OUR OWN NORTHLAND”

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The Business Girl Knows

The Dollars-and-Cents Value of "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

THE universal rule for daily skin cleansing with soap and water is founded on one important factor: *A true complexion soap is meant.*

Thus millions use Palmolive, a soap made for ONE purpose ONLY; to safeguard and protect the skin. Remember this when purchasing soap for facial use.

AS beauty is rated a dollars-and-cents asset by women of the stage and screen, so too it is rated today by women in the business world. Note there the lovely complexions that you see.

The rule for *gaining* a good complexion is the same as for *keeping* one—soap and water, as advised by virtually every leading authority on skin care. This is to keep the skin and pores clean and free of beauty-impairing accumulations.

The one secret is in the *kind of soap* one uses. Only a true complexion soap can be wisely employed on the skin. Other soaps may be too harsh.

The rule for "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

Thus millions use Palmolive, in this way—a soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard the skin. A good complexion is worth too much to experiment.

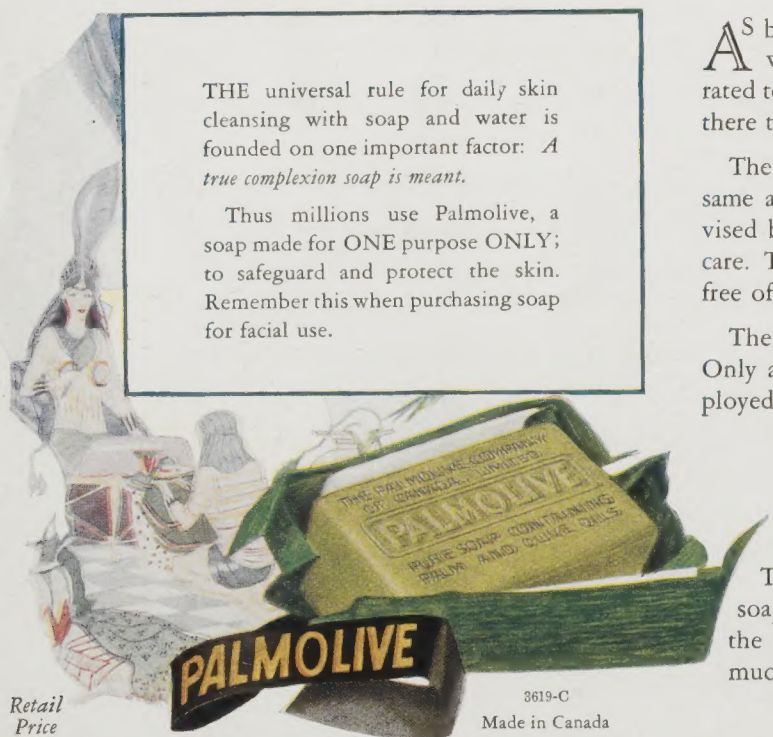
Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

It costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake, then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.



Retail
Price

10^c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

3619-C
Made in Canada

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Chrysler "52"
4-Door Sedan \$930

Sensational New Lower Prices

Coupe	\$870
Roadster (with rumble seat)	870
Touring	870
2-door Sedan . .	880
4-door Sedan . .	930
DeLuxe Coupe . .	930
(with rumble seat)	
DeLuxe Sedan	1000

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra) Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler cars have the additional protection against theft of the Fedco System of numbering.

Four great lines of Chrysler cars—"52," "62," "72" and New 112 h. p. Imperial "80"—supplying every price need from \$870 to \$9105—offered now at prices which upset all previous standards of value—make Chrysler more emphatically than ever before, the unchallenged leader of the industry in motor car quality.



\$870

No Car compares with Chrysler "52" in money value •

At its sensational new low prices the smart New Chrysler "52" is more than ever the unapproached value in the low-priced field.

Product of that same group of engineers and that same manufacturing organization which build the "62," "72," and 112 h. p. Imperial "80," the "52" offers performance and comfort results such as no other car in its price group can hope to approach.

Only in the "52" can you obtain, at these low prices, speed ability and pick-up that are characteristically Chrysler;

Such smoothness of operation at all speeds;

Ease of handling unapproached by cars selling at less than \$1500.

Full-sized bodies of exceptional fineness, with ample room for adult passengers; saddle spring seat cushions that give the comfort of large, highest-priced cars;

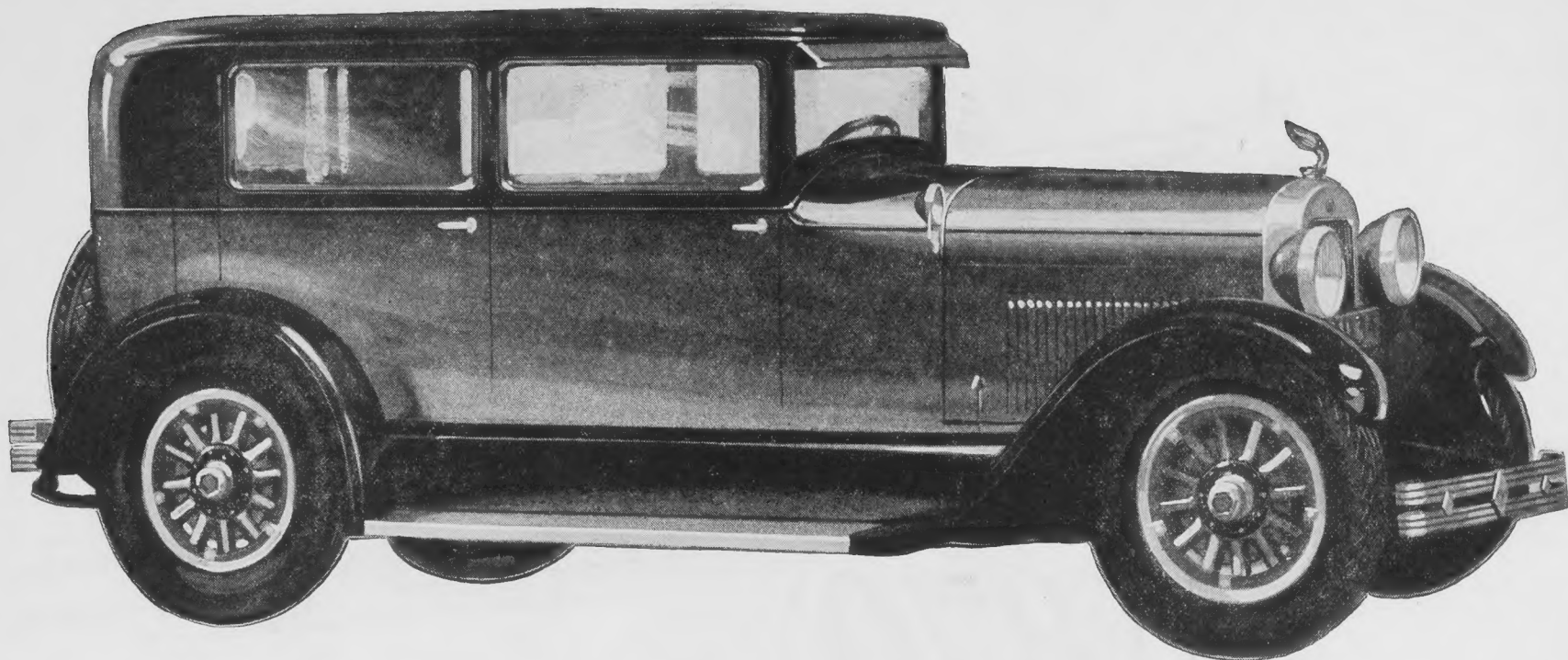
Chrysler smartness and beauty of line and coloring;

Dependability and long life assured by Chrysler's Standardized Quality in engineering and precision manufacturing;

And the prestige that attaches to Chrysler ownership.

See the smart New "52." Compare it with any and every car in its price field. Then ride in it and instantly understand why, at its new low prices, public preference acclaims it as more than ever the greatest value in its price division.

CHRYSLER "52"



so Women in *thousands* are turning to **ESSEX**

In the way women by thousands are turning to Essex is a story of the great and dynamic "man's Super-Six" made beautiful for women.

The stunning exterior grace and finish which bears closest examination with the honors of true beauty and workmanship, is carried on and heightened by the interior details of comfort, convenience and appearance.

You sit upon high-back, form-fitting seats upholstered in material that is intelligent of quality to sight and to the touch. The winged radiator figure leads the eye out over a shining rhythm of cowl, hood, polished saddle type lamps and graceful arching fenders to the smoothly flying highroad.

You have before you every control in their most natural and handy place (see illustration). And all about you, the paneling, the weather-stripped doors, the silenced body construction, the floor-matting and the hardware in graceful silvery patterns speak quietly and certainly of quality.

The Essex Super-Six high-compression motor is patented and exclusive, and is so far as we know the most powerful of its size in the world.

The four-wheel brakes used on Essex are the same type used on costly cars and assure the maximum brake safety as well as the softness of control that you associate only with high-priced cars.

In this and such things as the black rubber, steel-core, finger-scalloped steering wheel, the worm and tooth disc steering mechanism and the vertical radiator shutters, Essex visibly duplicates costly car practice, as it does also in the hidden things you never see.



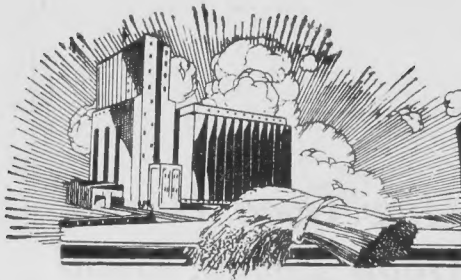
Simple, Compact and Convenient

1. Light Control - 2. Horn button - 3. Throttle
4. Radiator shutter control - 5. Starter - 6. Electro-lock
7. Gasoline gauge - 8. Choke

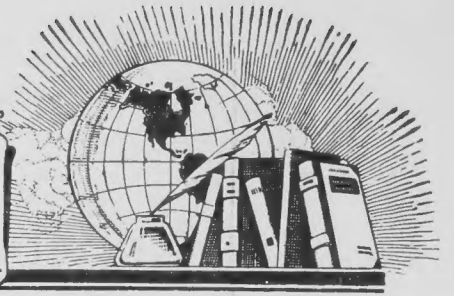
The beautiful Essex instrument board is of ebony finish, grouping under indirect light, motometer, gasoline gauge, oil gauge, speedometer and ammeter. Restful seating position with convenience, and operation ease of all controls, insure easiest driving you ever knew.

COUPE \$900 {Rumble Seat \$35 extra} COACH \$885 SEDAN {4-door} \$960
All prices f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra

ESSEX SUPER SIX



EDITORIAL



Immigration

ONE of the problems that is ever before the people of the Canadian West is that of securing more settlers. Much of the finest land in the world is unoccupied. It is a very costly matter for farmers to carry on when the population is scattered widely. Roads, schools, transportation, and other necessities are a heavy toll on a few people. They would not be a burden if all lands were occupied. Nor can there be much manufacture until the population increases. There will be nobody to make use of the production of the factories. Manufacturing towns cannot exist unless there are markets, and in most cases consumption of goods has to be local. So the great need is people engaged in raw production—farming, fishing, mining, stock-raising, gardening and the like. A few questions naturally arise. What people wish to come? What people do we wish to come? What people should *not* come. What inducements are we to offer to make people of the right type come? How must we treat them after they come? What action should we take in the case of undesirables? And then there are other questions that will naturally suggest themselves.

First, it is well to look backwards. In the early days, when railways were being constructed a great many people were brought in from Europe to assist in the undertaking. When the roads were finished many settled down in the cities and villages of the West and others entered farming. There joined them many others who came directly from their homes to the farms and to city life. Have they made good? It is not easy to generalize, but there is no doubt but that some races have been more adaptable than others, and have been more ready to assume the duties and responsibilities of Canadian citizenship. Some have had no national feeling at all. Some yet belong and always will belong to the nation that gave them birth, and this feeling will survive in their children; others have shown that their first loyalty is to a class, cult, creed or order, and they have eschewed the very idea of nationalism. Indeed the recognition of difference is so common that men and children use definite adjectives to characterize the nationalities that have made contributions to our population. We should be foolish then, as a people were we not to be particularly careful in selecting settlers. "Every choice we make is for eternity," said a great German writer, and it never applied more truly than in this case. When a settler and his wife arrive we accept the offspring for all generations.

Care in Selection

THIS thought of exercising care in selection leads us to investigate the possibilities of error. In the first place people from any nation may have physical disabilities that should prevent them from entering the land. One need only mention syphilitic infection—something that does not die out in one generation. The doctors and health nurses will give instances of other physical weaknesses that should debar settlers. Surely those who are here have a right to protect themselves from evils of this kind.

Next there are people who are intellectually unfit—morons, and feeble-minded generally. These are the people who after marriage give birth to other half-witted people. Nothing is better established than that idiocy in parents is likely to lead to idiocy in children.

Then there are people with moral weakness. These come from all lands. Sometimes the failing is personal, sometimes a weakness seems to be national, but whether it comes by heredity or is the result of education, may be doubtful. It is a big risk for a country to take, to settle her provinces with people who are given to thieving, to lying, to sexual impropriety, to excessive drinking, to brutality towards women and children. In this matter Canada will do well to be careful.

Then there are two other dangers that should be mentioned. There may be people who, because of

their political or religious zeal are a menace. It would be the height of folly for Canada to make it easy for bolshevism, fascism, or anything of the kind to flourish here. If there is anything worth while in the political ideas of their cults, we can ourselves, as a Canadian people, gradually incorporate it into our political life, but we shall do it as Canadians. We must surely beware of any organization that would surreptitiously or openly weaken our affection for our own land, or cultivate a loyalty that would make Canadian loyalty merely secondary.

This warning is meant to apply to political, religious, industrial and social organizations of all kinds. It is reasonable for Canada to expect that all settlers who come here shall give their first loyalty to the land of their adoption.

Welcoming the Immigrants

NO MATTER how this question is settled, we must welcome in a whole-hearted manner all who are permitted to join our citizenship. They must not be taken in as menials. It may be expected that many of their children will take precedence of Canadian children in the next generation. From the moment they are enrolled as Canadians they must be educated for their task as prospective citizens. They must have schools, newspapers, opportunities for mingling with English-speaking peoples. There must be in their minds and the minds of Canadian-born a feeling of equality in the matter of citizenship. It may be that there should be a probationary period for all who do not speak the accepted language of the country, and a test of some kind before full admission to citizenship. That would not be unreasonable. The same might be expected of us on going to a European country to settle there.

The Clash of Color

THERE is another difficulty to face. What shall Canada do when people of another color seek entrance? This question will be faced at another time, but as preparatory it is well to remember that in some countries races of different color have intermarried, and the progeny has not been inferior; in other cases two races in the same country have flourished side by side and yet are loyal to the same flag; in other cases the racial hatreds have never died out, and there is a nation within a nation. It is not an insuperable objection to a nation that its standard of living is below the Canadian standard. It may be that Canadians are too luxurious. If the moral standard is hopelessly low, that is another matter.

Doctor John MacLean

ALL Western Canada will unite in paying tribute to the memory of Dr. John MacLean, the pioneer missionary of the plains. He was a man of indomitable energy and unfailing industry; a preacher, a teacher, an explorer, a writer and a philanthropist. While other men dreamed possibilities, he realized them. Altogether he was a great man.

One of the finest contributions was his *Study of Indian Races*. Probably no one in our day knew them so intimately, and certainly no English-speaking citizen was more highly esteemed by them.

On many occasions Dr. MacLean's first-hand knowledge of conditions in the remote regions of the West was of the greatest value to those responsible for the administration of law, while his religious works brought consolation to many Christian people. The *Western Home Monthly* joins with all others in Canada in recognizing his great service and devotion.

The New North

IN HIS illuminating article on *Our Own Northland*, Dr. Wallace takes the ground that the real nexus between East and West is not the territory through which the transcontinental railways

pass, but the great mineral-filled region lying to the north. Just as the prairies, because of their breadth and the fertility of the soil induced and still induces settlers, so the mineral wealth, the water-power and the pulp-wood supply will attract many more. Dr. Wallace knows the North and its possibilities better than any other man and when he speaks with such optimism ordinary citizens may well take heart. We are just entering upon our great heritage.

The Movies

IT IS with great satisfaction that one notices an improvement in moving picture displays. After the War the preparation of films was controlled by conscienceless producers whose main concern was money-making, and who violated every law of decency and propriety in order to attain their ends. That they poisoned the minds of our youth is evident from the attitude so many now take in the marriage question and on domestic problems. Without a protest we permitted men and women who lacked modesty and purity to impart their ideals to impressionable minds. We are now paying the price.

Fortunately there is a reaction. The American film-producers are first when it comes to mechanical excellence, but Germany and Russia excel in artistic production. For comic actors, riders-of-the-plains, cheap villains, anybody will do. It requires no brains to play the part. But when thought must be expressed in every motion and in every feature; when a whole series of emotions has to be shown in the flicking of an eyelid, then it takes the genius of a Veidt or a Jannings or a Chaney. It requires only a few great pictures to make the public realize how cheap and tawdry and inartistic are many of the productions that are acclaimed by the producers as masterpieces.

The movie is improving in another way. The best theatres now engage orchestras that render excellent service. The cheaper shows have much to learn here, and anyone who has to endure what is put on as "music" may understand Henry Ford's plea for silence while the pictures are being shown. Gradually, however, loud, unmelodious jazz is giving way to music of worth.

A third way in which the movie is moving forward is in the production of educational films. It is a distinct pleasure to note how an audience turns away with apparent relief from a study of *Felix the Cat* to a study of life in the *Islands of the Sea*.

As an educational agency the movie has few equals. Positively it may give useful information or supply inspiration, negatively it may hold up unworthy ideals or offer improper suggestions. It can educate upwards or downwards.

The people of any community, if they assert themselves, can decide what pictures shall be shown. From the point of view of ideals of conduct it is not as easy to get worthy pictures today as it was fifteen years ago. Practices that would have shocked people then are commonplace now. The movie itself has brought this about. But it has gone so far that there is a revulsion of feeling and the cry of sober-minded people is for productions that have moral worth as well as cleverness of production to commend them.

In the *Century for March* appears these telling sentences:

"The character of film is also changing. Love interest no longer has the strangle hold. In 'Beau Geste,' for example, a great box-office success, the sex love might as well have been omitted entirely, so subordinated is it to the main theme of brother love. In 'Sorrel and Son' father love predominates. In that remarkable group of geographical films, 'Nanook of the North,' which portrays life among the Eskimos, 'Chang,' an amazing study of the jungle, and 'Grass,' picturing the nomadic wanderings of a great tribe, the sex love element has been ignored entirely.

*A Clear skin
a Robust body
.....the JOY of living!*

*How Good Health,
Good Looks, Good
Feelings, come back
to thousands*

Everyone nowadays knows where skin disfigurements come from. Even school girls know. The knowledge is part of the equipment for modern life—for being always at one's best—for getting from life all the best that life can yield.

Nature knows the cause—faulty elimination; intestinal uncleanness, and the poisons rising from it and carried to all parts of the system. Nature seeks constantly to get rid of the cause. Medicines can't do it. Other foods do *not* enable nature to win completely.

But this food—Fleischmann's Yeast—can. It is doing it.

You see the proof, **all** around you. In thousands of **clear**, bright, happy faces.

If you could have seen those faces a few months ago—or even a few weeks ago.

Do you know about this new Health Custom that has spread so rapidly everywhere in our modern life, among men and women of high standards? Besides other things that make life better, it is helping to correct the source of most of our ills—Constipation, with its ever-attendant troubles . . . indigestion, skin disorders, and run-down condition.

Join the happy circle of Canadians who have adopted this definite HEALTH CUSTOM of eating FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST—the living vegetable—daily throughout the year—three times a day—30 minutes or so before the rest of the meal. On biscuit or toast, or in cold or hot water (not scalding). Keep the cakes in any cool place, not freezing. Do not remove the foil until just before eating. See that each wrapped piece bears the Yellow label, the name, Fleischmann's Yeast, that signifies the food for Health.

Many appetizing ways of eating Yeast are described in the latest Yeast for Health booklet, of which a copy will be sent to you, free, if you will write to Health Research Dept. O+C The Fleischmann Company, Mayor Building, 1449 St. Alexander Street, Montreal, Que.

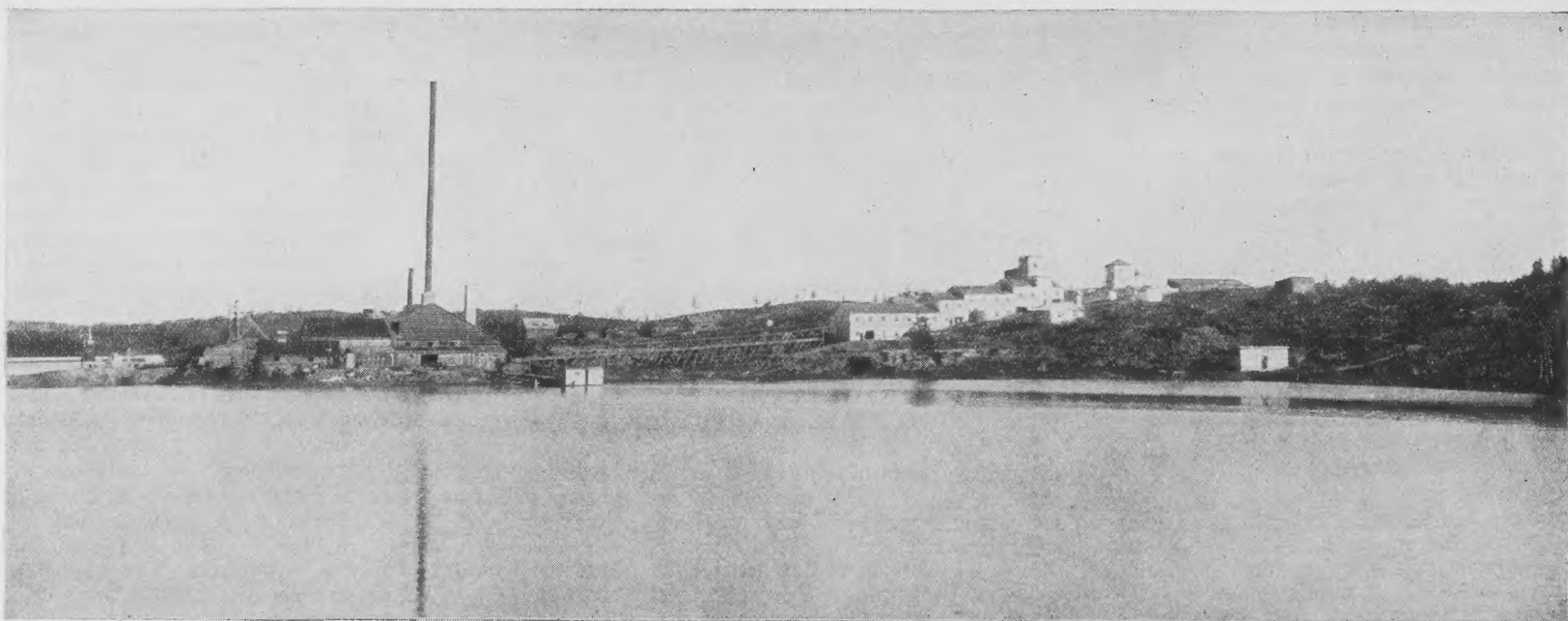
Tell your grocer to add **your** name to his list for regular delivery; **three** cakes for each member of your family.

Just a few of the
hundreds of thousands
who know the blessing in
YEAST

*YEAST as a FOOD has become
the HEALTH CUSTOM in CANADA
~in these last FOUR YEARS.*

The THRICE-A-DAY Health Custom

FLEISCHMANN'S *Yeast* *The Food for Health*



The Flin Flon from the South end of Chist Lake

Our Own Northland

By Robert C. Wallace

Professor of Geology and Mineralogy

THE eyes of Canadians are turning northwards. There is a new outlook into the future of the country, and that outlook is bound up with what the North has to contribute to the economic and social welfare of the people. It is well, therefore, to analyze, as best one may, the potentialities of northern territory and their meaning for the immediate future of Canadian development.

There has been a stock-taking, on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of Confederation, of the progress of Canada during the last half-century. It has been noted that the agricultural movement towards the West, hemmed back for a time by the rocky waste north of the Great Lakes, broke through southwards by way of the Northern States and the Red River Valley. Even the railway, when it came, was merely a thin ribbon to tie together older Canada with the then rapidly-growing prairie population. It was a stupendous task that the Fathers of Confederation essayed when they visioned the binding together of Canada from East to West—stupendous as all tasks are that seem to run counter to nature's laws. For the grain of Canada's physical structure runs north and south, and between the East and the West there has been the great dividing wedge of the rocky pre-Cambrian Shield which lies east, south and west of Hudson Bay. For, after all, in our outlook, in our inner psychology, we are the creatures in great measure of our physical surroundings. To what extent are the people of British Columbia able to look eastwards over the top of the mountains? What inner sympathy can there be between the industrialized St. Lawrence Valley and the agricultural level plains of the West? These are questions which face us in the next fifty years of Canada's growth. In such matters it is well to work, as far as possible, with, and not against, physical conditions; and the North Country will contribute in a way which only those who fully appreciate the North realize. The northern people are of the same type in Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba; and the same type will spread throughout the northern part of Saskatchewan and Alberta. Their interests, their outlook, and their occupations will be the same throughout the North; for the country is the same. There is no single tie that will bind Central Canada together more closely than will the North Country, when it develops; for it is a tie which works with the natural physical conditions. Today the men of Northern Ontario, Northern Quebec and Northern Manitoba stand closely together in their common tie of association with the mineral

development of a country which is so similar that it would be impossible to differentiate by physical differences alone.

It is, of course, from the economic side that the appeal of the North comes today. A vast territory which is unproductive, and likely to remain unproductive, would be a drag on Canada's progress. It is costly in railway operation, and costly in all the various national services which attempt to bind East and West together. The development of the North is no easy task. The distances are so great, the places where development is possible so far separated, and the necessary capital so large, that considerable courage, combined with sound engineering and technical skill, is needed before development becomes possible. But development has come, and on a more than substantial scale. The mineral progress in Northern Ontario during the past twenty years has been almost unique. In nickel, silver and gold that province has made a striking contribution to the world's supply of these important metals, and from territory which was part of Northern Canada's wilderness. It is now clear that the prosperity which Northern Ontario has enjoyed is to be shared in the next twenty years by Northern Manitoba and Northern Quebec, and that on a rapidly increasing scale copper and zinc are to be added to gold, silver and nickel as substantial factors in the wealth of the Northern Canadian wilderness. The case of the Flin Flon property of Northwestern Manitoba and Northeastern Saskatchewan will demonstrate this fact. In 1931 this property will be in a position to produce daily 60 tons of practically pure copper, 120 tons of pure zinc, gold to the value of \$6,000 and silver to the value of \$3,000. In 1914 the existence of the property was unknown; but it has taken twelve years of hard work on the part of large mining corporations, and the expenditure of practically \$2,000,000 to get the property to the stage where it is possible to build the railway and develop the mine. For this property alone there is required a railway 90 miles long, a concentrator, a smelter, an electrolytic plant, and the development of 35,000 h.p. from a power site, and the transmission of that power to the property. There will be needed a working staff of 1,000 men, and eventually a town of 5,000 people. There will be a capital expenditure of at least \$15,000,000 to put the property in shape for operation. The case of

the Flin Flon will be sufficient to prove that Northern enterprises are of great magnitude, and can only be undertaken by responsible industrial corporations. It is true that the case which has been cited is the most striking which could be taken, but the indications

are that other large properties in zinc and copper may develop which will also represent important investments and large-scale operations. And in gold mining, though the scale of operations is not so extensive as in the base metals, the number of properties now active and in stages of development is so much greater, that the combined investments aggregate a very considerable total.

There are several phases of this development which are important to the agricultural population of the Western Prairies, and to the larger cities which have developed from the agricultural industry. The first is the increased area of populated territory, and the greater populations which the West will hold because of the utilization of northern territory. The task of the next fifty years will be not only to fill the prairies which have been opened during the last half-century, but to reach northwards as well into new territory. Industrial life can only develop when there is a market sufficiently large to absorb the products of the farm, and the factory. The purchasing power of a northern population is very great. It is necessary only to visit Cobalt, Kirkland Lake, and Timmins to appreciate this fact. A basis is laid as well for a diversified industrial life, such as is not possible on purely agricultural activities. The demands in a variety of directions—mining, metallurgical, forest products, electro-chemical, chemical—are of a very different type to those of the farm, and require new industries to supply the necessary machinery and equipment to carry on such work. There is thus introduced a diversity of pursuit, and diversity of interest, such as is lacking in our present community life in Western Canada. Anyone who has visited, for example, the new community of Pine Falls on the Winnipeg River will appreciate the value of the new note in our community life. There a community of young, technically trained people has been organized to carry on an industry new to the Canadian Prairies—the manufacture of pulpwood. It would be difficult to find a keener, more alert group of people on the Canadian Prairies than that which makes up the population of this new model town, which has virtually sprung up over night. There are, in our cities, and throughout the prairies, young men reaching manhood whose abilities are of such a type as may not best be met in any of the various phases of agricultural life. Such men have to leave the Canadian West if they are to find the outlet for their special abilities. It is a matter of the greatest importance that there develop in our own

country such variety of vocations, demanding such variety of skill and technical ability that the young men may see their way clear to their own type of activity in the Canadian West.

The three important resources which will be the key to industrial expansion in the northern part of our provinces are water power, minerals and pulpwood resources. To fisheries and in the fur industry much attention will yet have to be given, in order that the resources may be conserved. It will be impossible, in many northern areas, to protect the fur-bearing animals when the population increases. It will be possible, however, to establish fur-farming on a much more extensive scale than is practiced at the present time. It is highly probable that a large percentage of the fur which the North will produce will ultimately come from fur farms. In Manitoba, during the last few years, there has been a remarkable increase in the number of farms, and the variety of fur-bearing animals so reared, though the industry is yet too young in the West to have made much contribution to the annual production in fur.

Of the three key resources, minerals are a wasting asset, while water power and pulp resources should be permanent. To a very large extent, the development of these resources interlock. The power needed for the pulp mill may also be supplied to the mining field; and it may need the combined load to make possible the development of any one of the three resources. The initial development of the great power resources of the Nelson River—one of the few great power reservoirs yet untapped on this continent—will in all probability only take place if it is economically possible to combine the need for power for a pulp mill on the Nelson River and for the Flin Flon and Sherritt-Gordon mining properties, over 150 miles away. In remote territory, costs are such that one industry must support another, and the wise development will usually be based on the combined development of water power, minerals and pulpwood. Of these, water power and pulp resources have a very close relationship. The uniform flow of our rivers, on which developable water power depends, is determined in great measure by the forest cover of the drainage basins. It is therefore of the first importance that the principle be safeguarded that only as much pulpwood is cut from any limits as represents the average growth for that year, and that the slash be so disposed of that the danger of fire be reduced to the irreducible minimum. Under such conditions the forest resources are actually farmed, and the forest covering preserved for all time. The first pulpwood limits granted in the Prairie Provinces—those to the Manitoba Pulp and Paper Company on the east side of Lake Winnipeg—were granted by the Dominion Government under such conditions. It may yet be years before a

policy of afforestation of our northern areas may be possible to consider, owing to the great cost involved, but this will also be undoubtedly a responsibility of the future. The serious ravages of fire, which have devastated valuable northern merchantable timber, and robbed our country of much potential wealth, will probably not be repeated to any serious extent. The fire control established by the aeroplane service of the Air Force and Forestry Department has reached such a stage of efficiency that serious fires in areas of possible pulpwood development are not likely to occur in the future.

It has already been indicated that the demands which the North Country will increasingly make, will involve a higher degree of technical skill in that service. More and more will it be necessary to train men in economic geology, in mining engineering, in metallurgy, in electro-chemistry and other fields of industrial chemistry, in electrical engineering and in forestry. There is no doubt that as the demands increase the opportunities for such training will be available at our universities and technical colleges. But behind the development of such technical skill, for which the genius of Western youth is pre-eminently adapted,

immediate problem of copper-zinc mineral development, will indicate how pure scientific research lies at the very heart of industrial operations: The Flin Flon property, which contains 2% copper and 4% zinc in a large ore-body, was dealt with from the standpoint only of a copper ore-body until 1920, when the drop in price of copper rendered development prohibitive. Since that time the price of zinc has increased. The obstacle in the way of the extraction of the zinc as well as the copper has been the extraordinary difficulty in separating the copper and zinc sulphides, which are intimately mixed in the ore-body. Eventually, through a long series of experiments based on the flotation principle, the separation has been made possible and practicable, and the industry is now being launched. This principle depends on the fact that bubbles rising in a tank containing mixtures of certain oils and chemicals in which the very finely powdered ore has been placed, will attract one of the sulphides and carry it to the surface, and leave the other at the bottom of the tank. Scientific research has not yet proceeded so far that it can foretell what solutions will be effective. The work was done in the main by the process of trial and error, and it has

cost the company which has been finally successful half a million dollars to develop the process. Other ore-bodies will be found, and other modifications of the process will be necessary. Here alone is a field of investigation in pure science which is of outstanding practical significance in the future of Northern Canada. There must be awakened a keener national conscience for the necessity of scientific research.

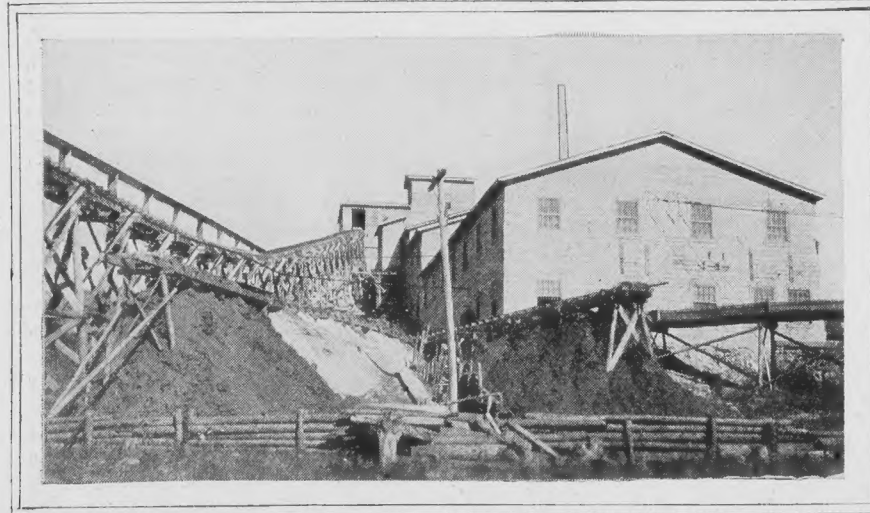
In conclusion, an aspect which has a perennial appeal should be noted. The North is the last home of romance in our country. It appeals as the West appealed fifty years ago. It grips the imagination and fires the ambitions of the young men of our time. There is still something of the atmosphere of the great explorers of other days. And it supplements

the Canadian Rockies as a great breathing space, a playground for the people of Canada. More and more Canadians, as the North develops, will spend a few weeks in summer in the vast spaces of the North, and absorb from Nature some of the steadiness and serenity which is needed in a hectic age where speed is a virtue, and contemplation an outworn mental relaxation. The Canadian West, easily depressed, easily elated, is not yet quite sure of itself; it will get a vision from the great spaces of the North which may focus on a more distant horizon, and in that wider view may obtain a perspective which, though intangible, is not the least of the contributions which the North Country has to offer.



Whitemud Falls

lies the fundamental basis of scientific research. For such research on many problems which are at the basis of Northern endeavor, the demand is increasingly felt. The gift for research is a rare capacity, and should be encouraged and protected wherever it is found. Both as a Federal organization, and in the provinces, fundamental research should now be going on on the major problems which face industrialists whose business it is to develop northern territory. With some of these problems the National Research Council is now concerned. The Council has not yet received adequate financial support from the people, who have not yet fully realized how vital is scientific research on our basic problems for the future of the country. A single example, taken from the



Flin Flon Zinc and Copper Concentrators



Central Manitoba Mines Ltd., looking West



Illustration by
Joseph A. Maturo

"If Niel could
make it, if he
could get back
in time"

SHE mustn't let Betty know she was frightened. Perhaps there was no need for fear. Niel might bring the doctor in time. And Mrs. Swanson would be sure to come. She must have been away when Niel got there. At this moment, perhaps, she was returning, was ducking her head to enter the low door of her "soddie," and her children were calling: "Mother, Mr. Bruce says to go right over!"

Or maybe the whole family had been away, and now, coming back, were finding the note that Niel would have left spiked on the horn of the bison skull on their low roof. Then Niel would have gone on to the Stilwells—ten more miles—and have left his horse and borrowed their limping car. By now he would be half way to Dr. Sunderland's.

He could get back by noon tomorrow easily. The creeks were all dry; no floods or washouts as in the spring, when poor Mrs. Abercrombie had lost her baby just because there was no way for the doctor to cross the swollen rivers, with the bridges washed away.

Oh, dear, if only she had given in to Niel about buying a car instead of building the extra room. They could have made the first payment with what the room cost—two hundred and ten dollars just for the lumber for the roof and floor and window and door-frames and main supports. For walls she and Niel had dug stone out of the buttes. If only they had bought the car! But it would have been too piggish, living in one room now. Still, with a car, she could have gone with Niel to Dr. Sunderland's. Only the roads were so rough. But that would be better than to be marooned here alone, with a six-year-old child.

Maybe Mrs. Swanson hadn't seen the note. And another terrible thing: suppose when Niel got there—oh, it might so easily happen!—suppose Dr. Sunderland was out helping some other woman!

"Mother, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, darling, nothing. Run and play."

No, she must not let Betty see how frightened she was. Fright was contagious. As soon as Mrs. Swanson came she'd send Betty to bed. Thank heaven there was the extra room! Surely, surely Mrs. Swanson would come. To be alone—not even a telephone to summon help.

That time her mother had sent Betty a toy telephone Betty hadn't even known how to play with it. Betty, usually so imaginative, pretended it was a coffee-grinder. A miracle like a telephone, used as a make-believe coffee-grinder! Sacrilege. The nearest telephone was forty miles beyond Dr. Sunderland's—nearly a hundred miles away.

Oh, if Mrs. Swanson shouldn't get here! And the cow hadn't been milked. Poor bossy, she'd have to wait till Mrs. Swanson came. If Mrs. Swanson hadn't come by Betty's bedtime, Betty could light the fire; Betty was so handy. Niel had laid it. There was a great pile of sage-brush to

encourage the poor powdery coal which they had dug out of their cut-bank.

Maybe she ought to tell Betty what was going to happen in case Mrs. Swanson shouldn't come. Only that—that—no, she *must not* get panicky! Thank Heaven for these long bits of time between the pains. She'd think of something pleasant: the East. Her college commencement. A friend's comment when she announced her engagement: "Why, we had you slated for a career, and here you go and slouch into matrimony!" Funny, that idea—"slouching into matrimony." The East. The clean white hospital where Betty was born. Everything so easy.

In retrospect the pain seemed nothing, nothing at all, by comparison. She mustn't think of pain. That nurse, with her kind, cool competence that made you realize that having a baby was just an ordinary matter—the whole world had been populated; yours was just one more. If she could keep her mind on that nurse, on the blessed memory of having a nurse.

She and Niel had smiled afterward, pitying that poor nurse, who hadn't the luck of being parent to the most important baby in the world. And now Betty was six, and another creature, who had yet to draw its first breath, would be the most important. Millions of babies, millions of mothers and every mother thinking, *knowing*, that her own latest baby was the core and pivot of the universe,

of her universe. And if the doctor didn't get here in time

If the worst came to the worst she might, somehow, make Betty think it was a game; Betty had such a way of immersing herself in games. It might take the edge of Betty's horror away. When Mrs. Swanson's last baby had come there hadn't even been a question of a doctor. A doctor charged a dollar a mile. Forty-seven dollars to the Swanson's—more here—and there was always a chance that everything would be over before he got there. Even this time.

Mrs. Gelet, in Trouble Bottom, near Hell Creek, was almost as good as a doctor, and so much cheaper. But she'd gone east to Ontario on a visit. Besides, Niel wouldn't have heard of anybody but a doctor, though he had to borrow the money. If only the county was rich enough to have a visiting nurse. Poor Niel, he must be so worried, skewering the Stilwell's shaky car along the twisting rutted trail, his mouth tight. A vast expanse of world, and only the silly little car with Niel in it. Maybe a herd of cattle, grazing. Maybe sheep. Maybe now he was passing that little

stretch where the rocks rose suddenly, in grotesque shapes out of the plains. Plains? When the road dipped down a cut-bank and slithered round a coulee, when the earth had a way of dropping off, say thirty feet, at unexpected intervals? But in the vastness, what was a dip of thirty feet? The dun plains would have turned gray, by now, with daylight failing.

"MOTHER, tell me a story."

"Which story, my dear?"

"Any story. That one about who rides so fast through the night wind wild. It is a father with his child; I like that one."

"Darling, whatever made you think of that one?" The night wind wild. The Wild West. Not the wildness of buffalo-trampled plains, not the wildness of Indians pursuing with tomahawks and scalping-knives. Different. A more *belonging* wildness. Wild space. Wild loneliness. Space itself turned villain. Death threatening not with a scythe, but with a terrible wild sweep of miles. Life clamoring wildly at the gates of a woman's body—of her own body. Her own body; there it was again, her own body.

"Moth-er, why don't you answer me? Mother, look, your lip's bleeding. Mother, what's the matter?"

"Nothing." There, she had got a word out. If she could push out a smile—to take away Betty's

Continued on page 52

Wild West

By Viola Paradise

"I found something in my yard this morning—something wonderfull and as they looked she tried to tell him just what the rhubarb had seemed to say to her"

"ARE you getting anything new for Easter, Ruth?"
"I sure am. Are you?"
"Certainly—not. I've all I can do just to keep covered," answered Robina tersely—Robina was the "travelled" member of the Darrow family, recently arrived from the West to spend the summer with her married sisters in the Eastern Provinces.

Her reply Ruth took as rather a reflection on her own expenditure for Easter clothes.

"Well, if I travelled as much as you I couldn't afford to spend much on clothes either," she sniffed back. And then added a bit vindictively: "You know the old saying: 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,'"

"Moss? Who wants—moss"! chuckled Robina. "I'd rather have the 'rolling' any day. There's some fun in 'rolling'."

"That's all very well now, but what if you take sick amongst strangers and have no money—as you say is often the case. And you know you're getting on in life; thirty-six isn't young—I must admit you don't look a day over thirty-five—you should be saving for your old age instead of giving it all to the railways."

"Perhaps you are right but—I do hate to stay in one spot all the time, and besides I think a change is good for one's health. After all it does not cost much more than doctor's bills. But, would you mind if I take a walk up the hill—I never forget that wonderful view from the top, I've seen few finer views in all my 'rolling.'"

"It's not very dry yet; you'll have to wear rubbers."

So, the no-moss sister grabbed her coat and was off for her hike. Up on the hill-top back of the farm, with the river, the country-side and hills at her feet she felt once more free—herself! Already she had begun to have that stifled feeling that living with her domesticated sisters always gave her. It was so terribly hard for her to manifest any enthusiasm about those concerns that seemed so momentous in her sister's life. There had been that story—a good hour in length, of how the parlor—though they really had this last few years ceased calling it that—had last been papered; sent to a mail order house for the paper and they'd sent the wrong kind . . . sent it back and then there had not been enough . . . how long it had taken her to do it . . . how that last strip had got wrinkled . . . Then there had been the history of purchasing her last hat, of almost equal duration with the wall-paper. She had been shown the new bed-spread that it had taken so long to work; the pillow-cases she had embroidered last winter; the plan, down to the minutest detail, of how she was going to make over her old gray silk dress—oh, there was no doubt about it, her sister had lots of "Moss"! carpets and tables and chairs and a husband and children and pots and pans—while she did not own even a dust-pan.

For a few minutes she sat down there on the hill-top and thought it over. Did she mind? she



Illustrated
By Kathleen Allen

started hurriedly back down-hill, carolling gaily to herself:

*"What luck?
Good enough for me—
I'm alive you see!
Sun shining,
No repining—"*

And down there at the bottom of the hill ran directly into—Moss! whole armfuls of moss.

Her sister stood at the back door waving a long white letter at her. "The mail's just come in and there's this for you," she announced.

"Returned manuscript, I suppose," sniffed Robina.

"No, it's Cousin Marge's writing."

"Cousin Marge! Why, I haven't heard from her for an age. They tell me she's given up nursing and going to settle down in the old house—going to make it over and all. I hope she comes when I'm at Maud's—I'd love to see her, we used to be such chums."

By this time the letter was open: "O—h! O—h"! She read it again . . . "O—h! O—h"! and the letter dropped to her lap. Its contents were evidently of a very surprising nature. For just a minute she seemed almost paralyzed with surprise. Then she recovered her senses and laughed—a real good-news laugh.

"You'd never guess! never! at what's happened me!"

She threw out her hands—she looked at herself:

"Moss! I'm covered with it—I'm fairly dripping moss"! she

exclaimed, and laughed—laughed hysterically.

"What on earth—"

"Read it—the letter. This is the deed."

"Deed"?

But even as she questioned she was gulping down this:

"DEAR ROBINA:

"Don't faint. I've done it at last—married. 'Go thou and do likewise.' He's wanted me for a long time but I always turned him down because of a beautiful dream that's possessed me: going back and making over the old house and settling down there to spend my near-old age and the wind-up. However, when it came to the point I couldn't do it. He's a doctor and rich—thank fortune—finest man that ever lived. He knew I hated the idea of selling the house to a stranger, so suggested I give it to you—I'd told him all about you. So here it is—enclosing the deed, Maud has the key—she knows all about it. It's an Easter present—if you like. I wish you would try and be in it at Easter—have it all opened up, and the bulbs that I planted last fall when I was there, uncovered. I'd like to think of someone enjoying the old place at Easter—a kind of coming to life again. I've carried off most of the 'parlor' furniture from time to time for my rooms but pretty much everything else is there, so it's yours. Of course a house closed for five years gets out of repair but you'll have the fun of making it over. Now I must be off as they

MOSS: An Easter Story

By Marion Wathen Fox

asked herself squarely. She had to admit to herself that there were times when she did—wish she had been like those other women and accumulated "moss." Times when in a city of entire strangers she realized that not a soul about her cared whether she lived or died . . . times when, lying on her bed in the dead of night she had an ache of loneliness, poignant beyond words . . . times when visions of an all-alone old age came before her and she was afraid—afraid. But generally she rejoiced that she was mossless; that she was not an idolatress—worshipping things! things! as most of the women she knew. "So long as I keep my enthusiasms I am all right even when I grow old," she decided up there on her hill-top. "It's better to travel through the world light—it will make things easier, too, for others when I am gone!" and the feathered spring adventurers above her head all seemed to chirp their agreement, while a bold robin seeking bricks for his new house courageously stepped to the ground within a few feet of her and grabbed up a horse-hair—somehow the sight of this ardent bit of springtime brought back the old buoyancy to her heart and mind. She jumped to her feet, sniffed at the swelling buds, gulped in the soft spring breezes, lapped up the wonderful panorama of countryside stretching beneath her, and

are giving a dinner in our honor. We're to make our home in New York. Be sure and write soon and let me know how you're doing about the house."

By the time Ruth had finished, her eyes were nearly popping from her head with surprise and delight.

"Well—who would have believed it? I'm just as glad as can be that at last you have a home of your own. And so near Maud. You'll settle down at last—eh?"

Two days later Robina was on the train steaming away to take charge of her—*moss*.

ON HER journey she had time to calmly think things over. On the surface she was glad—glad that this wonderful thing had happened to her. That she—*she*, owned a whole house and contents, even if only in a little village, seemed unbelievable. But, away underneath, there was a fear; as though a monster of some kind were about to grip her, and she would never be able to escape. Again, it seemed as though she were about to become a big machine, that would evermore go to-and-fro, hither and thither—day in and day out! She was to be trapped and put in a cage! She was never to be free again—she was entering on a bondage to "things"! Then a feeling which at times she could scarcely resist came over her: She would take a train for the West and run away from it all before it was too late to be gripped by "The Thing." She would let Marge's house go!

But she came to Marlinton—the old home village. Her own old home had been burned down ten years ago and since then her eldest sister's house had been her home during her short visits to the East.

Evidently they were not expecting her, for no one was at the station to meet her. She walked down alone to Maud's and went round to the side-door. As she passed the bay window of the sitting-room she looked in and saw her sister sitting there in a rocker. She seemed to have been crying. She was evidently in great trouble of some kind, for she looked pale and drawn. Despair and a great discouragement showed plainly upon her.

Robina rushed in, almost afraid to question her sister as to her trouble.

"Why, Maud, what's wrong? Nothing the matter with the girls, is there? You haven't had bad news from Winnipeg, I hope?"—Maud's two daughters were teaching in Winnipeg.

"N—o, it's just that—that—look at *that*!" And she tragically held up—a pillow-case! "It's Mrs. McIntosh!" she groaned. "She's getting worse every wash—last time there were two sheets with spots of rust on them and now look at the marks of the clothes-line on this pillow-case! There are two buttons off Jim's night-shirt, too—in the wringer, I suppose! It's *terrible*. I don't know what to do," and her eyes were full of anguish—an

Armenian refugee fleeing from a murderous Turk could scarcely have looked more woe-begone. Robina dropped to a chair and—laughed and laughed! Right on top of the laughing she cried. She laughed again. She cried again.

"I don't want—the old house," she sniffed hysterically. "The Moss will get me and soon I'll be just like you—acting as though every friend and relative I owned were dead and buried just because my wash-woman had left a mark of the clothes-line on a pillow-case or pulled off two buttons from my husband's night-shirt in the wringer—why, you look actually sick enough to go to bed over it. No, Siree! you don't catch me settling down if that's what it does to one—I'll escape while there's time. I'll start for the West tomorrow and let Marge keep her house—I don't want a 'roof of my own' as you're all wanting me to have—so there."

"That's fine. I'd like to get settled there before Easter."

"It really needs quite a bit of fixing before it's decent. The roof leaks and the wet got in last winter and loosened up all the plaster on the dining-room ceiling. Some of it has fallen off; it ought to be beaver-boarded or something right away. A good deal of the wall-paper is badly marked, too, but that won't cost much to be fixed. But of course you're not thinking of living alone up there."

"Certainly, why not?"

"Jim and I have been talking it over and we've decided the thing for you to do is to take a couple of boarders. You'll make enough out of them to pay your taxes and insurance and your own keep. I don't suppose you have much money, as you move about so much, and pay out so much boarding and all."

"Fifty-eight dollars and some cents left over from teaching, and of course I get a little every month from my writing," answered Robina promptly as though proud of her lack of even this essential kind of moss.

"Just what I expected. Well, Jim and I have it all planned out for you. It does seem providential that your windfall came at this particular time, for the Principal of the school here is sick and has to get someone to finish out the term for him—his cousin from the West is coming—he wired this morning that he'd be here on Good Friday morning. He's not married, so Jim spoke to the trustees about his boarding with you; and I spoke to Miss Ford, the Primary teacher, about going with you and she jumped at the chance, she's tired boarding at the hotel. She's going down to visit in the country and won't be back until the Monday after Easter—school opens on Tuesday, you know."

Bewildered, Robina sat there and listened to her sister's plans for her—*her*! There was surely nothing like relatives to map out one's life—it is always so easy to plan for others.

"I don't want any more Moss," she said petulantly. "You're smothering me in—Moss."

"Moss? What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, you know all the family have always said that I was the 'rolling stone that gathered no moss,' and they were right—I don't own anything—only my own soul. And I don't want—*Things*. They smother me somehow—seem to take away all my freedom—I'm happiest outdoors, amongst the woods and wild flowers and things. I

can't help it, that seems to be the way I was made. When I get a lot of things about me, even though I enjoy them, I seem to have lost all my originality—they sort of crush me. I simply couldn't take boarders—I'd go wild—think of having to get three meals a day for strangers and wash their pots and pans, and all! Why, I'd sooner cook my own on a match or live on bananas."

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Times when visions of an all-alone old age came before her and she was afraid.....afraid

Robina's outburst, although not meant for this purpose, had entirely restored her sister—though of course all such worry always takes its toll out of one's physical make-up. She even laughed.

"Oh, isn't it wonderful about the house!" she sparkled. "Jim and I went up yesterday and put fires on to take out the dampness, and opened the windows. He'll go up first thing in the morning and do the same."



Herman naturally doted on the boy. To him he was an incarnation of all he had loved in Hulda.

JOHANN LIND

By Laura Goodman Salverson

Illustrated by J. F. Clymer

SECOND INSTALMENT

THOUGH the voyage had been pleasant on the whole, everyone was wild with eagerness when the steamer docked at Quebec. Helga, now quite recovered of her indisposition, and delighted to find little Johann none the worse for his precarious feeding, took the deepest interest in the quaint Canadian city. Everything pleased her, whether a frocked priest flitting by on a mission of mercy, or the meanest scow chugging about the harbor, it was all alike interesting, all part of her new country, and she was prepared to love it unreservedly. But most beautiful of all were the twinkling lights strung like gems on the brow of the city. And in the distance the purple haze of the Laurentians reminded her of the lesser hills at home. Yes, she was quite prepared to love this new country and said so to her Ole in a voice barely hinting of tears. "Ja, look, Ole," she pointed, "how pretty they are—like the hills of Saetter Dal—just a flock of sheep and you'd think it was back home!"

But Ole was more taken with the queer vehicles that rumbled through the cobbled streets; jolly contraptions, with the driver perched on a dizzying seat whence he viewed the world with lordly indifference. That, to Ole, represented high adventure and he wanted at once to rush out and ride in the marvelous things but Helga's prudence forbade. No, it was sure to lead him into temptation; besides, for all he knew, these might be the King's own carriages and not for common folk like

him. Thus counselled, Ole had to be content with viewing the elegant things from afar and forced to seek amusement round about the docks.

When the immigration officers were finally satisfied as to the health and desirability of the would-be citizens, the little party found itself once again on its unknown way. That Canada was a vast and varied country they had often enough heard, but, as they whirled along over endless stretches of constantly changing landscape they admitted that the half had not been told.

Winnipeg, the gateway to the new West, was their final destination, but as yet the Canadian Pacific Railway had not laid its magic spur into the little city. At Fisher's Landing, where the rails terminated, a water route once more confronted the tired travellers and, together with several other west bound immigrants, they finally took passage on a grimy trader plying up and down the muddy reaches of the Red River.

This ramshackle river boat was something of a floating store and as such was eagerly welcomed at every trading port and tiny hamlet skirting the miry flats of the great prairie river. Its captain and proud owner, a bewhiskered individual of rolling gait and alcoholic breath, never attempted to cut short these gay encounters. Far from it!

At each entry good Captain Bunt ordered his cabin boy to precede him to town with "the keg" and there—usually in the general store—he pompously toasted Her Majesty the Queen! after her, the Great Territories, her pretty demoiselles and brave gallants and, finally, every merchant near and far whose business was worth a shot of good Jamaica rum! Owing to this playful gallantry on the part of the worthy captain, the comparatively short journey consumed the greater part of a fortnight. (It must be clear that such an appreciative visitor was not permitted to leave without becoming entertainment.) Consequently, poor Helga began to wonder if she would ever see the golden city of their dreams.

And then, all of a sudden, as it were, the old boat purred around a bend in the muddy river and straight ahead, stencilled against a blaze of sunset glory, they saw the little city. A grey city against a golden sky, curiously friendly and agreeably restful. Squat, lime-washed houses lined the lower flats, the curling smoke of home fires aspiring lazily to the incomparable sky and, higher up, in uneven broken outline, rose the walls of warehouses and shops. That was Winnipeg!

Though as yet insignificant, the young city was growing rapidly and to the immigrants it seemed quite a metropolis. At the immigration sheds squatting on the river front, they were met by several Scandinavians, kindly men who made a practice of meeting the river boats and searching

out their countrymen from amongst the new arrivals. One of these, Simon Berg by name, insisted on taking the Boen party home with him.

Days of excitement and uncertainty followed. There was so much to see, so much to hear, so much to learn! Winnipeg was in the throes of its first boom; it was bursting with optimism and hilarious pride. Opportunity, the fickle jade, was to come to them at last but not to be won without wooing. She was always flitting past the corner, the hounds of chance crying at her heels; only the bold and fleet partook of her favors. It was all very mystifying to Ole and very dreadful to Herman. Helga alone was content and immensely happy. Dame Berg had such a wonderful house that to help in the care of it was an infinite pleasure. To think of it, there were lace curtains at the windows and a special room to eat in and the Bergs were just common folk like themselves; and would you believe it, Dame Berg had a chair set high on two curved sticks that performed for all the world like a cradle! A rocking-chair they called it—well, every chance she got Helga sat in it and sang to little Johann, planning in her heart to buy such a chair at the very first opportunity!

Yes, Helga was blithely happy and in her happiness never doubted but Ole felt the same. Of course he saw things differently at times—that was as it should be—a man could not see eye to eye with a woman, God having given them more strength than perception. But he must be glad to be here and busy about his duty. Unfortunately, Ole shared none of her enthusiasm and at length admitted gracelessly to Simon that farming had never appealed to him. To save his face he couldn't admire the courageous endurance of the Argyle settlers his host spoke of so admiringly. Not he; to endure so much was idiotic, he contended, and then proceeded to further disgrace himself by saying that to his way of thinking rats showed exemplary wisdom in deserting a sinking ship.

Mr. Berg waxed somewhat vehement at such times and hot under the collar, and nothing but his wife's diplomatic reminder that Ole was only an immigrant kept him from washing his hands of the whole affair. And then Helga agreed so charmingly to all he said. Yes, indeed, she saw quite clearly the great future in the land and the glory attached to being a free-holding farmer.

But throughout Ole turned a deaf ear to their persuasion; he had no intention of settling down in a peaceful agricultural district like Gimli where everything was running humdrum and smooth. Not he! What was the use of coming to a great unknown land like Canada if one settled down at once in a small corner to raise pigs and potatoes? No, no! he'd never do it. He had met a young trapper in his jaunts about town who had told him of the Great Lone Land to the north; a land of mystery interlaced with silver lakes and clear rivers and abounding in big game, wild fowl and fish. That was more to his liking. Neither the city nor the Argyle colony appealed to him, he was bound to venture further. And so, finally, it was agreed that Helga should remain with the hospitable Bergs while Ole and Herman pressed on into the unknown wilderness of the North.

ONCE again fortune favored Ole. A trader who was freighting to Fort Ellice only too gladly hired the two Norwegians for the overland portage and for the first time since leaving his native hills, Herman was thoroughly happy. The New Canadian West opening up before them was a veritable wonderland. After the tiny sterile farms at home

these limitless plains, running on into the sunset, seemed an optical illusion—there couldn't be so much land in the whole wide world! And, when they reached the shores of Shoal Lake, that crystal gem adorning the breast of a park-like country, even Ole succumbed to its primeval charms. Now here was a port to lay to! Herre Gud, it was as lovely as a dream! With boyish delight he pointed to the fat partridge whirring away before the rumbling Red River carts and in his mind visualized the appetizing fish in which the water must abound. Yes, here was a goodly place, in such a one he would build himself a cabin! But old Herman dashed his dream. The prairie would be better for sheep, said he. Ja, much better, he hadn't a doubt but these woods were full of ravenous wolves. Ole swore an honest seaman's oath. Sheep? And what had he to do with the bleating nuisances?? Did Herman think he had come to this land of adventure to sell his soul for sheep? Not he! And as for wolves—well, weren't the pelts of value? And wasn't a hunt on land almost as

However, all in good time Ole's party got by the police and, happy once more, jogged on toward Fort Ellice. Once there Ole was entranced, his heart forever won by the magic of this far-flung wilderness. The old fort was certainly picturesque in its setting. Built at the confluence of Beaver Creek, the Qu'Appelle and the Assiniboine rivers, it commanded a magnificent view of the fertile valley of the latter, through which, like a silver ribbon, the river wound at a level of two hundred feet below the fort.

Amongst other things Ole learned that twelve miles thence the trail crossed Bird Tail Creek, bordering which, a little to the North, the Hamilton Colonization Company had the monopoly of two entire townships. On his way back to Winnipeg Ole kept wondering whether he would apply for land to this company or settle somewhere near Shoal Lake. Both places pleased him but at length the lure of the lake won and, to the entire approval of Herman, he finally located on a quarter section touching the Great Prairie Highway.

That winter they cut the logs for their future home and in the spring the family left Winnipeg and the good friends they had made. Helga very wisely had kept a tight hand on their joint purse, hence they were able to set out in high fashion. In fact, as Lena Berg said, they were setting out like nobility. Helga never doubted it, for had she not by now a black chair that served equally well as a cradle or a seat of honor for visitors? And hadn't she two cows with udders to draw praise from any dairy man, and six healthy ewes and a half-dozen hens? These were great treasures seconded only by a spinning-wheel and a bolt of red flannel. Ole took an equal pride in his oxen, his second-hand plow and scythe, and the queer double stove he had bought for Helga from Neils Kallem whose wife had died that winter. Yes, and he was

proud, too, of the various tools that rattled and bumped in noisy unison in the bottom of the lumbering cart though he might never care to use them. A wise man lays in a store of tools; the saying was a good one. Ole believed it, and went one better; he had a good gun, a field rifle and a roll of shaganappe (the soul and marrow of Red River carts) and, thus provided, let come what may.

Such was their happiness that the discomforts of the journey seemed as nothing. If Helga cried out when the clumsy wheels lurched in and out of some dreadful rut it was only because she feared for little Johann and the precious spinning-wheel. Ole drove as carefully as might be—duly impressed with the importance of that fragile article and Helga hunched in the bottom of the vehicle between boxes and bundles of supplies, hugged the baby close and sang to beguile the weary hours. Sang of the hills at home and the gleaming fjords to forget the ache in her poor cramped body and put hope into the hearts of her men!

AT NIGHTFALL of the third day Ole gave way to a great whoop and pointed with his whip to a tiny ragged clearing where a lonely little cabin loomed up out of the thick-

ening shadows. His wife looked about her with a sinking heart. Why, she wondered, had he chosen this heavily timbered quarter, and passed up so much of level prairie land? She said nothing, however, being just then so glad to quit the terrible cart and the cruel roads.

In marvellously quick time the men had the stove set up in the tiny house and, with the welcome fire casting its cheerful glow upon the fresh log walls, she felt a little less despondent. Took heart, in fact, to examine with curious interest the two bunks fastened to the wall. They looked both roomy and strong and had a spring of sorts made from rope and small poles the like of which she



"Sh-h—" cautioned Andre, "Someone might hear you. You oughtn't to talk in a place like this."

good as a dash after a whale? A hunter, that's what he'd be, and nothing else—God spare him!

At Shoal Lake the caravan was halted. For here, owing to its situation on the main prairie trail, was an official post of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. And here, consequently, every settler, trader or footloose adventurer must submit to thorough inspection before gaining permission to proceed into the North West Territories. A purely precautionary measure intended to prevent the smuggling of spirituous liquors into Her Majesty's Territories, but more often than not unavailing and at best a tedious and time-devouring process.

had never seen. It was a smart arrangement, and proved, she said, how little she appreciated her husband's cleverness. Ole strutted with pride. Ja, he didn't mind admitting that no finer could be found in any homesteader's shack. Other furniture there was none, but he hastened to say that it would be no trouble at all to knock together a table and shelves and benches from logs and their several packing-boxes. Besides, there was the rocking-chair.

It all sounded simple and easy of attainment, but Helga was just tired enough to be pessimistic.

"Ja, there's the rocking-chair, Ole, but what to rock on—that's the question." Ole laughed at her. An earthen floor? What was that to overcome? You could tread it down hard as a brick or if you preferred lay a floor of split peeled logs. In either case it was a mere trifle—Ja, logs would do.

The days following were very full for all of them and Ole kept at least some of his promises. He made a table and knocked together a set of rude shelves before his enthusiasm anent household affairs dwindled. Nevertheless in the end it was Helga who sawed and levelled logs for seats with which makeshifts she had to be content until Herman, much later, delighted her by making a couple of rustic benches. These benches became her especial pride, for she fitted them with straw cushions and draped the whole in cheerful woolen shawls. But all this was much later.

In those first hurried days Herman was engrossed with the problem of housing his sheep. The problem was undeniably vital for the howls of prowling coyotes re-echoed through the night and their skulking yellow bodies made havoc in his dreams. Ole enjoyed many a laugh at the old man's expense. Herman was so determined to beat the coyotes at their own game. "Nu, da, the yellow devils; they'll not get me napping!" was his constant slogan. And such was his zeal for the well-being of his particular charges that Ole felt in duty bound to throw together some sort of shelter for the cattle. Not that the need seemed specially urgent, but Helga intimated that the sooner one started to build the barns the better. Barns—that was what she said, as if they had a dozen heads to care for! Ole was beginning to fear that his sweet Helga had a determination deep down in that gentle heart of hers he'd never suspected—and he was beginning to fear her efficiency just a little. Herre Gud? Such a body for working—she'd keep them all going on the least provocation! Yes, all told it seemed better to get the barn built. . . . But, once that tedious business was ended he betook himself to the bush.

After that Helga's diplomatic urging was of no avail; the lure of the open had him and his vagabond soul rioted in lazy freedom. Yet for all that he never returned home empty-handed; he proved as good a hunter as a fisherman. Indeed, the time came when Helga hated the very sight of wild fowl and had her thrifty conscience permitted would undoubtedly have flung them to the crows. Big game they had over and above their need. A circumstance which, whilst rendering her grateful for so much favor, troubled her frugal spirit—it was so sinful, thought she, that some should have enough and to spare whilst others lacked. That she knew none of these "others," nor could have reached them if she did, did not alter the case nor excuse the extravagance. But there were other more trying things to endure. Being at heart a most sociable being, it was increasingly difficult to suffer the endless silence of her lonely house. She tried desperately hard to keep a smiling demeanor but her heart was sick with longing for the sight of other human beings and the cheerful sound of friendly laughter.

Herman was apparently quite content. Each day he drove his sheep to one or another of the several small pastures, and there, in pleasant idleness, watched them at their leisurely nibbling. Silence and solitude was his once again and here, quite as

readily as at home, his dreams took shape to comfort him. The silence of this mighty wilderness was as potent as the silence of the sea. And, when the winds wakened, sweeping like a cavalcade of mad Valkyries through the primeval forest the old man bethought himself of the wild voices of the Palm and it seemed to him that this mighty wind came from a far country and that the surge of the sea sounded in its awful voice.

At such a time poor Helga crossed herself and prayed, fearful that each gust would tear away the walls that sheltered her; but the logs were strong with the strength of the land that had nourished them and the little house was safe as love could make it.

In spite of all that had to be done,

Helga insisted upon keeping the Sabbath. Every Sunday morning she bustled her men into fresh shirts, eyed their homespun coats critically and brushed first one and then the other. For herself she had a white apron, heavily fringed with crochet and stiffened with flour—starch being out of the question—and, thus effectively

hiding the deficiencies of her homespun skirt she felt quite dressed up and ready for any occasion. "Ja, it makes a difference, does a bit of lace or silk," she admitted to her menfolk. "It's like a smile—and seemly for the Sabbath." Little Johann alone was exempt from the Sunday renovations. Being what his fond foster mother called a "beautifully dirty child," the effort seemed too futile. The Sunday glamor was not for him yet awhile. But for all her preparations the programme of the day was very simple.

After the mid-day meal, always as good as her skill and a limited cuisine permitted, Helga brought out her Bible for the daily reading. According to her sense of propriety it was the master's duty to read to his household. Ole proved a bit recalcitrant at first, not being well versed in the duties and signal honors of a house-father. But as usual what Helga had determined came to pass. What is more, in time he became very proud of the privilege, jealous of the honor and decidedly strict that due attention be paid him.

To further mellow their hearts on the Lord's Day, coffee was served with a formality not indulged on other days. A white cloth draped the rough table and Helga's flat-bread was always hot and of the best. Over the steaming cups the talk turned mostly to the future and ended with a good many instructions from the prudent housewife.

"You really should make land, Ole," she'd tell him for the hundredth time, "you really should; it's no sense at all letting the oxen eat their heads off for nothing. And I should have a cellar—you know how it is with milk and butter—you can't be forever knowing it in the well. And you know how the water makes a mildew on everything. Nu, da, Ole, you needn't look so glum! It's not so much work with Herman to help you! The cellar finished it's a wee smoke-house I'll want next. With smoked meat and fish and next year a garden think how smart we'll be! Ja, and a little root-house—"

"Ja, ja," grumbled Ole, "it's a whole town next you'll be wanting. A garden, a root-house, a cellar—Herre Gud! Woman, it's killing me you'll be, that's what!"

"Killing you, is it? You that followed the sea! Tist, Ole, it's a lazy man's talk, the like of that—"

"Nu, nu," interpolated Herman, "a smoke house isn't so much, Ole, and women, you'd best remember, is always wilful."

Helga set down her coffee-cup with a smart little bang. "Nu, da, it's wilfulness, is it? Ja, well,

hear me then, both of you. A cellar and a smoke-house, that's fine—but, while you're at it you'd just as lief take the oxen and drag home wood. The cold's nigh upon us and not enough fuel for a week!"

"Ja, ja, have it your own way, woman," growled Ole hopelessly. "Have it your own way! Here, give me another cup . . . Oh, but Helga, you should see how fat the partridge are . . . tomorrow now—"

"Tish, you and your partridge!" she mimicked him, her amiable self once more. "Ja, you and your partridge—'Tomorrow, now,' Well, tomorrow I wash—the wood can wait till Tuesday."

Impatient though she often was with her husband Helga realized that his wanderings were not fruitless. He became thoroughly familiar with the country and known to every trader of the trails. Because of that intimate knowledge he was often hired to haul supplies with his team, through which labors—much more agreeable to him than farming—he supplied his family with the necessities of life. As time went on he earned the reputation of being one of the most dependable guides and as such was eagerly sought after by the ever-increasing flood of land hunters. Oh, yes, though caring nothing for farming himself, Ole knew good land and helped many an ignorant settler stake a profitable claim.

AND just as Ole stumbled into a happy vocation, so Helga, quite by chance, discovered where her own future lay. One fine evening shortly after Ole had begun hauling firewood she was startled by the sound of galloping hoofs, and hurrying to the doorway, saw to her inexpressible joy a man come cantering into the ragged clearing before her house. "Oh, Gud!" gasped poor Helga, her heart a hammer in her breast. "Herre Gud! if it isn't a visitor at last!" A criminal would have been welcome just then, so precious was the sight of another human being. She fairly flew to the door.

Encouraged by her beaming face the stranger quickly dismounted and burst into a tale of woe. She gathered it was a tale of woe by the anxiety of his face, though all she understood of his flood of words was the delightful fact that he had left a party down on the trail and wanted to bring them along.

"Ja, ja," she cried, her head already bursting with plans for their pleasure.

"Ja, sure—come—come all quick."

JOHANN LIND

The March instalment dealt with Hulda in her Norse home, the protegee and grand-daughter of Herman, an eccentric silent man who has some of the good qualities of his race but more of the dour, mystical and superstitious. Carefree, she developed into young womanhood in the hills and valleys of her native land and always within hearing of the restless, moaning sea. Her life was close to nature and she gloried in the adventures that belonged to her somewhat primitive environment. But there came a time in her young life when Hulda, with her keen vision and active imagination and a remarkable capacity for the full enjoyment of life, found living with the exacting old Herman, irksome. So with the freedom and innocence of those hills she loves so dearly she departs to meet the world in the service of Fru Lind. Once more Hulda is back to the hills of her childhood—this time with the responsibility of motherhood.

Here begins the fascinating career of Johann Lind. While yet but an infant we find him in Winnipeg surrounded by that strong and intensive devotion that is characteristic of his people. Afterward we follow him to Regina and Saskatoon, and from then on a wonderful story develops, which is dealt with in this issue and will be in the five succeeding numbers.

Don't miss Johann Lind. It is an outstanding serial by a strong writer, Laura G. Salverson, a Western Canadian who has already brought credit to the Dominion.

Perhaps the stranger was a little disappointed to find her so ignorant of his mother tongue, but if so, the feeling soon passed. Helga's face was so illumined with natural kindness and her voice and smile so unaffected and sincere. He thanked her gratefully, making her understand by nods and gestures that very shortly he'd be back with the other members of his family.

Helga was so excited she scarcely knew where to begin—she wanted to cook her finest cut of game, to make flat-bread and cream pudding, and she'd have to get Ole and Herman home in time to wash up. Yes, that after all was more important. Ole would have to come home to talk to the stranger. So thinking, she hastily caught up a little horn Herman had made for her to use in times of

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But then, what could you expect of Johann Lind!



General View of Constantine

The Most Interesting Towns of North Africa

By Francis Dickie

WHICH would you sooner do: be a fat Arab, or go a-fishin'?

After you have covered a thousand or so miles in North Africa and seen all the way fat Arabs and lean Arabs, old Arabs and young Arabs everlastingly sitting, you long to look upon a scene where there is real action, as, for instance, a threshing outfit at work upon the prairies, the band-cutters on the separator in continual rapid motion. For this reason the traveller in North Africa rather enjoys coming to Casablanca, the chief port of Morocco. For Morocco's most important business centre, called lovingly by its inhabitants "Casa," with its 100,000 inhabitants is a city created in a hurry, such a modern place that it never even had a street car line, but jumped straight from the camel and donkey era to that of the motor-bus system of transportation. Everywhere there are motor-buses, and these mostly crammed full with Arabs in white burnouses, who, for all their ways and costumes remain unchanged from the last century, have taken kindly to the age of gasoline as far as speedy transportation is concerned. The wide, well paved, perfectly clean streets, lined by modern banks, hotels and business houses are signs of the new Africa which French exploitation is creating. And naturally for the average traveller the new town has little of interest, for it is so like a hundred other cities he has seen. But the old town right beside the new one is no different from Arab and native quarters elsewhere in Morocco and Algiers and Tunis. The streets are narrow and smelly and crowded with street tradesmen, their shops upon their backs, or transported by several urchins at their heels. And there is in the native quarter one sight at least well worth while, that of seeing the native cafe guardian, or bouncer, as he would be called in terms of the West, at work.

You take a seat in one of the chairs on the sidewalk, by courtesy called a terrace. All around you are men of a dozen races: picturesque French officers, in blue and brown uniforms, red caps and much gold lace; merchants and officials in modern dress; a chieftain from the desert in flowing robes of

white; cafe girls rouged of face and lip, and hard of eye, who have migrated from far-away Paris, and the usual sprinkling of tourists, Americans in the majority. Along the curb in front of the cafe gather a line of street tradesmen, the pest of the East, and particularly of this port town. But here, at least, the owners of the cafe are more thoughtful for their patrons than in other cities. They keep a uniformed bouncer, usually a large colored man who patrols majestically up and down and permits no peddler to approach unless the guest at the table wishes his attention. In spite of this the tradesmen try to dodge the bouncer and sell you a rug, doubtful books, peanuts, wall hangings, bracelets, and all the immemorial trash of the East. Then there is the shoe-shine boy with a little box with one foot-rest. You can get the worst and least-lasting shine from them of any place in the world.

Casablanca offers perhaps the most outstanding

contrast between the old and the new of any town in North Africa. You walk through the outskirts of the town, passing as you go a caravan of donkeys and camels, veiled women, stately Arabs and black-bearded on their way to the old town. All are redolent of the past. Then suddenly drones upon your ear the song of a huge passenger aeroplane. You hurry on and soon come to the open field with its huge hangars, the commercial aviation field of the French air line. Between Casablanca and Toulouse, France, a regular service is now maintained three times weekly, and the thousand-mile flight is now made in as many hours as it formerly took days.

But we of today have become blasé to flying machines. So, after noting the amazing contrast of new and old, glancing a brief while at the old town and the new, the traveller is quickly impatient to be on his way, for beyond Casablanca lies some really interesting sights other travellers have told you about. And to go to these you have some of the finest roads in the world to travel upon.

This is one of the good results of the war, these smooth, finely-graded and excellently drained macadam highways, built by the labor of German prisoners of war. They make Morocco a paradise for motorists. At intervals of every few miles are neat little sections — or road-keeper's houses. On the white walls of these are directions to the nearest town, and the mileages. In fact, the directions are so fully set forth that only a blind man need go astray. This is all very remarkable, because it is only a few years ago Morocco was so backward a land.

SOME sixty miles from Morocco is the old port of Mazagan, city of many sieges. Its founding dates back to Roman times, and was made a strong base by the Portuguese in 1506. They were great colonizers, these Portuguese of the 16th and 17th centuries. Despite the constant attacks upon the place, they defeated the Mussulmans time and again, and held Mazagan until 1769, when they decided to evacuate it. They burned and destroyed a great deal of the city, and left the ruins to the Arabs. There is only one



Charge of the Spahis

thing of very great historical interest in Mazagan, and this, by very reason of its nature, is difficult to describe. But it was the secret of the Portugese being able for so long to successfully defend the place. In many African towns food could be stored in plenty, but not water. But at Mazagan was a mysterious well, a cistern with an inexhaustible supply welling up from a spring. It is in the great hall of a mediæval castle, and by its nature is very difficult to describe, but the photograph gives some idea of the remarkable light and shade effects here to be seen. The visitor descends many steps down to a huge vaulted room where beautiful stone pillars end in magnificent arches. At the top of the dome is a circular skylight which is reflected back by the dark water beneath. The spring rises and falls irregularly at different periods of the year, and after doing this for three hundred years has colored the magnificent pillars a dull

arise, and for more than eight hundred years Marrakech has been the pleasure city of the western men of Islam, and today its population is 140,000, making it the largest city in Morocco. The method of erection of the walls is very interesting, resembling somewhat the building of houses recently in certain portions of the North American continent, known as the "pounded earth" method. Moulds of wood made of palm tree slabs supported by upright trunks of palm were first erected. Into these was poured the red mud and pounded down hard. When it had dried under the fierce African sun, the moulds were removed just as are concrete frames today. The walls total eight miles in length, are about fifteen feet high and six feet thick. The striding centuries have left them almost as upon that day when the moulds were removed; but man with his modern inventions of war has made them useless as works of defense. But as a picturesque

grove of orange, olive and rose trees. Some of the trees are very ancient, dating back, it is claimed, to the 16th century. At this time various groves were begun by the Saadiens who ruled in the region. Everything that is modern in the way of hotels in Marrakech is largely due to the General Transatlantic Company, which company has largely been responsible for opening up North Africa to the tourist.

I do not know whether or not the Arabs have a grim sense of humor, or if they have forgotten the original use to which was put the great open space they now call the Place Djemaa El Fna. This great triangle of ground is in the heart of the native quarter. It is a perpetual fair, a place where the savage men of the mountains, the fierce men of the plains come for a little relaxation. Oddly enough this ground is called "The Place of the Dead"! For several centuries it was used as an execution spot by the sultans. Here thousands of plotters were beheaded. But evidently its unpleasant past has been forgotten, and here now only merriment reigns.

On the Place Djemaa El Fna there goes on simultaneously a dozen performances. You may look upon them without paying, or if you wish to contribute, you give what you like. Here on the bare sand is an old man in magnificent robe and long white turban. He waves in his right hand a long thin wand of olive wood. Up and down a distance of perhaps twelve feet he walks. All around him squat the sons of the desert listening intently, for the old man is a professional teller of stories, the magazine writer, as it were, of North Africa, except that he conveys by words and spirited gestures his tales of war and magic, of love and desert tragedies. And his audience is untiring. Here side by side sit women of the nomadic tribes dwelling in the foothills, traders from the Atlas mountains, magnificent young Berbers, negro slaves, all on a common level for the minute under the spell of the weaver of words.



A side street in Old Casablanca

green. The blue sky far above reflects through the narrow skylight and its reflection on the black water, the old brown and ivory of the stone gives a play of colors soothing, yet fascinating. It is as one walked on the floor of the ocean.

Around the town still stand the reddish masonry of the Portugese, built 400 years previously, and defying the rust of time in the emplacements, old cannon that once roared lusty defiance to the Mussulman invaders. A few hours here suffices the traveller because beyond, a half a day's run by auto car, lies the real heart of Africa, one of Africa's oldest cities, and the one which best preserves the spirit of the past.

So away you whirl through ever-rising hilly country till you reach the low summit of Djebilet range about half way, and then begin to descend to the brown plains of Haouz circled by low hills and beyond on the left by the mighty barrier of the Grand Atlas mountains. It is a journey in autumn that gives skylines of surpassing beauty when the dusk creeps on, purple and deepest brown glide over the farther range, the low hills seem to cower as the sombre red and gold of the sunset fade into the shades of night.

AND so you come to Marrakech, city of pleasure to the sons of the desert and the Atlas mountains; Marrakech, chief metropolis of Morocco, with its red walls 800 years old, its eight ancient gates with zig-zagging walls guarding the entrance; Marrakech with the most amazing modern hotel in Africa, a city with the greatest blind population in the world; a city where the slave traffic still flourishes under cover; charming place where the old time story-teller squats in the dust of the street and charms simple audiences who, for the most part, can neither read nor write and who have not acquired the movie habit. And so you come to Marrakech, where hashish smokers dwell. It is colorful, the last stronghold of the real Africa, unchanged by the French exploitation.

Nearly a thousand years ago that wise ruler Ali Ben Youssef caused these massive red walls to

sight these ancient defenses, with their square towers every thirty feet, are one of the most striking in all Africa.

And then you enter the town through a gateway that zig-zags like the opening to a labyrinth and pass on till you come to the gathering place of all visiting white people, the Hotel Mamounia, the most amazing hostelry in all Africa. It should have been called Hotel Mammon, for it reeks with all the luxury that gold can buy. Its broad marble stairs are an entrance suggestive of some magnificent Moorish palace. The walls are covered with striped matting and Moorish tiling. The entire hotel is decorated in vivid golds and greens and splashes of other colors dear to the Oriental eye. The lounging room suggests a harem, for scattered about the great floor are enormous leather-covered cushions. However, the hotel, while catering to the Oriental eye, has bedrooms comfortable and up-to-date. The hotel is in the centre of a beautiful

Beyond the story-teller is a huge negro, half jester, half clown. To the visiting stranger who does not understand Arabic his stories are, of course, unintelligible. But the man has a face made for humor, and you laugh just from glancing at him.

A step further on are snake-charmers and fire-eaters, not a bit different from those that most North American people have witnessed in the past.

A show that is rather interesting, resembling, as it does, the idea of a moving picture reel, and proving that the idea of the movies is very old, is the man with a square box. In one side of this is a magnifying glass. Inside the box at either side is affixed a spool. Upon these spools runs a scroll of colored drawings done by various ancient artists. The pictures show beautiful palaces, caravans, men performing feats on horseback, Arabs hunting with falcons, and several animated battle scenes.



The new Sultan of Morocco

The pictures are made vividly clear by a lighted candle at the bottom of the box. To view this show, instead of putting a coin in the slot, you hand the money to the operator, who then proceeds to turn the reel for you.

On this great square also flourish the public letter writers, figures once common in England and Europe. In Africa where literacy is less common the public scribes still do a flourishing trade. They squat on the ground with quills and ink and wait for customers. Their wants are very simple, and if they make the equivalent of twenty-five cents in a day, they can live for the next thirty-six hours in comfort.

Occupying positions on the fair ground are also doctors, negroes and Arabs, for the most part very dirty. They sit upon the ground. In front of them upon a bit of cloth evidently badly in need of disinfecting is the most amazing collection of things of the medical art to be seen in any place in the world. Skulls of small animals, the feathers of various kinds of birds, bottles and tin cans holding un-nameable things are their only stock-in-trade. If they effect cures it must certainly be by the power of suggestion, for their goods are unquestionably worthless from a medical point of view.

Mingled in this crowd are many black men and women in whose ears hang the heavy silver ring that has a meaning to those who know Africa. These people are slaves. Technically slavery no longer exists in Africa. But it flourishes in Marrakech, but is so much under cover that the visiting foreigner has no opportunity to learn much about it.

Above the voice of the story-teller, above the calls of the merchants, of dates and peanuts, carpets and brass ware, sounds through the afternoon and half the night the music of queer short fiddles, the players of which twang them like a guitar. Other musicians blow upon the end of long flute-like instruments that wail. Added to the sound of violin and flute is the jangle-jingle and crash of tambourine and the whining ringing of a metal ring laid on a base of board which is beaten by two bits of heavy wire.

This is Marrakech's fair ground. Merchant and fakir, slave and sheik; Arabs, negroes, French tourists from *all the world* move restlessly hither and thither to the varied music. Groups large and small stand or sit in the dust of the Place. To entertain them come strolling singers. Usually these are young boys chanting a queer monologue with a quavering air, that steals into the heart of the stranger with its bizarre and haunting tune.

Ranged about the square are the tiny shops where hashish and tobacco and brilliantly colored candies are sold. That so many people can make a living out of such tiny places all in competition with one another is a source of wonder.

But there is one performance in the Place

Djemaa El Fna that is at least peculiar to this town alone. This is the performance of the Chleuh Boys; appealing, tragic-looking youths averaging about fourteen years of age. They, like the Ouled Nails girls of Africa and the Geisha girls of Japan have a similar mission in life.

And they are amazing entertainers.

IT IS five o'clock. The autumn dusk is creeping in over the red walls of the city. In the centre of the Place a drum begins throbbing. A group of six boys, lean and lithe, appear. They wear pure white, loose gowns dropping to the ankle. Their eyelids are almost black; rings and bangles and anklets of gold adorn them. Here and there upon their shaved heads stick up little tufts of hair, left like bunches of grass on a sandy waste. To the tufts are attached golden cords that drop to the youngsters' shoulders. Upon their thumbs and forefingers are affixed little cymbals. At one side sit two older men, the drummer and the fiddler. Drum and fiddle sob forth a queer haunting tune. The line of six boys moves forward with mincing steps and undulating bodies. They bend and twist and spin, every body rippling with an amazing rhythm. Now and then one of the performers selects some particular man in the crowd to dance and sing to. If he pleases the thus favored patron the man wets a coin with his lips and sticks it upon the boy's forehead, or tucks a paper bill of small denomination under the cord adorning the tuft of hair. All money donated by the crowd is placed by the boys in a large slipper lying on the ground. But the collections thus taken are not very large, and the average foreign visitor, unless he make inquiries, will wonder how the boys can live on such small



Mazagan Ramparts. The cannon is some 400 years old

returns. However, these street performances very much resemble the parades and free shows given by circuses and carnival companies in North America. They are, in short, an endeavor to arouse interest and attract certain wealthy on-lookers to pay for the "big show inside" as the circus people say. Each group of boys is in charge of a wealthy man. The object of their street performance is to show their ability so that some merchant or other prominent personage will engage them to appear at his house in the evening. For appearing privately they are well paid.

From the Place Djemaa El Fna lead dozens of tiny streets, narrow and odorous, with chains across the ends to keep the camels and donkeys from straying in where they are not wanted. The streets are canopied over by meeting awnings of palm leaves upon which the sun sends down baffled heat rays that break into dappled patches upon the pathway beneath. Along these streets face long lines of cave-like stores, raised two or three feet above the street level, and so dark within one wonders how the owners ever find anything. Each street specializes in something. One is given over to Jews dealing in second-hand goods. The one highly amusing thing about this street is the traffic in old rubber inner-tubes of automobiles which natives from the desert eagerly buy to use as water buckets. Another street is given over to the leather workers. The skins are first dried in the sun outside the city walls and then brought in bundles on the backs of donkeys. To watch the softening of the leather, the beating with hammers, the cutting and tooling and stitching in this sun-dappled street, and how the designs are embroidered on some of the skins in wool and silk which are later to be sold as cushion tops is an interesting sight.

There is no law in Morocco forbidding the carrying of weapons. Nearly every native has slung from his hip a long knife very slightly curved. They are wicked and effective. So large is the demand for these that a whole street is given over to their manufacture. In another nearby lane the air is always heavy with the odor of dyes. Here long bamboo poles extend from cornice to cornice upon which are hung the skeins of varicolored wool fresh from the pots. The vats are in the darkest of cavern-like buildings, so that one marvels how the dyers ever tell one color from another. But one could go on for hours describing these different streets and still miss many things.

And as there is one other city that must be described herein, we will leave Marrakech, most typical of African towns, and spanning the top of Africa, come to that most historic of Algerian places, Constantine, a place I visited on the way back from Biskra, but which for purposes of comparison I have left describing until now.

Constantine, the Cirta of the Phoenicians, and long a Roman stronghold is, next to Gibraltar,

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A General View of Marrakech



Moslem wives of the Pasha



Prudence bade the killer stay where he was and hide. For a while the cub stayed motionless,

AN OBLONG snout pushed out from behind the dull sparkle of the ice-hummock, withdrew, then pushed out again. Further, and there came to view a sharp-pointed face and head, white, with a blending shade of sandy yellow, as was the color of the body which followed the head. But on closer inspection there appeared to be something wrong with the head and body, particularly the face. It would seem—and it was—that running with the natural coloring were many red streaks and blotches; and if one could have even looked closer it would have become obvious that the face had the appearance of two saws having been zig-zagged across.

But apart from these symbols of warfare he was a fine-looking specimen—a polar-bear to be exact—showing a passable coat of shaggy hair and carrying passable lines, and a pair of beautiful eyes set in a somewhat ruthless face, and, lastly, he was a bear just setting out in his prime—massive, fierce and strong; and such is our introduction to the Monarch—or Killer, which, mayhap, is a more suitable appellation—of the Icefloes.

At this particular instant, at a time when the half-gloom of the Arctic wavers around in unsettled shadows, hovering and drooping and hovering over the broad expanse of cold, cold ice and snow, and the greater expanse of gray and black blended sea, the Killer was half-expecting that which he was looking for—and now saw, and instantly, though by no possession of fear, padded back to the rear, and the shelter, of another ice-hummock; and there he sat upon his haunches, endeavoring to manoeuvre his tongue so as to catch the dribbles of real, good blood, his blood, though there was another's blood on his face and paws and body—dry, sticky gore—which was not his.

And so the Killer waited. For what—?

IN A slow, shambling gait a young baby cub, not yet steady on her legs, hove into sight every few seconds as she moved from behind one hummock to another on a course which would bring her close, very close, to the big, hidden body which lay in wait. This baby cub was plainly looking for something, for she peered intently into every nook and cranny which she came to.

At last, topping a low mound, she peered fixedly down the incline, and after her eyes had swept the ice along the river her gaze swerved and for an instant was focused on the ridge behind which was another of her kind. Then her eyes dropped, and for a long time stayed on the one spot. Then, having apparently seen something, she started a shambling descent.

Only the soft part of one paw was protruding from the side of the hummock, but the cub had seen, and her shambling rush carried her almost to the edge of the hummock, from where in a few steps she was around, and began to nose the white mass of hair in a delighted ecstasy of having found that which she had lost.

But what was the matter—? She stared in perplexity. Then again her nose was down, to rub caressingly the cold, icy snout, to rise higher and bite playfully at the strangely-hanging ears. Then her head was raised again and her eyes held wonderment and surprise. Licking her lips she tasted the salty acid from some red spots which had fallen onto her tongue.

Strange!

And what were those red blotches and those long, zig-zag streaks which seemed to be everywhere on that shaggy coat? And why the red and

white snow mixing, and the red spots on the ice? Perplexities which a baby cub, not yet able to stand with ease, could not be expected to know.

She stood motionless for a moment, then whimpered in the baby way, and slowly circled around the great white and yellow body, every now and then rubbing her cold little nose on some part of her mother's body. No movement. No mother fondle.

(Over by the sea the waves lapped, and hissed as some long, slender porpoise cut through the water, or some fat, sword-nosed narwhal sported itself from wave to wave further out, or again as a flock of long-tailed sea fowls uttered their peculiar cries, and circled over a great, icy crag away up the slope.) There there was joy, friendship, life. But here—there was nothing but the soft movements of the baby cub and the low murmur of her breathing.

She paused by the motionless face again, and for the first time really saw the big and little strips of flesh which had been laid bare, and saw that one eye had been gored out and hung low down over the right cheek. Yes, she saw that now, and was more mystified than ever. Why did not her mother awaken and speak and caress, besides was it not meal time? Her baby stomach craved food. And why was it that her mother's face looked so strange? And why was her body covered with red, as was the ice and snow beneath her?

Strange questions for a baby cub to answer.

But, perhaps, after awhile the cub did realize that she was alone, that she would always be alone, and that her mother would speak to her no more, and that now the caresses and fondles, which she had found to savor of so much sweetness, were but dreams, recollections, things which had happened, to never happen again. Now she was left to care for herself, and quickly would she have to learn the art of fishing.

She realized perhaps, we said, for no more did she prod her mother in the body, or press her cold little nose against her face, or bite her ears. She did none of these things; instead she sank to the ice beside her mother, and laid her head on her mother's breast, and looked into the one hollow eye and the one glassy eye, and perhaps reflected on the strange thing which had befallen her this day.

THE KILLER was just wondering whether to sidle out from hiding and send the cub into eternity or to allow the little thing to live. In his brain was a hazy notion that the cub might come in handy. He, the Killer, was lazy, hopelessly lazy. For long he had had to fish for himself. Now would it not be wonderful to have a fisher and feeder. It would be great, sublime—or words to

Monarch of

By Thomas Forsyth-Hunter

that effect—to his savage heart. He could live at ease and in grandeur. He—was he not—the Monarch of the Icefloes, or of these particular icefloes. With the exception of the cub not another of his kind lived nearer than one mile, and a half-mile of that one mile was a void of cold, murky sea, with another half-mile of bobbing chunks of ice. Yes, he was Monarch of the Icefloes, a range of domain which stretched approximately three miles three sides, then the sea, the fourth side being the sea only.

For a year now his killings had gone on. He had always wanted to be King, the driver, the fiercest and bravest. He had had his wish, for as the year advanced first one and then the other of his comrades fell. He had pitted his strength and might against the strongest—and they had proved the weakest. In a fit of devilment he had molested the weakest, and they had turned upon him, and—well, he remained. And now, this day, in a fight which had lasted long, he had trampled upon the last. It had been a beautiful fight while it had lasted. Supremacy was his. He never thought of the loneliness which would, as time passed, assail him. He only gloried in the fact that he had proved himself the strongest, the master! Now only one of his kind remained, a little, puny ball. Only one—and himself.

Would he kill her—? He could walk out there and with one stroke of his paw lay her low. But what is a King without a subject? That subject could fish for him. Yes, it would save him a deal of keen alertness and trouble of standing by the edge of the fishing-grounds, waiting with his paw skimming the surface. Besides it would give him sport. And when the cub grew up, and became strong and fierce, he could have one great fight, and—of course, there could possibly be no danger to himself.

Arriving at this conclusion the Killer shuffled out from behind the hummock and went around to where the baby cub lay with her head on her mother's breast. He looked down, and twisted his tongue around his jowls, and stood as befitted the conqueror of all.

The cub saw him, though she did not look directly at him. In fact, she sensed him rather than saw him. She made no movement, for her baby heart was too full. But as the Killer ambled



then there was a faint flash of light as her paw dipped forwards and downwards

the Icefloes

Illustrated by J. Clymer

off among the ice-hummocks her little eyes followed till he had passed from sight.

THE fishing-grounds were artistically located. It was a portion of the sea which cut into the ice and formed a three-sided basin. Usually this basin was amply supplied with fish, but sometimes, and for no apparent reason, the fish would disappear and the fishing-grounds become as devoid of life as the centre of a chunk of ice.

Porpoises were wary—or meant to be—when they slapped the water by the edge of the basin, for who knew—and least of all they—when a cupped paw, with many crooked claws, would swoop down from above. And seldom did Mr. Polar-bear muff—of course, we are speaking of the seasoned and wise and dexterous fisherman, not a baby cub, with experience a practice unknown.

From the pass which let the sea into the basin the icefloes swept back in gradually ascending slopes, which stopped as they broke into huge jagged crags and hills, then gently ran down again to touch the sea. The pass from the basin gradually widened, to slant in again as two steep pillars of ice, like icebergs, but much thinner and smaller, hung nodding with but a few yards between each head; then on the other side the icelands swung backwards, and out beyond was nothing but the cold gray of the Arctic sea, though to one side was the half-mile of ice chunks, and dimly in the distance the low peaks and rises and flats of the other icefloes. From the basin pass, out through the pass, and far out to sea, to swerve sideways, then back, ultimately touching the other icefloes, there flowed a strong, seldom ever ceasing, never course-changing undercurrent; and woe take the ice chunk, the clumsy land animal, and the feeblest of the fish if perchance any fell to the clutches of this Arctic undercurrent!

But back to the little, forlorn King's subject.

AS DAYS passed the little baby cub slowly but surely acquired the art of throwing out the fish. She was growing used to this fighting for herself. At first practice was more absent than patience. She had patience by inheritance. Only could production blossom by practice, and her first

attempts at fishing were but comical little dabs and slaps and passes, which the fish derided, and at which the porpoise would impudently skip into the air and hiss past her little quivering nose. But all little things pave the way for bigger and nobler things, and so it was with the cub's attempts, though her stomach was shrunken and sore before these attempts brought reward.

Every morning—if there is such a thing as an Arctic winter morning—the little cub would come from her cave and shamble down to the basin; every evening—or, we should say, when the night grew darker—she would shamble back to her abode, tired, angry, and hungry—painfully hungry. And then would the Killer shuffle out from behind the hummock which had shielded him from the cub's eyes, and from where he had watched her crude attempts with a feeling of contempt—if a polar-bear can possess such a feeling—yet knowing that it only wanted time until her efforts, and his patience, were both rewarded, and in sixty seconds, if fish were plentiful, be shuffling back to his cave, his stomach satisfied, his mind at peace.

Each day for near a week this process was repeated, the cub becoming weaker and angrier and hungrier, the Killer growing fat on his meals, yet a little dissatisfied, for he hated fishing, and, as we said, was lazy, very lazy; and was he not the King, fit to have a subject and fisherman?

Then one morning a fish waxed too reckless, and—lo!—there, an instant afterwards, it was squirming on the ice beneath the cub's paw. But only for a second had the cub her prize. A sudden rumbling, a baring of fangs, and she had been thrown to one side, and when she had struggled to her feet, anger flashing from every fibre of her body, she saw the Killer quietly devouring her catch.

The cub did nothing. What could she? She, a puny baby thing; he, a killer and the fiercest of all. So she only watched him gulp her catch, anger in her heart, hunger in her stomach, and did nothing. And when the Killer had finished his meal he licked his lips, looked at the cub insolently and arrogantly, cocked his head, half-closed his eyes, then shuffled away, his shaggy coat melting from sight behind the ice hummocks.

But he did not go. He came back cautiously and lay in wait behind the hummock where he had lain before. Perhaps his subject would have the luck to snare for him another dainty. He could do with it. His stomach was not yet full, for the fish had been a young one, and none too plump.

But the cub's nerves, perhaps, had been shaken, or, perhaps, her catch had purely been luck, for no more fish did she throw up onto the ice; and so when her customary retiring hour had arrived she shamled wearily over the ice to her cave. On her going the Killer came out, posed on the edge of the

ice, and in a short while had succeeded in flinging up a porpoise—which, somehow, miraculously escaped back into its watery paradise. Perhaps the Killer's paws had slipped, perhaps after once eating he was not so careful; at least, he had made a faulty throw, and the porpoise had hit only the edge of the ice, where it recovered from its surprise and fright simultaneously and disappeared from sight beneath the murky shadows.

Not a porpoise, not a harp, not one of the marine organisms remained. One of these strange things had happened. Perhaps their retiring hour had arrived. So, with a far lighter stomach than he would have liked, the Killer ambled dejectedly off to his cave, devotedly hoping that the cub would do better the next day.

The Killer was lazy, we have said. But perhaps it was only an abhorrence of fishing which we styled laziness; and perhaps it was only the power of mastery, the supremacy of kingship, the love of tyranny which was the cause of his determination to have the cub do his fishing. We do know, however, that this skulking and hiding and patient waiting behind the ice hummocks, and the ultimate seizure, was more arduous than the plain fishing itself. But in the Killer's heart was the spirit of superiority and mastery and bullyism. What slave driver would do the work of his slave? What master would have a thrall but to toil for him? Likewise, what glory was there in being the most powerful, the master, the conqueror of the icefloes if that conqueror could not rest on his laurels?

AS DAYS passed the cub grew more proficient in the snaring of fish. Invariably now would she succeed in catching at least one fish a day, sometimes two, but rarely exceeding two. And wonder of wonders, with each succeeding day the cub grew hungrier and hungrier, her little body shrinking to almost nothing; and, if anything, she became angrier, which amounted to a fierce passion of hate against the Killer.

For many, many days now scarce a morsel of food had passed her lips. She knew that without food even a polar-bear could not live indefinitely. Some severe turn of events needs happen. Always, always with that rumbling growl, that flash of teeth, that collision which meant inevitable disaster to herself, would be certain to follow the tossing of a fish. And, needs be it said, that the little cub was mad, exceedingly mad.

But necessity imparts intelligence in a man, and cunning in the population of the wilds. It was necessary that the cub eat. So, arriving at this sane conclusion, she did not again show up at the basin, and the Killer waited in vain. Five—six—seven mornings the Killer waited at his usual hiding-place behind the ice hummock; and during the seven mornings he saw not even the tip of one of the cub's ears, and he was greatly mystified and filled with resentment.

Reluctantly did the Killer fish for himself. The seven days passed, and he decided to creep on the cub's cave. This he did on the eighth morning, before even the first few gray lights of dawn had appeared in the sky. In front of the cub's cave he hid.

In a short while the cub issued out, to shamle off in a direction which led away from the basin. The Killer followed slowly and cautiously. This was strange. Something was up. Surely he would find out.

The course led away from the sea, far out to a stretch of almost level ice. The cub went far

Continued on page 71

Old Quebec—A Mighty Monument to Faith

IT IS all very well to turn up supercilious noses at the tourists who drive about in sight-seeing buses (which we sometimes, crudely and rudely, term "rubberneck wagons"), but there is much virtue, and thrilling information in the man with the megaphone! It is very nice to browse around and discover things for oneself, but it's better to catch, at first, a glimpse of the place, as a whole, and then return to leisurely enjoy the most interesting spots, knowing just where to find them.

So, after several friends had kindly motored me to see the same two or three things in Quebec, omitting the most of the points of historic interest, I surreptitiously slipped away one day all alone.

I took a street car to the starting point of the sight-seeing bus. I noticed, above the motorman's place, a little colored print. It showed John the Baptist, baptizing the Christ, in the River Jordan. John the Baptist, you know, is the Patron Saint of French-Canada. The Irish celebrate St. Patrick's Day with no more fervor or enthusiasm than the French-Canadian celebrates the 22nd of June, their "Saint's Day." There are special services in the churches, and great jollifications in city and country. It is a holy day and a holiday.

With its bell clanging, the street car made its careful way along the narrow street. There was only one car track, and the sidewalks were correspondingly narrow. The houses were built, without gardens, or grass before the door, with the windows and doors right on the street. I saw a pedestrian move into the road, as a front door opened outward for someone to come out. Yes, the sidewalks are as narrow as that, in some of the streets of Old Quebec.

When I reached the Chateau Frontenac, where the buses begin their trip, I was a bit early, so I strolled along Dufferin Terrace. I looked over the parapet and saw, far below, the old Champlain market-place, literally packed with humanity.

I had already seen, from the deck of the good ship, "Empress of Scotland," the view of the city from the river; a scene as impressive as the approach to any city in the world, they say. As one comes up the St. Lawrence, one first sees the white Falls of Montmorency, descending, it seems, almost from the sunny sky, touching the dark face of the hills on the north shore of the mighty St. Lawrence. Then one sees the villages of the Isle of Orleans, and the shore of Levis, with scores of little churches pointing their spires through green tree-tops to blue Canadian skies.

And then—one sees the City of Quebec, the cradle and symbol of heroic old French Canada. It towers above the river, builded on a rock—the massive lines of the old city walls, the citadel, the Chateau, and guns dimly seen, poking their black noses over the ramparts.

As we had stood on the deck of the Empress that day, travellers from many lands had exclaimed at the amazing, thrilling beauty of Old Quebec, and I wondered if, in any port on earth one could find a more impressively beautiful sight. Yet, as I stood high on that terrace, looking down at the mighty St. Lawrence, a huge liner majestically forging her way over the vast expanse of river waters, at white-sailed schooners, sailing away to far lands, at little fishing-boats scurrying before the breeze, at the distant hills of Levis on the far shore, at the Green Mountains far to the right; and to the left, the White Mountains, all bright-colored beauty in amber sunshine, I found myself wondering again—wondering if this picture were not equally beautiful with the other?

Someone has advised humanity at large, for the



Above—Quebec from the St. Lawrence River
Below—A Street in Old Quebec

By C. B. Robertson

sake of the world's progress, to acquire and accumulate faith. I thought of this wise advice as I contemplated Quebec, for the city seems to be a glorious Monument to the Faith of Man!

Just consider the faith of Jacques Cartier, who set out in his little sailing vessel to find—what? Did he dream that the land which he would discover would some day be a great nation? How could he? He could only have faith that, with the discovery of new lands, civilization would advance with a mighty stride. When he and his followers were solemnly welcomed by the Indian kings, he could not guess that, some day, this great City of Quebec would rise upon that very spot—a city founded by his fellow-patriot and adventurer, Samuel de Champlain, in 1608.

Those colonists who fought the fierce attacks of the Iroquois tribes; those priests who gave their lives in carrying the message of Christianity to those same bloodthirsty red men—think of the faith which inspired them; faith born of prayer, for peace and ultimate happiness in their new homeland. We call their descendants "French-Canadians," and we, whose forbears came out a century, or two, or three, later, call ourselves Canadians, without any prefix. But are they not, by virtue of their early sacrifices, their pioneering labor, and their faith Canadian even more than we?

The monument of Champlain on Dufferin Terrace, sword at side, sweeping plumed hat in hand, looked down upon us as we climbed into the sight-seeing bus. I thought: "If the living eyes of Champlain looked down upon us from that brave bronze face, what wonderment would have been there! As I mounted the steps of our chariot, I looked

over my shoulder at the gallant figure, and almost caught a twinkle in his eye!

So the sight-seeing bus—the "rubberneck wagon"—started on its way to show us Canada's oldest city, a bit of mediæval France created here nearly four hundred years ago, fascinating in the glamor of its historic traditions; Canada's sentinel city that guards our eastern gates.

We drove along beside the ramparts, armed with guns which have been there since 1812, and the city wall, a part of the original fortifications. Looking over the wall, we saw, far below us, a modern thing looming like a tower by the river bank, strangely incongruous, yet inspiring as any monument—the Canadian National Grain Elevator, which holds two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of grain, destined to become bread to feed humanity in far lands.

We drove along beside narrow, cobble-stone streets by monasteries and old grey convents. We passed the Roman Catholic Basilica, which dates back to 1647; the Anglican Cathedral, a gift to the city from George III. (the only church in Canada with a Royal Pew); the great Laval University, which has educated so many Empire-building Canadian men; the beautiful Parliament Buildings, exquisitely sculptured with bronze allegorical figures, and with statues of great statesmen of the past.

SOME day a statue will be there, I know, to honor the Hon. L. A. Taschereau, the present Premier of Quebec. He has given a great gift to Canada and the Empire—a message, carried with untiring zeal of friendly understanding and brotherly love between the English-speaking and the French-speaking races within Canada. He has interpreted his fellow French-Canadians to the rest of us, as it has never been done before, speaking publicly, writing, exhorting both races, pointing out the need of a national unity which can be born only of mutual respect and tolerance for the sometimes conflicting viewpoints of people of differing races and different beliefs.

The greatest of our public men in other provinces admiringly hail Mr. Taschereau as a great man, whose influence is for the good of the Dominion and the Empire.

So many monuments! It seemed to me that the monuments of Quebec reveal all the history of this Canada of ours!

The Wolfe and Montcalm monument in Governor's Gardens—erected by the French-Canadians in memory of the heroism of their own brave general, and of the British general who defeated him. What a fine and courteous and withal loyal gesture upon the part of the French-Canadian—this monument erected one hundred years ago, only sixty years after the battle where both heroic gentlemen fell!

The statue of Louis Hebert in the little park beside the City Hall—Louis Hebert, Canada's first farmer-pioneer! Did he dream, perhaps, of the day when such a grain elevator as that of which I have spoken, should be filled with Canadian grain for the world market? Impossible! But he must have dreamed great dreams as he felled the forest, and planted her first seed upon Canadian soil!

The Monument des Braves on the Ste. Foy Road—commemorates those Frenchmen who fell in 1812, in loyalty to their one-time conquerors, who, treating them with justice and British fair-play, had won their love and allegiance.

We passed along the Avenue des Braves, that broad street on the outskirts of the city, destined always to be a boulevard of beautiful homes, in

memory of those who fell in the Great War. Along each side of the broad street are planted great rose bushes. The people of Quebec call them "the Victory Roses." At the end of the avenue we looked out across a lovely green valley, green and amber and flame in autumn coloring. In the distance we saw the deeply-blue glory of the Laurentian Mountains—such perfect and lovely harmony of color that one gasped with the rapture of that picture, painted by the Creator of all this beautiful world.

We saw the Montcalm Market—at close range this time—down by the Levis Ferry. Up from the boats came a stream of carts from the farms over the river. A farmer's voice was carried to us on the breeze as he shouted to his horses above the clamor of the market-place.

"Marché! Giddap! Marché! Giddap!" he shouted—so expressing in two words, the French tradition, the English influence, and the prevalence of bi-lingualism in Quebec! (Even the horses, apparently, understand the two languages!)

We saw old chapels and churches, more monasteries, and the man with the megaphone told us that the first nuns came from France in 1639. Think of it! nearly three hundred years ago, these brave ladies sailed the broad Atlantic to play their part in Christianizing the Savage Indian, in nursing the sick, in teaching little children to read and write, and to be good. For nearly three centuries the benevolence and charity and steadfast prayers of the nuns have played their part in making French-Canada what it is today. Think it over, and, if you're a red-hot Protestant, think it over again, and learn tolerance. That's what I'm doing!

We went into the Church of the Perpetual Adoration where, day and night, before the white marble altar, where many candles shine like little stars, White Sisters always pray. Day and night, immovable figures kneel in their pure white robes praying—for what, I wonder? For peace on earth? For brotherhood? For Canada, the land where they have given gratitude and loyalty in return for the right to worship God in the faith of their forefathers? Are they praying, I wondered, in Perpetual Adoration of the Good God Who has blessed French-Canada under British rule.

It looked strange to a Protestant—the scores of burning candles, the brightly-colored figures of the Saints, the Stations of the Cross, the shrines, but even one to whom it was all strange and new could not fail to be impressed with the sight of the kneeling figures of the Sisters, and other people who silently knelt at their prayers. In the last pew was a big policeman in uniform, with a sergeant's stripes on his arm. He knelt, a rosary in his big hands. There was the faintest sound of singing in the distance—faraway, sweet, chanting.

WE DROVE off again, —to the Plains of Abraham. I wonder how many of us remember why they are so-called. I had forgotten. Abraham Martin was the first pilot to take a ship up the St. Lawrence. When his seafaring days were over, he was given a grant of land, those acres upon which was to be fought the historic battle.

We alighted from the bus and, looking over the cliff, saw the identical spot where Wolfe disembarked his soldiers, climbed to the heights where we stood, fought one of the most decisive battles in the world's history, and "died happy" because he had brought victory to King and Country. Everywhere on the

Plains of Abraham one sees guns—German guns captured in the Great War, guns placed there for defence in 1775 and in 1812, and old, old rusted guns, relics brought up not so many years ago, from the bed of the river—guns with which French and English, in 1759, killed and wounded each other in bitter enmity. Guns for remembrance—and guns as a symbol of brotherhood arising from ashes of racial hatred.

And so to the Citadel, which is a story in itself and must be spoken of only too briefly. The Citadel—and fortified walls from which great guns command all landward and waterway approaches. Champlain was the first to build a fort here, a fort of wooden walls which were replaced by Montgomery with walls of heavy stone Frontenac, in turn, did his part in building further forts and defensive walls and bastions, as did the great Vauban in his day. The present great fortifications, which took nine years to build, were completed less than a hundred years ago (in 1832), according to plans approved by the Duke of Wellington—no less!

The Citadel is a huge place—it covers forty acres. It has outer and inner walls and a moat. We stood beneath the Union Jack, which floated over the "King's Bastion," and looked down at the glorious sweep of river.

I conjured up a picture of the river of long ago—bearing on its waters the rakish little four-rigged sailing vessels which brought the first Canadians from Old France; Cartier, and Champlain, and their faithful followers; and, all through the seventeenth century, the brave French pioneers. And in my picture there appeared the Indians, in their war paint and feathers, paddling with strong arms, their big birch-bark canoes.

And then—the picture changed, and I saw the British fleet under Sanders and Wolfe—and I seemed to hear, at night-time, the soft dip and splash of the oars of those "flat-bottomed boats," in which rowed the British men who took Quebec from the French at last.



Quebec Harbour

Fierce conflict—suffering—and death—to come within the hour, and Wolfe's whispered words:

*"All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."*

We returned to the heart of the city—Quebec, herself a monument to Faith—to the Faith of the Explorer and Pioneer, the Soldier and the Christian Priest; a monument to Faith in the living truth that the destiny of man is Brotherhood.

Who could approach such a city without emotion? It is curious and quaint—redolent of the past. In many respects more French than France. The pulse-beat of all that is best in French blood and tradition, as yet not contaminated by modernism, pulsating through the rhythm of a thousand years. British rule has left physical type, religion, language and laws untouched. Little wonder that there is among the people of French Canada a sacred regard and sincere affection for British institutions. Under their democratic sway there came to Quebec with 1759 a freedom and liberty unknown to its citizens under the tyrannical and corrupt rule of French Kings—language, religion, customs were assured of protection and preservation. A voice in responsible government was also immediately granted.

So that the conquered shortly, indeed, became the dominating factor in the administration of affairs, more especially in the Ancient City of Quebec. The powers that were theirs numerically they did not abuse, but exercised for the common good—and the good work continues as a shining example to all peoples till this day.

Who—who can read the English or French languages, has not longed to cast his eyes on the water-girt rocks and towers of Quebec. Apart from its realities and picturesqueness it has associations clustering about it which would make a desert rich in interest.

*Wolfe and Montcalm, two
nobler names ne'er
graced*

*The page of history, or
the hostile plain!*

*No braver souls the storm
of battle faced,*

*Regardless of the danger
or the pain.*

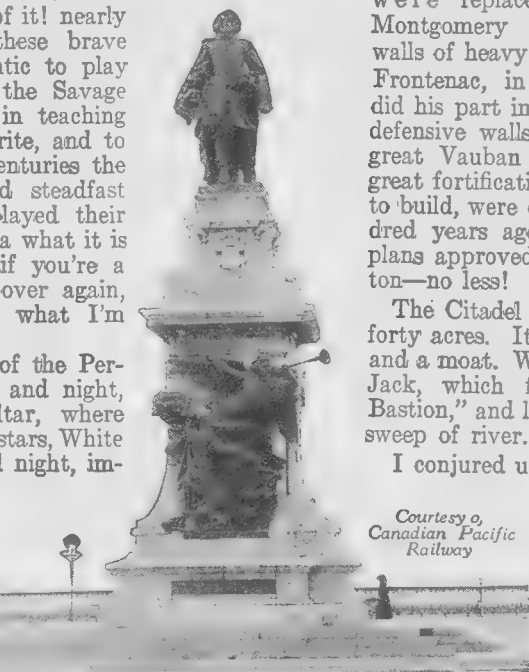
*They passed unto their rest
without a stain*

*Upon their nature or
their generous hearts,*

*One graceful column to the
noble twain*

*Speaks of a nation's
gratitude and starts*

*The tear that Valour claims
and Feeling's self
imparts.*



The Champlain Statue on the Dufferin Terrace, Quebec



Champlain Market, Quebec



"I am not a small child to be dictated to," she snapped. "If I don't want to go out and be bored, you can't force me to!"

Illustrated
by
N. Grandmaison

Thoroughbred's Pluck

A SHORT STORY

By Aileen Beaufort

BETH DARROW, curled up in a deep arm-chair near the fire, was a thousand miles away from her Canadian husband and her Canadian home. She was dreaming of London, and the leaping flames at which she so wistfully gazed had now magically changed into the blazing footlights of a London music-hall, while in the heart of that radiance moved a tiny, twirling, ecstatic figure, none other than Beth Berry, the singer and dancer, and the idol of London. The soft crash of settling coal was transmuted by the still watcher in the chair into tumultuous applause, to stamping feet, to eager cries!

She was unaware of Mark Darrow's presence and had no idea how long he had been staring anxiously across at her from his seat at the other side of the fireplace. It was not until he had softly called her name a second time that she roused from her abstraction and turned to him with her quick smile.

"Hullo, old Dear!" she exclaimed, flitting over to perch herself on the arm of his chair, "did you speak to me?"

"Yes, O my best beloved bride of one month!" replied Mark, slipping an affectionate arm round her, "I just wished to remind you that it's nearly time to dress for dinner and that we're due for a show tonight with Father and Mother and the Connors." Another deadly dull respectable party, thought Beth to herself; I won't go. Besides that, it was a musical comedy, and was she not homesick enough already without being harrowed beyond endurance by getting this glimpse of that buried life she loved? It was an English company

too. No, nothing would induce her to go! Her big dark eyes again sombre, she twisted a little and looked steadily down into Mark's grey ones.

"Oh, yes, of course," she said casually, "I'd forgotten. But, if you don't mind, darling, I don't think I'll go. I've some really important letters I want to write, and besides I believe I'm catching a cold."

Mark laughed. "Betty, you are fibbing," he declared.

"I'm doing nothing of the kind!" cried Beth indignantly, "I've sneezed three times this afternoon, and that rackety old theatre of yours is horribly draughty, so I'm going to stay at home and toast my toes while you are admiring the pretty chorus girls."

"No doubt, Mrs. Darrow," Mark grinned, "and I expect they are all a jollier sight prettier than you!" His proud, almost fatuous glance as he hugged her gave his words the lie as he continued: "Anyway, we shall admire them together." Beth, with compressed lips, shook an obstinate head and Mark suddenly realized that she was in earnest. He promptly grew serious. "You simply must show up, darling," he said firmly, "because Mother arranged the party for your especial benefit. She'll be frightfully upset if you back down."

Beth shrugged. "Oh, rot!" she answered, rather rudely. Mark did not know that she was quivering

with nervousness and miserably unhappy. He merely thought that she was being unnecessarily temperamental and prepared to slight his mother, whom he worshipped.

A little stiffly he renewed his request. "You know, one doesn't accept invitations and then back down at the last moment. Especially with absolutely no valid reason. You can't get away with it," he argued.

Beth, with a dangerous color mounting her cheeks, sprang to her feet and then smiled down at him defiantly. "I do wish you wouldn't talk as though I were a delinquent boy in a Sunday School," she snapped, "I'm not a small child to be dictated to. If I don't want to go out and be bored, you can't force me to!"

Mark was getting a little bit bewildered. He thought he could recognize all Beth's moods, but this was a bit beyond him. Fortunately for him, he could not know of the bitter regret that was consuming the lonely girl. "Of course," he pursued uneasily, "I wouldn't ever try to force you to do anything, but it seems to me that you're being rather unreasonable. You've always gone to all the other bunfights—"

Beth laughed scornfully, paced up and down a moment and then descended on him like a small fury. "Yes," she cried, "I've gone to all of them, every single one, lunches and teas and dinners, and I've hated every one of them from the moment I arrived to the moment I left. Oh, you needn't say anything! You've asked me a question and I'm going to answer you now, once and for all!"

Continued on page 47

	How many wives can answer these questions?
1	What soap brings you two active cleaners working together—golden soap blended with plenty of naptha?
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3	What soap is made by an exclusive process that enables the last thin sliver of soap to hold its share of naptha?
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	<i>And, because of this EXTRA HELP</i>
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Mr. Fiegenbaum's Find

By E. G. Bayne

Illustrated by P. Surrey



Mr. Fiegenbaum was in a mellow and philanthropic mood.

IT WAS a mild and sunny April morning and Fiegenbaum came down the street with an unwonted spring in his step and a bland, beneficent smile on his somewhat ruddy face.

It was the sort of day that made one feel at peace with all the world, and Mr. Fiegenbaum hummed a little air as he walked, and twirled his cane with a devil-may-care gesture. On a morning such as this it was an effort to think of business. So he didn't. But he was fat and forty and a little exertion made him puff, so that he slowed down presently, glad of the opportunities afforded him to stop occasionally and speak to various small boys, or pat a casual dog. Mr. Fiegenbaum was in a mellow and philanthropic mood.

Then he would straighten up and proceed, walking rather sedately, turning out his toes and taking in everything along the way. He had plenty of time. He always gave himself plenty of time. There were the doctor's orders and that heart condition, as well as his important business to consider. It was better to allow himself a little margin, since the doctor *would* insist on his walking—than to bring on one of his attacks and lose perhaps a week from business.

Mr. Fiegenbaum was a big theatrical producer—big in more than one sense. He went about looking for Talent. It was work that he loved with all his heart and which never under any circumstances lost its glamor for him. In the trade he was known as "a great picker," and he prided himself on it. Instinctively he knew the essential differences between the varying degrees of talent, vocal and terpsichorean, and to judge between mere shoddy with a superficial appeal and the genuine all-wool article was to him a matter of a moment or two only. "You can't fool Fiegenbaum," was a familiar slogan in the great industry of which he formed a part. Moreover, it was true.

Singers? Pouf! Let them try to put any fake Galli Curcis over on him! Dancers? He knew dancing like he knew the figures in his bank-book. He could even tell these play wright fellers how to do their work. In fact, more than one anæmic drama had he play-doctored into shape and put on its theatrical feet, not invariably receiving credit for his pains, either, though he usually saw to it that he got

a cash honorarium at least. In brief, Mr. Fiegenbaum's life was one long, unending search for the theatrical "It." Toward his prospective clients or pupils his attitude generally was strictly impersonal. He thought of them merely as A Voice, or Legs—or, luck being favorable, and a happy fate combining both in one person, A Voice and Legs.

He was even now on his leisurely way to the Regal Theatre to keep an appointment with a young woman who had stage aspirations and heaven only knew what kind of a voice—and legs. Biedler had insisted on his seeing her and Biedler was many times a fool, a schlemiel, always getting stuck on some dame with a persuasive way and no particular gifts. *Aber*, he supposed it would indeed have to be gone through with, since a promise was a promise, but he'd let her cool her heels a while. It would do her good, perhaps—*nicht wahr?*

But for the moment Mr. Fiegenbaum's mind scarcely dwelt on the absorbing business of talent-testing. It wandered indolently from one pleasant triviality to another—the song of a bird somewhere up high in a budding maple, the laughter of children at play, the odor of freshly-turned earth and springing leaves. Basking luxuriously in the sunlight as he strolled along he observed the appearance of the first shy little shoots in the tulip-beds and, the season being late, wondered how long it would be before the grass was entirely up. A vague yearning stirred in him, a longing for something which he couldn't have defined in the least. Like a good many others this fine morning, the spring had him in thrall.

Mr. Fiegenbaum was garbed in the ultra of the mode, as befitted a visitor from New York, a style that not only emphasized the prevailing trend but anticipated the fashions of a year hence. A light-gray felt hat, set at a carefully studied angle, a well-pressed suit of light-grey with a not-too-vague design in a check, new and bright tan shoes with lavender socks, a colorful cravat, a diamond ring, and peeping from his upper left-hand pocket a handkerchief bordered in lavender. On the lapel of his coat he wore a sprig of blue hyacinth. A hyacinth isn't strictly a lapel flower, perhaps, but a little girl with black eyes and bobbing curls who

had been skipping a rope up the street had given it to him with a bashful smile when he had stopped to praise her skipping and he had stuck it in his coat to please her.

Mr. Fiegenbaum from force of habit pulled out his huge gold watch. Still plenty of time—no need to hurry. An ornate, diamond-studded watch it was, with his name engraved on the back together with a few words bearing on the occasion of its presentation to him by the Play Guild. He slipped it back into his pocket and twirling his heavy, gold-headed cane with a renewed flourish he resumed his study of the street. It was a long and rather winding thoroughfare running all the way from comparative affluence to absolute penury. The pretentious homes and

public buildings he had first passed had gradually given way to rows of much humbler dwellings and the nearer he drew to the business and theatrical district the more sordid did these appear to become. Squalor had crept into the surroundings.

With the end of his stick he whisked a banana skin from his path into the gutter. The curbs were now lively with children and their shrill cries, not at all the well-bred little ones he had seen further up the street but unclean, unmannerly young ragamuffins. One little rascal was wading barefoot in the streaming, muddy gutter and Mr. Fiegenbaum narrowly escaped an unwelcome baptism.

"Gutenacht! I got to get out-a this," he muttered, looking about him for a convenient side-street.

He found one but it seemed hardly less noisy and squalid. A ball-game was in progress in the roadway, its members gaily indifferent to the hazards of passing vehicles and even vituperative when they were interrupted, hucksters abounded and wheels rattled over the cobblestones with an almost incessant clamor. The pavements were thronged with slatternly housewives, baby-carriages, push-cart peddlers, and children playing marbles or hop-scotch. Evidently spring had lured the whole population outdoors this morning.



In the window a young girl was sitting with arms folded on the sill.

Very suddenly as Mr. Fiegenbaum walked along, toes out, chest out, and nostrils alive to the vagrant scents of April which transcended everything else for the time, even the reek of a too-crowded purlieu—very suddenly there came to his ears a strange sound. Strange, because so unexpected.

It was a voice singing.

He thought at first that he must be mistaken. It hardly seemed possible that he could have heard aright.

For—it was A Voice!

It brought him sharply to a standstill and he blinked and gazed about him for a moment in perplexity.

Ah! There it was again! It rose delicately, sweetly, on the close air, paused on a high, clear note, and then trembled and shook into innumerable little trills—tiny golden drops, as it were. It was like the soul of a happy bird pouring itself forth in rapture over the springtime. With ears strained Mr. Fiegenbaum listened for more of it. His round eyes were bulged in his astonishment and his mouth had fallen a little open. Who could have expected to hear a voice like that *here*—outside of a radio transmitter? As the song again rose, sweet and pure and tremulous, he traced it to an open window nearby.

In the window a young girl was sitting, with arms folded on the sill. She might have been fourteen. She had a small and rather piquant face under a cloud of red-gold hair and as she sang her little pointed chin lifted, exposing her lovely delicate throat above the neck of a faded blue cotton dress. So like a bird was she with that rapture in



"The little one, she ain't never danced"

Continued on page 50

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The VICTORY SIX
BY DODGE BROTHERS



"How do you like the valley of the Sneezing Lizard?" she ventured to ask.

ANXIOUS to know how her subjects were getting along the Princess called on the Queen Bee the following day. "How do you like the Valley of the Sneezing Lizard?" she ventured to ask.

"It is rather shady, and, as you know, my people are very sensitive to cold."

"Oh, Your Majesty, that must not be! We must find a better location. I shall attend to that at once—tomorrow, I promise, without fail."

Turning to the Knight who had escorted her, she asked him to make a tour of her dominions and select a place which would be more to the liking of the Queen and her people. This he promised to do.

Scribbler approached the Queen Bee with a most gracious smile: "Tomorrow, Your Majesty, I will call with Dragon Fly, and we will go—"

"Horrors!" screamed the Queen. "Dragon Fly! Dragon Fly!" she repeated. "One of our most dreaded enemies!" throwing at Scribble a glance that made his little knees knock together from fear.

No, Your Majesty, not the Dragon Fly, not the Dragon Fly! We will have the Wasp convey us to the "Mountain of the Pink Magnolia."

"The Wasp!" cried the Queen. This is even more dangerous," lifting her wings as if to fly away.

Sir Scribble looked at the Princess and the Princess looked at the Knight. What was to be done to prevent trouble? The Knight thought of the pageant, of his eloquence, of the charming compliments the Queen had paid the Princess, of their seeming victory—and now all was to be undone.

"Would you consider the Black Beetle?"

"Worse and worse," remarked the Queen, her voice concealing the contempt with which she held the suggestion.

During the long siege of suspense, the Fairy Princess had remained silent. Thinking that something to eat would sweeten the disposition of the sour Queen, she approached her and with a timid smile invited her to lunch in the largest red poppy of the Palace Garden.

The Queen accepted with a haughty, "Thank you very much." They started in the direction of

"Pollen!" exclaimed the Queen. "Wild Locust Pollen. It's fit only for Drones. Take it away at once."

"Such manners!" thought the waitress who had served her, not daring to say it aloud.

"Serve the second course," politely commanded the Princess; and back flew the Butterflies with the pollen that had not been touched, but which, later, was eagerly devoured by the kitchen help. The Princess, of course, had too good manners to serve a course which was not being eaten by the Queen, her Royal guest.

The waitresses returned, with mustard flowers filled with the choicest of buckwheat honey.

"Honey!" exclaimed the Queen in scornful disdain, pushing it off the poppy. It fell to the ground, to be quickly consumed by the idlers who had been looking on.

Turning toward the Princess, upon hearing her gasp, they discovered that she had fainted. Poor little mite, she could stand no more.

Scribble called Dragon Fly to take the Princess to the Palace. The Queen Bee, hearing his call, became alarmed and flew away, followed by her attendants.

Not long after the luncheon at the poppy, the Queen Bee became ill and sent for the Princess to ask for her forgiveness for all the sorrow she had caused her, saying she had asked her people to serve the Fairy as faithfully as they had served her. Of course, the Princess gladly forgave the poor little thing for her unkindness.

The Queen requested that she be buried on the top of the "Mountain of the Pink Magnolia," and she wished that each year the Fairies would place upon her grave one little blue flower which grew on the side of the mountain and which she loved.

The Princess commanded Sir Scribble Sprite to detail a Fairy Guardian to be always on duty at the grave. Instructions were given this Fairy that under no circumstances was the Dragon Fly, the Wasp, the Black Beetle or any other person, of whom the Queen had been afraid during her life, to be allowed to go near her last resting-place for fear of frightening her wee bee spirit or the spirits of any of the friends of the little Queen who was once very cross, but who was very very sorry for it afterwards.

The Princess and the Queen Bee

By William Thompson

Illustrated by Carle Michel Boog

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the flower, some walking and some flying. "Let's be happy," said the Princess, as they arranged themselves around the petals of the smiling poppy, who felt so proud that she was having a Queen and a Princess, attended by their courts, sitting on her.

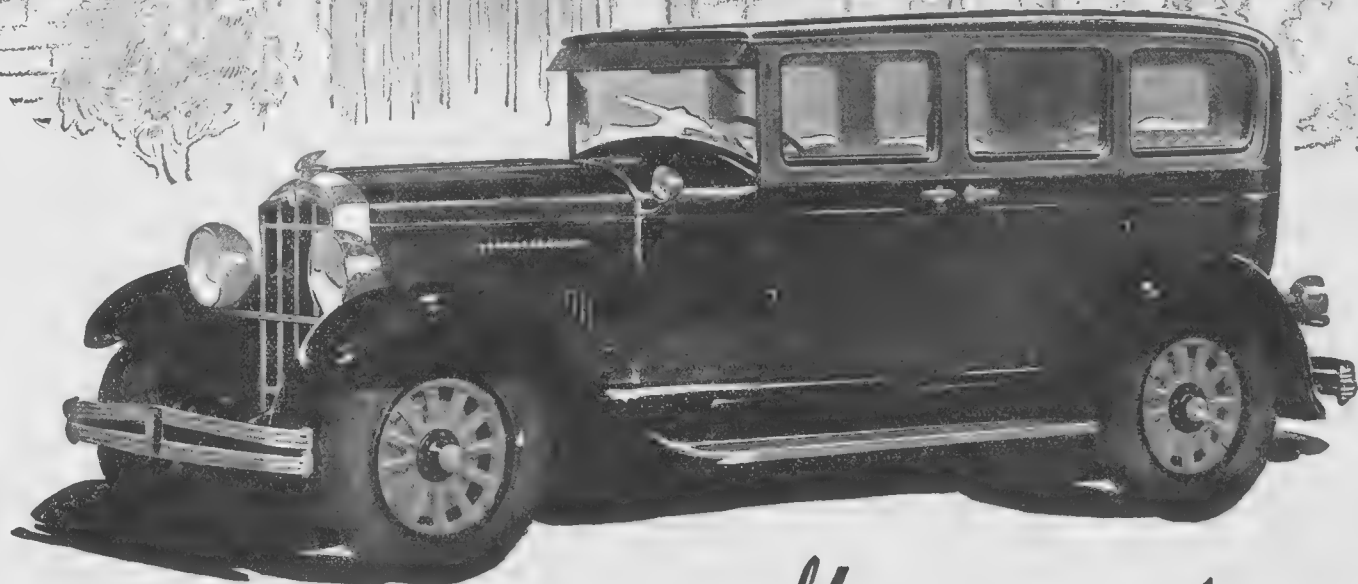
"Yes, let's be happy," echoed the little voices of the party.

Flying from the royal pantry came five very beautiful young lady Butterflies; Nature's artist had painted each a different color, then with his brush he had touched them here and there, making little dots and dashes of green, and blue and pink, and rose and violet, and all the tints from the rainbow, the sunset, the night, the sunrise, and dawn, blending them in the most mysterious way.

As the waitresses approached, they glanced toward the Princess who made a sign that they were to serve the Queen first. In their hands they held the leaves of the forget-me-not, her favorite flower, filled with pollen from the locust, the very choicest and most delectable relish with which to begin a meal of all the dainties of Fairyland.

The little waitresses flew to Her Majesty, and placed in front of her a leaf full to overflowing with the dainty tid-bit, sure that the Queen would go into an ecstasy of delight.

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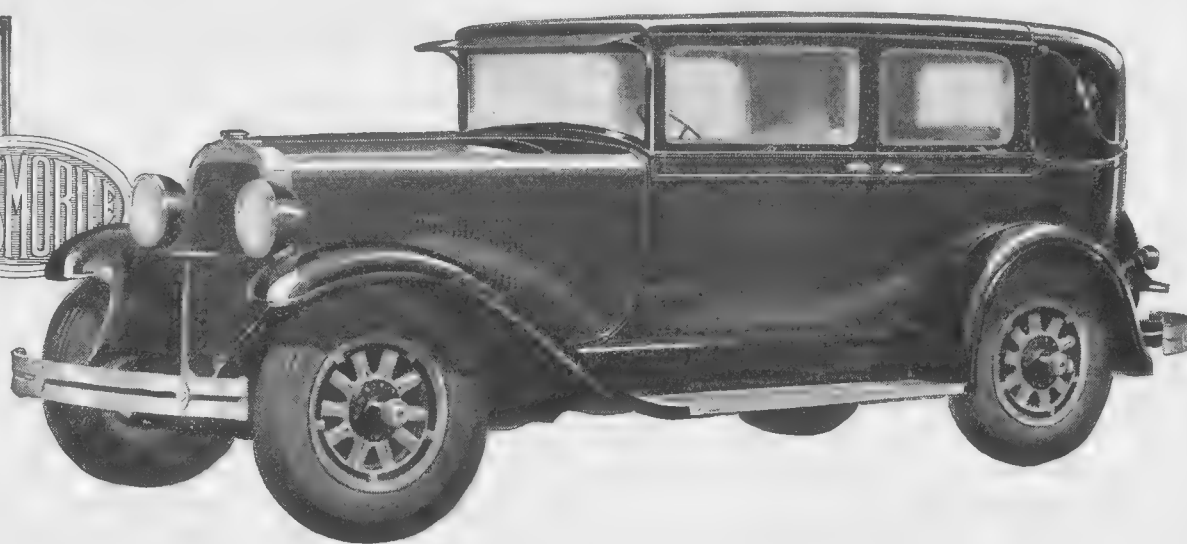
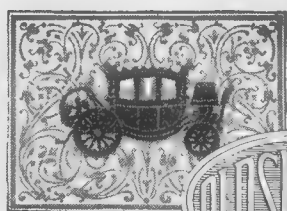
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Jasper and the Carnival Spirit

By H. H. Ayre

THE silence of rock-walled places held the snow-filled valley in its thrall. The smoke curled lazily up from the log houses, the station slept beside the track that curved into the great outside world. The snow-covered peaks lost themselves in the blue of the winter sky, so that you could not tell where clouds and sky began and peaks ended. Against a background of evergreens and snow, the little village of Jasper nestled, sun on its high peaks, joy in its heart, for the day of the Fourth Annual Carnival had arrived.

Far away the silence was broken by a thin whistle. Suddenly from nowhere appeared great lumbering buses; four stalwart smart mounted policemen took up their position in front of the great Totem Pole, their horses pawing the ground, bits jingling, and shining harness creaking. A reception committee almost filled the platform, to greet His Honor Dr. William Egbert, Lieutenant Governor of Alberta, when he descended from the private car of William A. Brown of the Canadian National Railways. The four mounties rode up and saluted, and formed as an escort for the vice-regal motor as it wound its way to Lac Beauvert, and the Winter Carnival of Jasper.

Lac Beauvert lies like a jewel in the bottom of a bowl, a sparkling jewel that in summer reflects the green of all the lovely mountain trees, the snow of the high peaks of Mount Cavell, the purple gleams of Pyramid, and the green-clad sloops of Whistlers. But in winter it is like a jewel too, with the hard brilliance of a diamond, and on its smooth surface rinks have been arranged for hockey and skating, and speed tracks for the swift steel-shod fliers.

The weather-man has been kind. His vagaries have been the subject of thought and anxiety, not to say conversation, for days, but from his pack he has taken all the best gifts of winter, sun on sparkling snow, air with the tang of champagne, cold enough to make exercise agreeable. Even His Honor, used to the wonders of a Canadian winter, cannot forbear an exclamation, and visitors from the South are, as one lady constantly exclaims, "Thrilled."

A dais, banked with evergreen, has been erected on the lake, and there His Honor with his retinue adjourn. Behind him, high against the sky, lies Old Man Mountain, his cold frozen profile stark against the sky. Along the lake-shore are the log bungalows and the great Hall of the Lodge; before him is a gay scene. Into the midst of this scene, with no fanfare of trumpets, but with the acclaim of the holiday crowd, comes the Queen of the Carnival to be crowned. Miss Grace Poole, who holds the honor this year, is attended by Miss Margaret Buckingham, who was Queen last year, by Miss Dora Joberns of Edmonton, and two charming pages, Misses Grace Bolli and Gladys Butler. In velvet satin, lace and ermine, plumed hat, doublet and hose, the royal party move

through the brilliant throng, a picture from the old days in the midst of the new. His Honor places the crown on the royal head, and a kiss upon the royal lips, much to the vociferous delight of the



Miss Grace Poole, Queen of the Jasper Winter Carnival, congratulating P. Gotaas of Camrose, winner of the 28 mile cross country ski race

crowd and the surprise of the embarrassed young Queen. She makes a graceful little speech, though, and accepts her dignities sweetly and, true Canadian that she is, retires from the throne to put on her skates.

DR. EGBERT'S speech was inspired by the scene around him, as he lauded the beauties of this Switzerland of Canada, as lovely in the winter as the summer. He is a wise man and he spoke shortly and to the point, and soon led the way to the skating-rink, where Marion McCarthy, the Edmonton champion and Miss Clare Bernadine,

his partner, delighted everyone with their splendid exhibition. The curling rink nearby drew many enthusiasts, and one was vividly reminded of the home of all curling, Scotland, where nearly always this sport is carried on out-doors. Visitors from the South who had never seen curling before were particularly delighted with this game, but a welcome aroma soon enticed the crowd towards the boat-house, which for this occasion had been converted into a hot-dog stand, and from there, armed with one of these succulent and satisfying buns, everyone adjourned to the golf-course.

Dr. Egbert, hat and frock coat off, sleeves rolled up, drove off into the white fairway, and the February golf game was on.

WHILE Lac Beauvert held the interest of the skaters, curlers and golfers, the distant canyon of Maligne was the scene of a gargantuan struggle between hardy adventurers, who struggled up and down the rocky slopes on skis. From nine o'clock in the morning these intrepid men had struggled, sliding down precipitate slopes, jumping gaps, fighting their way to Medicine Lake and back. T. A. Gotaas, of the Camrose Ski Club, accomplished this feat in three hours, fifty-eight minutes and forty seconds, while F. Burstrom of Jasper arrived at the end of four hours, twenty-one minutes and fifteen seconds. The sixth man reached his starting place in six hours and seventeen minutes after his first leap.

Evening brought a hotly-contested hockey match, and a fancy-dress carnival in the village rink, and then in the silence of the great mountains, tired but happy, everyone went home.

The ski races on Lake Patricia drew the crowd the next morning, and a new sport to many of them proved so exciting that spectators soon became players. A team of horses, driven by a man on skis, dragged two long ropes on which the players clung, getting the slide of their lives. Those at the end of the ropes at a sharp turn were apt to find themselves at the end of a "crack-the-whip."

When the races began the excitement became intense. A mounted man is "driven" by a man or girl on skis, and the whole affair is often complicated by the strange behavior of horses or skiers or both. One small boy, Bobby Mills, the smallest and youngest member of the Jasper Ski Club, used as his trusty steed his good dog Rags. With appetites sharpened by the keen, invigorating air, the return to the Lodge was accomplished in short order, and the afternoon was spent in watching hockey and skating on Lac Beauvert. The evening saw all the guests assembled at a dinner given in honor of Dr. Egbert, Mr. Brown and the other distinguished visitors. Mr. Clarke, as chairman, introduced the Lieutenant Governor, who congratulated

Continued on page 101

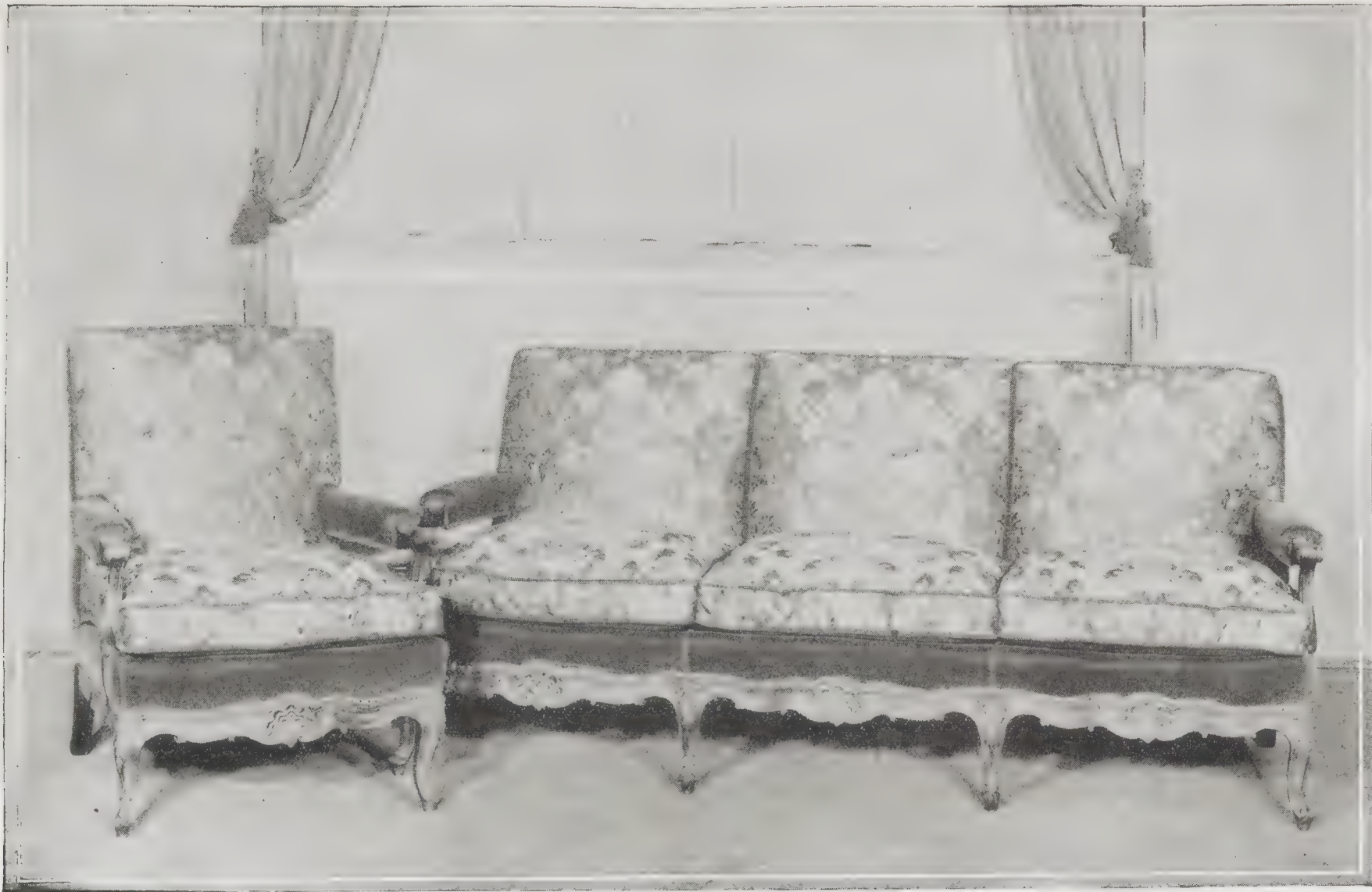


His Honour, Dr. William Egbert, Lieut-Governor of Alberta and W.A. Brown curling at Lac Beauvert



Little Bobby Mills and his dog Rags, ski-joring

Ladies ski-joring on Lake Patricia, Jasper Park



The modern demand for a maximum of size and comfort, without any waste space, is met by furniture of this type

Courtesy of The Kroehler Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

Cushioned for Comfort

Upholstered Furniture Meets Our Demands for Beauty and Durability

By Katherine Caldwell

ONE of the nice things about living, is that we usually consider the age we have reached about as pleasant as any that lies behind or ahead of us. This may also be true about our point of view on other things than our "wealth of years"—our opinions on our homes, for instance.

But it really does seem to me that we are living in something of a golden age, as regards the furnishing and equipping of our houses. There is a wonderful twin standard that is becoming more and more apparent in the average home—a high standard of beauty and an equally high standard of comfort. One or other has reigned in several of the past eras in house-furnishing—but we are subscribing to both, in our present age, in a way that makes our time almost unique.

Beauty is coming into our houses by several routes. Take color. Never was it used so freely, never so intelligently, by the average home-maker. Take fabrics. When was there such amazing choice, such loveliness of color, design and texture? The same is true of floor coverings, of wall treatments, of accessories. Furniture is amazing in its scope—it is achieving *anything* that is asked of it. And, by the way, there is nothing modest about the demands! The manufacturer is being asked for every type of furniture that has been produced in the past, for new types that express the modern ideas, for the designs of different nations,

for every degree of quality and cost, even for ranges in size!

Take that branch of furniture that caters more than any other to our comfort—the upholstered pieces. When cushioning first appeared on chairs, it must have seemed a super-indulgence. Many of my readers will look back themselves upon a day when there was, indeed, a rather hard padding on a whole suite of "parlor furniture"—but with a covering of horsehair that could not be surpassed as a penance. Then there edged in an easy chair—perhaps a couple of them; the old "Morris chair" made its successful bid for father's favor, when it offered not only a cushioned seat and back, but a mechanical means of adjusting the angle of that back to suit the whim of the moment. Father usually discovered that if he added a sofa-cushion that he could tuck under his head, he could really make himself very comfortable indeed, in this bulky but rather unbeautiful contraption.



There is a "Let-me-look-after-you" air about the wing chair

THEN came our sudden demand for a superabundance of cushioning! We would have our everyday furniture padded completely, padded deeply, padded luxuriously. We would have the three-piece over-stuffed suite.

It reached, and in a way passed, the zenith of its popularity, this trio of bulkily comfortable pieces, but even where it no longer reigns supreme, its influence is still felt. We have

decided that it need not take up quite so much space, if we have not got it to spare, to give us the same degree of comfort, and the newest designs in chesterfields and their accompanying chairs accomplish just that. The owner of a living-room of noble proportions, may still have the great rolling arms and back that appeared in the most opulent looking chesterfields and chairs; but where space has to be considered, practically the same seating comfort, the same inner measurements and luxurious cushioning may be had, but without the spread and depth to back and arms that characterize many of the big models.

Today we can choose our well-beloved chesterfield in everything from the mammoth size to the charming little two-cushion version that brings its atmosphere of ease into the small room. And we have chairs that adapt themselves even more graciously to our varied requirements.

The chesterfield and the sofa seem to have come to certain agreements, with the result that we can have delightful sofas that display a wood frame and graceful legs, but upholstered with practically all the generosity that the chesterfield has taught us to expect.

And with the ever-increasing regard for space that our modern house tendencies are making necessary, the davenport will frequently play a double role. It will open up at night to make an admirable bed—a real bed, supremely comfortable, not a mere makeshift of the it-will-have-to-do type; nothing that requires apology to the guest who uses it—or sacrifice to the member of the family who may give up a bedroom to the guest and take to the emergency bed himself. Needless to say, the fact that these possibilities lie within the most important piece of furniture in the living-room, is not in any way apparent to the eye when the chesterfield is enacting its day-time role.

As with the chesterfield, so it is with the chairs. Narrower arms, shallower backs, perhaps less breadth of seat but with an entirely adequate depth, all help to bring the same degree of comfort into more reasonable space when desired.

Continued on page 67

MAKE YOUR KITCHEN BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL—*inexpensively*



"Gray Tile" Pattern No. 318 is shown here

NONE GENUINE
WITHOUT THIS
GOLD SEAL!



MOST of a busy housekeeper's work hours are spent in the kitchen . . . the best reason for making it the cheeriest and brightest room of all—

A few yards of gaily patterned chintz or cretonne . . . fresh paint . . . and a *genuine* Congoleum Gold Seal Rug will make all the difference in the world—

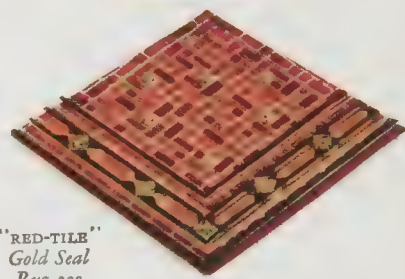
Right now is the best time of all to "dress-up" the kitchen, or any other room, for that matter . . . Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs are now selling at lower than ever prices . . . and you'll be agreeably surprised at the host of wonderful patterns there are to select from . . .

Just think how much easier your housework will be with these modern, easy-to-clean rugs on your floors, . . . no more

tiresome scrubbing and beating, an easy rub-over with a damp mop and the bright rug pattern is spotlessly clean.

Get the Genuine---for longer wear!

Genuine Congoleum with the Gold Seal on the surface, is made with the new "Multicote" surface . . . the greatest improvement in the floor covering business in recent years—Longer wear is built right into the felt base and throughout the durable surface, not merely on top—



"RED-TILE"
Gold Seal
Rug 320



Congoleum Canada Limited. W.H.M.
1270 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.

Send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your latest booklet entitled "Charming Colour Schemes That Cost So Little."

Name

Address

City Prov

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUGS

Made in Canada by
CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED

Beauty Follows the Paint Brush!



An Attractive Bungalow finished in *Stephens'* Colonial Yellow House Paint with White Trim. *Stephens'* Durable Shingle Paint on Roof. Color—Persian Red.



Let us help you choose the most suitable color scheme for your home...

Every Property Owner craves a home of *Individual Distinction*! What is more displeasing to the eye than a row of houses all the same color?

Does your home stand alone or do other houses immediately adjoin it? How many windows has it? Which way does it face? Is it surrounded by trees or shrubbery?

DISTINCTIVE HOMES that are a source of joy to the owner—always—and the object of favorable comment by the passer-by are the result of careful forethought and planning.

There's a beauty—richness—and permanency—in *Stephens'* PAINT PRODUCTS that positively defy the ravaging influence of the elements long after cheaper paints have weathered away.



Stephens'
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

**Make a Paint
for
Every Purpose**

And there are 32 attractive shades of *Stephens'* House Paint and 7 shades of Shingle Paint—each with a generous spreading surface—each of equal lasting quality!

Good paint not only enhances the beauty of your home but preserves the life of the surface it covers. *It safeguards your capital investment!*

*Consult Our Service
Department!*

OUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT will be pleased to help you choose the most suitable color scheme for *Your Home*. It will show you also, that "*Homes of Individual Distinction*" can be had at no extra cost! Why not accept our offer today? *The service is free.* Address enquiry to G. F. STEPHENS & COMPANY LIMITED, 170 Market Ave. East, Winnipeg, Canada

When writing please send a photograph or give us a detailed description of your home as suggested in paragraph two.



The Young Man and His Problem

David Lloyd George

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY No. 9.—David Lloyd George, British statesman and prime minister, was born of Welsh parentage in Manchester, 1863. His father, William George, was a school teacher. Lloyd George was educated at a church school and privately. He decided to study law and was articled to a firm of solicitors at the age of fourteen. In 1884 he qualified for practice.

As winner of a great lawsuit involving the right of burial in parochial grounds, Lloyd George achieved wide reputation and was elected to parliament in 1890. During the Boer war he was vigorously opposed to the policy of the Conservative government and for a time was the most unpopular man in England. However his independence, brilliant debating, and notably conspicuous ability steadily gained recognition.

In 1905, he was made a member of the Liberal ministry as president of the Board of Trade. In 1908 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was the author of the old age pension law and of the working-man's insurance act. His financial policy finally resulted in a bill to destroy the veto power of the House of Lords.

After the outbreak of the World War, Lloyd George became Minister of Munitions. He succeeded Kitchener as Secretary of State for War in June, 1916, and in the following December was made Prime Minister. Following the successful termination of the war, his ministry was given in 1918 overwhelming endorsement in the parliamentary elections.

In 1919, Lloyd George headed the British delegation to the Peace Conference at Versailles. In 1921, he brought about the conference with the Irish leaders which later resulted in the establishment of the Irish Free State. Following the defeat of the Greeks by the Turks in 1922, in which British prestige was involved, he resigned the premiership and later was defeated in the general elections. In 1923, he visited the United States and Canada.

The Problem Department

SERIES NINE—Economics and Useful Arts.

1. Point out several reasons for the widespread interest in economics.

2. Define the term economics.

3. In what does commerce consist?

4. Enumerate the chief branches of engineering.

5. Discuss the literal and the actual meaning of the term manufacturing.

Answers to Mathematics questions, Series Eight:

1. Name five outstanding Greek mathematicians.

Answer: Thales, Pythagoras, Plato, Euclid and Archimedes.

2. Mention three famous problems, the solution of which long engaged the efforts of ancient mathematicians.

Answer: The duplication of the cube, the squaring of the circle, and the trisecting of any angle.

3. What notable improvement in mathematical notation was introduced by the Hindus?

Answer: They seem to have developed the use of the symbol "0" to indicate the place value of notation.

4. What is the meaning of arithmetic?

Answer: The word arithmetic is derived from the Greek, *arithmos*, meaning number. It is usually defined as the science of numbers and the art of computation.

What to Study

THIS is the first of a series of short articles on the reasons for studying certain subjects that form the basis of most of the educational courses of the present day. The information supplied is from "How to Study and What to Study," by Richard L. Sandwick, published by D. C. Heath and Company, Boston, Mass. This book was reviewed in these columns some months ago and is recommended to those who want a reliable handbook on the art of successful studying.

No. 1. Why study History?

History is largely the study of behavior. From its pages the student can learn how men down the

By H. J. Russell F.C.I.

ages have conducted themselves in the complex and trying situations that have arisen.

The test of time has passed a juster sentence upon their actions than can be passed upon the transient conduct of the student's associates; and the field of action is vastly enlarged.

From history, the teachable youth cannot help gathering wisdom to guide his own conduct in similar situations that arise as history repeats itself in various lines of behavior.

On the historian's page, moral conduct, especially, is seen put to the test; and its results are spread before the student.

Here sloth, cruelty, treachery, and cowardice reap their rewards. The king who could not forgive an enemy or win back a lost friend, gets himself beheaded at the last; the pleasure-loving prince loses his kingdom; and the cruel tyrant gets his return in hate, and falls by the avenger's knife.

The pages of history contain examples also of the deeds of the good and the true. The courageous Leonidas by his own devoted death teaches victorious heroism to the Greeks; Peter the Great studies the arts of other kingdoms to apply them to his own.

All the social, political, religious, and economic institutions of the present day have grown out of the past; and unless we know the past, or at least know something of the origin and development of these institutions, we cannot fully understand them.

Historical study is especially valuable in self-governing states in which every man must be to some extent a statesman, able to form rational judgments on public matters.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 10.—Assistant Geologist.

Duties: To assist in making areal, structural, and stratigraphical surveys of designated portions of one or more geographical or geological divisions of Canada; to assist in the instrumental survey and mapping of the topography and geology of certain areas; to perform detail work involved in the exploration, geological investigation, and detailed survey of mines and mining areas showing the structure of ore bodies; to assist in the collection of mineralogical, palaeontological, geological and other specimens; to perform detail work involved in the preparation for publication of reports, serial geological map-sheets with structural sections, monographs and papers embodying the result of field work; to assist in the collection, classification, correlation, and arrangement for ready reference of data regarding the mineral resources, and the geographical, petrographical, forest and other economic and geological features of areas investigated; and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications required: Education equivalent to graduation in science from a recognized university, with specialization in geology and mineralogy; at least two years of post graduate specialization work and two years of geological field investigation work; special training and experience in palaeontology, and in the study of the fossiliferous stratified rocks; a good knowledge of modern geological literature and museum methods and of the significance, scope and economic importance of the work of the geological survey; and freedom from physical defects that would interfere with geological field work.

The Higher Life

A NEW book from the press of Pickering and Inglis, 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, is entitled "God's Way of Life," by the Rev. G. R. Harding Wood, cloth bound, pocket size, 103 pages, price 75c. Those who believe in devoting some time to the reading of books other than of a vocational or entertaining nature, will find this a most helpful manual.

Health Commandments

THERE are critics who say that the Ten Commandments are out of date—that they should be rewritten in accordance with modern conditions

and requirements. Whatever some may think of the commandments, however, it is certain they exercise a powerful influence still and part of this influence is seen in the tendency of certain writers and authorities to use them as a model in presenting suggestions for self-improvement and betterment in various walks of life. Thus, it is not uncommon to see such headings as Ten Commandments for Automobile Drivers, Ten Commandments for Pedestrians, Ten Commandments for Business Men, Ten Safety First Commandments, Ten Commandments for Preventing Fires, and Ten Commandments on Kindness to Animals.

The latest set, entitled Ten Prescriptions for those who wish to live long, is from the pen of Dr. Thomas Darlington, a former health commissioner of New York City. They will bear careful reading by young men who realize that as "the body is the temple of the spirit," it is worthy of being kept in proper condition.

1. Brush your teeth and keep mouth, eyes, nose and throat free of bacteria.

2. Take air baths by removing clothing as often as possible and indulge in frequent cool shower baths.

3. Wear sensible clothing, not too heavy, too warm or too light, but loose over the vital organs, and don't wear shoes that pinch the feet.

4. Breathe deeply and sleep in well-ventilated rooms, or, if possible, on porches.

5. Drink plenty of cool water when eating and between meals.

6. Eat enough, but not too much, and of a variety of well-chosen foods, chewing slowly and enjoying your meal in as pleasant surroundings as possible. Don't eat when tired. Wait a while.

7. Exercise daily, avoiding strain on the heart.

8. Be examined periodically by a physician.

9. Work ten hours, sleep eight and play the rest of the time or indulge in something different from the daily work, and always take a day off and rest that day.

10. Be as cheerful as possible and cultivate your will. Lack of will and not of any mental function causes much of our discontentment, sorrow, tragedy and crime.

Quality Before Quantity

ON HIS return to England from his recent visit to Canada, the Prince of Wales is reported as saying:

"Canada, as all of us must see, is on the threshold of one of the most astonishing eras of expansion and development ever seen. Exactly how long it will take, none of us knows, but certainly it will occur in the lifetime of many of us."

His Royal Highness further suggested to the young business men of London that "they go over to Canada and see the country for themselves as he had done."

During the same visit, Premier Baldwin said to a Canadian audience:

"Canada has an enormous future and, if it be not impertinent to say so to Canadians, I would say: The future is with you; do not be in too much of a hurry. Your country is a country for men of the North—virile races. Quality before quantity any day. Build up with the best. What does it matter if it is a hundred years or more before your country is full? Keep the stock you have, and the men and women you have, and see to it that the coming generations are in no whit inferior to them. I have often thought that it is a dangerous thing to the morale of a nation to get rich quickly as it is to an individual. Time is all on your side. Maintain the values; maintain the standards; and may the prayer of Canada always be the prayer of the Greek sailor, which has been preserved for us by Seneca: "God, You may save me if You will; You may sink me if You will; but, whatever happens, I will always keep my rudder true."

From these paragraphs, young Canadians may learn that visitors to the Dominion are impressed by its possibilities; and they may also learn that if quality is to go before quantity it may be well to seek freedom from the idea that riches must come quickly.

The Way to Remove Dingy Film from Lovely Teeth

When Film is Gone Teeth Grow Dazzling White and Sparkling

Film forms on teeth and gives them that dull, "off-color" look. It fosters serious tooth and gum disorders.

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

WHAT robs teeth of ivory brightness? What makes them more discolored one time than another?

And why, when looking their worst, do teeth decay more rapidly, gums grow sore and sensitive?

These questions dental science answers in three words—"film on teeth." What film is, how it acts, are told below.

To combat it successfully where ordinary brushing fails, a *special film-removing* dentifrice is used, called Pepsodent.

Look for FILM this way

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film. An



THREE STARS of movieland find recreation on the tennis court—Mae Allison, Virginia Valli and Julianne Johnson. Your smile, by daily use of Pepsodent, may become as bright as theirs when film is gone.

ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and gray.

Germes by the myriad breed in film, and germes with tartar—a hardened film deposit—are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film invites the acids of decay.

And it is remembered that before this special film-removing method the prevalence of dental troubles was alarmingly on the increase.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. The new-found agents in Pepsodent curdle and loosen film. Then brushing takes it off.

This is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth cleansing methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Fights decay—firms gums

Other new-day agents in Pepsodent increase the alkalinity of saliva. They neutralize the acids which form from starch in foods and cause decay.

Its use aids in firming gums.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully these require-



There is a sparkle in your smile you may not dream of. This way of cleansing teeth uncovers it.

ments of the dental profession of today. That's why in 58 nations its acceptance among dentists is virtually universal.

Give Pepsodent 10 days

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film for ten days and see teeth lighten.

Between your dentist and Pepsodent you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

P E P



(Above) IVY SAWYER, star, and JOSEPH SANTLEY, producer, of "Just Fancy," graciously respond to a prolonged curtain call. Their smiles, Pepsodent keeps gleaming white.



(Above) AWAITING LINDBERGH are Misses Leone Sprague, Hazel Fink, and Ross Coleman, Jr., at Mitchell Field. Such smiles as theirs are the widespread result of Pepsodent.

Smiles Made Bright

Each Morning in This Simple Way

LOVELY, white teeth mean winning smiles. And winning smiles may often spell success socially, commercially.

People on the stage know the worth of smiles. So do most people of outstanding prominence.

The new way of tooth care will show you smiles you envy are often smiles you may possess. It's film that makes teeth lusterless and dull. It's film *removal* that brings back dazzling whiteness and aids in having healthy teeth.

Twice daily for the next ten days use the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. If teeth fail to grow whiter and brighter, you are the one exception among many.

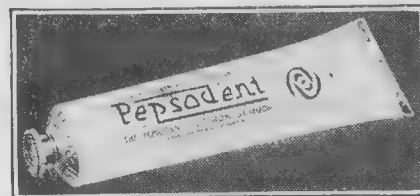


(Above) THE MODERN MAILMAN is a romantic figure. Here Miss Grace McKay delivers a parcel to Lt. Hugh Ross—both possess the dazzling white teeth only Pepsodent affords.



(Left) TODAY DENTISTS URGE patients to keep teeth white and sparkling, for gleaming teeth are the best assurance science knows of healthy teeth and gums. Miss Georgette Duval is advised to use the new-day dentifrice, Pepsodent.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 324 191 George St.,
Toronto 2, Ont., Canada.

Made in Canada

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
1104 So. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. London, S.E.1, Eng
(Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth St. Sydney, N.S.W.
Only one tube to a family 2755 Can.

S O D E N T

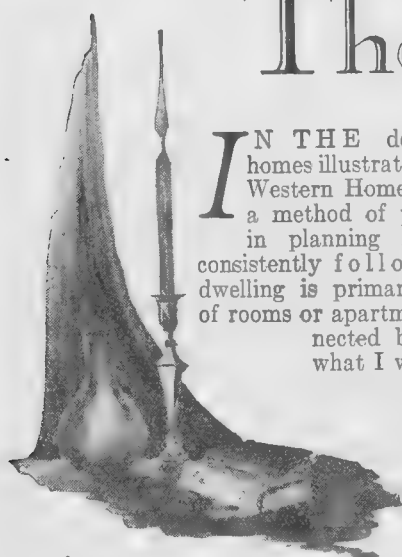


The Economical Bungalow

By V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect

Written for The Western Home Monthly



IN THE designs of homes illustrated in The Western Home Monthly a method of procedure in planning has been consistently followed. A dwelling is primarily a set of rooms or apartments connected by a system of what I would call "lines

of communication," stairways, halls and passages.

In a good plan the apartments should be

placed so that they will be properly related to one another, and so that each shall occupy its own most suitable position in regard to aspect and convenience. Strange to say, the small house is much more difficult to properly design than the large one, for in the smaller planning greater ingenuity is used to combine the plan into a convenient unit and also many makeshifts have to be adopted which are not necessary in the larger house.

It will follow from this, that a plan cannot be laid out in a purely arbitrary manner, or by dealing with only one set of conditions, so that the development of an ideal plan for a home is a very difficult problem. But, in every instance the motive around which our plan swings is a home for someone, and not a design of a place like that palace for the poor little King in "Coc d'Or," who had no privacy when he tried to sleep with his crown upon his head in that vast room they put him in. I do not mean that a great room with elaborate wood-

work and tall casements is not a thing of beauty, but when it comes to daily living in it, that is another question. Look at this design. It is simple and obvious, and if it be true that precious things are done up in small parcels, it might be equally true that in a small house like this we may discover what we would never find in the more pretentious building.

So this bungalow may just strike the note which up until now has been elusive. It is one storey, as a bungalow should be, with a basement, and in the treatment of its exterior there are several matters to consider. We are prone to be what might be called "too slick" in our treatment of materials which have to withstand all weathers. Our painting is too smooth, our details too finicky. Lately I have been examining buildings of concrete, not to discover the worth of concrete, that was proven by the Romans, but to study a material frankly used without any trick to make it appear anything else but concrete, and it is astonishing what marvellous effects can be achieved by its use. The gamut of its scale runs from grace of line to grandeur of design. That, however, has not to do with our bungalow, except to illustrate what effects material treated properly will give. This design would look best in wide, rough-sawn clapboards with the corners mitred, and the stain a seal-brown.

In our painting it is safe to say that the colors used represent fully fifty per cent. of the value of

painting. The logic of this conclusion is shown when it is realized that there are two major reasons for painting a house, both of equal importance, although the utilitarian might not entirely agree with me. One is the improved appearance of the building from an æsthetic view. The other, the preservation of the surface. We often see a house

well painted, well kept, yet looking forlorn and ashamed, due entirely to the wrong use and crude harmonizing of the colors it was painted with, and this would easily take fifty per cent. off its appearance. In painting the house the right use of colors means more than just selecting from a color sheet, what looks well. Consideration should be given to the neighbor's house, the background and also the architecture of your own home. Most of the success in painting depends upon having the right tone, and that its contrasting color is properly used. In the directions given it is almost impossible to convey the true concept of all the shades indicated by the printed word, as to some ivory means yellow, to others a cream, while browns and greens have many indefinite tones and different meanings to different people.

The shingles are wide and exposed $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the weather, stained a moss-green. Shingles are of many materials, but wooden and asbestos are about the only ones that can be used successfully on a wooden house. Copper with its gleam and slashes of vitrolific color should be used only on a non-combustible house. In this design if asbestos shingles are used, get the best. You can always read in the advertising columns of the magazine what are the best. In their selection off-color and curling is to be avoided; off-color gives you a shiver every time you look at the roof, and curling

Continued on page 83

Salute the Evening with Your Most Charming Self

*Summon morning's freshness with
this simple beauty session a
single treatment a cream that
performs two beauty rites in one!*

By MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET

THOUGH you are up and away at a hundred tasks,
by day; though nightfall finds you drooping, weary
. . . salute the evening with all your radiant freshness, all
that charming poise which comes of being at your best!

You can, you know, though your boudoir clock ticks,
"Hurry, hurry," and there's scarcely more than time for
the fleetest grooming.

*Now . . . a cream which
cleanses . . . relieves facial fatigue
the two together, in no time!*

Pompeian Night Cream divides forces, as soon as your
fingers begin to work it in. Part goes straight to its
cleansing work. Part stands by, to give your fingers the
texture they need to work their magic.

CLEANSSES . . . Smooth a generous quantity on your
face. Under the circling movement of your fingers, do
you feel it seeping in? That is the cleansing part, so
penetrating that even deep-down dirt, imbedded powder
and rouge cannot escape it. And as this thorough
cleanser does its work, that taut, dry feeling goes . . .
dust and grime give place to soothing, healing oils.

RELIEVES FACIAL FATIGUE . . . Your fingers . . . keep
them flying . . . Beginning at the neck, circling, circling,
upward, outward to the hair-
line. Pompeian Night Cream
. . . so velvety . . . gives your fingers gentle "hold" as no just-
for-cleansing cream will ever do.
That is the wondrous other
half of this dual-purpose cream,
and aided by its velvet texture,
soon your fingers coax fatigue
away.

For soon, there's circulation
working. Soon, a new tone to
muscles. Nerves relax. Droop-
ing lips curve upward. Grad-
ually . . . an exquisite sense of
well-being—that perfect, rest-
ful something that happens to
you in the chair of a good
masseuse. Now, remove the
soiled cream, apply a fresh film of it, and *relax*. Five
minutes. More if you can. As you rest, this rich cream
penetrates every little pore, to soften, soothe.

Then up—your bath—your hair—your frock—and
now you're ready!—to amaze your friends who left you all
tired out, just a little while before! Vivacious . . . radiant

*With fingers flying, circling al-
ways upward . . . outward . . .
soon deep-down soil comes to the
surface, muscles are toned, nerves
relax, and all trace of weariness
is coaxed away.*



*In every gathering . . . tribute,
unconscious, unstinted . . . to her
whose freshness gives lilt to
the evening's gaiety.*

DAY CREAM *a light foundation for powder*

Astringent . . . enlivening
. . . put it on before your
powder, to give your skin
that cool, smooth, exquisite
"feel" . . . Then your rouge
and powder . . . and you'll
go through the day with a
well-groomed, powder-
smoothness—free from
"shine"—free from the need
of frequent powdering.

• • •

FREE My little booklet and samples

The movements for relieving Fa-
cial Fatigue are clearly set forth
in word and picture in my little
booklet, and this, with generous
samples of Pompeian Night
Cream and Day Cream, will be
sent you without charge. Won't
you write me of any beauty prob-
lems that trouble you?

Jeannette de Cordet

. . . sparkling . . . who else is so equal to—come what may?

AGAIN AT NIGHT . . . Give your face this same simple
treatment with Pompeian Night Cream before you retire,
this time leaving the second film on all night to soften
. . . soothe . . .

You'll be lovelier . . . tomorrow . . . and in after years!

Pompeian Night Cream for Facial Fatigue

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Company
Dept. 855-D, 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal, Que.

Please send me free sample tubes of Pompeian
Night Cream and Day Cream with your booklet
on how to relieve Facial Fatigue.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

An Easter Quest

By H. Emily Lytle

HAS the Eastertide a message for the World? Did the Eastertide of centuries ago breathe a message of Hope? Does it breathe of Hope to the people of today?

For my own satisfaction, I resolved to set out upon a quest that I might discover how the people of other days, as well as the people of today feel about Easter.

First of all in my quest I came upon one, who seemed to specialize upon the symbols of Easter. He showed me an egg and spoke of the life that breaks forth—the wonderful bird-life, filling the world with joyous song. Then he showed me a butterfly and spoke of the miracle of life bursting forth from the pupa or chrysalis. How this life so colorful and beautiful goes flashing about from flower to flower, making people glad.

After that we looked at a lily and he talked of how the dry, unattractive bulb was buried deep in the earth; of the slow, patient period of germination, and how finally there bursts forth the lily-bloom with its snow-white petals and heart of gold. Then said he: "If you would understand this symbol better, get Van Dyke's 'Blue Flower' and read his wonderful little story 'A Handful of Clay,' then you will the better understand how much preparation is necessary, how much discipline we must submit to, if our lives are to be an inspiration to others.

Then someone else came up and reminded me that Nature as well as Christians always did celebrate the Easter Festival, and told me that, if I would keep my eyes open and my heart attuned, I would understand the message of the crocus and the pussy-willow, and that I would be able to hear the whisperings of the budding trees as they rejoice over awakening life.

Continuing on my quest I met with one who told me the story of an old king, who had spent many faithful years ruling his people well, and had come to the end of a long day. Nearly ninety years had passed over his head. He was eager to leave the scene of his tasks and reach a place where he need be king no longer, but just a happy child.

It was no easy business being a king, although, when people strolled in the park outside the palace windows, or stood bare-headed when the king's carriage rolled by, they were apt to be a little envious and to think it must be wonderful to be a king.

At last the king had come to the end of a busy day, and his children and grandchildren were all about him. Faithful servants were alert to render him any service. His eyes roved past them and seemed fixed on an invisible presence. A light not of this world transfigured his countenance, and age, and wrinkles fell away, and the king grew wondrous young again. Still gazing at the invisible presence he exclaimed: "Dearest, thou art waiting for me; I am coming." Then the light faded, his eyes closed, his restless hands lay still. They knew that the invisible presence was his Easter angel, the wife of his young manhood, who had come back, from the Heavenly Home, after many years to conduct him thither. It was just a sweet, restful story, but I was glad I had waited to hear it, for it breathed of hope and reunion with loved ones.

Again on my way, I met with one who spoke of the Easter festival as the anniversary of Hope's birthday, the gladdest festival of the Christian year. "For," said he, "if Christ be not risen then is our faith vain," and he recalled how the disciples thought all was lost. They were discouraged and in despair. Yet out of all this tragedy and darkness there was born a new world and a new hope and a new era.

Then my quest led me, in memory, back through the years, when, as a girl, I read a sermon by Dr. Talmadge. It was an Easter sermon and the text was: "She supposing him to be the gardener." All I remember, at this distance, is that I enjoyed it sufficiently to read it over and over again. Also that Dr. Talmadge emphasized the fact that it was very wonderful that the Risen Lord, instead of appearing in all His glory, should appear in the humble garb of a gardener. Even His close friend,



HE IS RISEN

BY WILLIAM THOMPSON

*Mist and shadows draped the mountain,
Stars and satellites grew dim
And the moon, in faltering brightness
Wept in solitude for Him.
Sad the Sabbath eve had ended,
Slowly dawned another day,
Mary sought the world's Redeemer,
Sought the place where Jesus lay.*

*Sad her heart with sorrow's burden,
Overcast by deepest gloom,
Saddened by His crucifixion
Watched she at her Saviour's tomb.
Mighty terrors born of heaven,
Shook the earth from east to west,
And an angel then descended
Robed in raiment of the blest.*

*"Fear not ye," he said to Mary,
As he rolled the stone away;
"Jesu, Son of God is risen:
Passed unto Eternal Day."
Then the sun revealed its brightness,
Shafts of gold dispelled the gray,
All on earth, and heaven rejoicing,
"Christ hath gone to lead the way."*

Mary of Magdala, did not recognize Him until He called her by name; then the truth dawned upon her and she answered: "Rabboni," my Master, and immediately she hastened away and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord.

Resuming my quest, I met a hermit, on the side of a mountain, and I asked him if he knew about Easter, and he said: "Yes," and that he intended to celebrate the Festival. "For," said he, "no one, however isolated, need be without the Easter message if he has a Bible. There is always Luke's story of the empty tomb; there is John's account of the appearance to Mary Magdalene in the garden. There is the reassurance of Thomas and the tender reclaiming of Peter; there is the meal in the out-of-doors, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, in the early morning twilight. Lastly, there is Matthew's record of the Great Commission."

Later, I met with some who had many doubts and questionings as to the truth of the story of the Risen Lord. In order to reassure myself I wandered into the Catacombs of Rome,

and looked at the paintings upon the wall. I found these old paintings all bore witness to the eternal hope of the early Christians, who seemed to hold joyous ideas about death. To them, it was just a tender good-night, before the good-morning of immortality. Someone wandering through the tombs told me that was why they feared not to fall asleep, whether by the sword, or by the lions, or by the torch.

After that, I came along down through the years, and inquired how people of a century or so ago felt about immortality. Goethe's message to me was: "I could ill-spare the happiness of believing in a continuing existence." Lorenzo de Medici said: "They are dead for this life also who believe in no other." Victor Hugo was very clear in his message to me. He said: "The nearer I come to the end of my life, the more plainly do I hear the immortal symphonies, which invite me."

About the same time, I came upon a sect in France. This sect had set out to displace Christianity by a new doctrine, but the leader was dissatisfied with the response of the people. He had hoped for a very great following. In his perplexity, he went to the great French statesman, Talleyrand, and asked him what he should do about it. Talleyrand answered: "I think you had better try being crucified yourself and rising again on the third day."

As I came along, I asked how people, of our own day, feel about the story of the Risen Lord. Do they know? Are they sure about it? So I asked an old fisherman, whose faith was very simple and very sure. He answered me: "Do you see those cottages on the cliff yonder? Well, sometimes when I am far out at sea, I know the sun has risen by the reflection on those windows. How do I know that my Lord has risen? Why, because I see His Light reflected from the faces of some of my fellows, every day."

I inquired again, and a woman told me of a family who lost three beautiful children with diphtheria, and had only a little three-year-old left. When they could leave their home again, it was about the Eastertide. On Easter Sunday they went to church. The mother went to her class and taught it. The father went to his desk, as Superintendent of the Sunday School. He led his school in worship, and read with them the Easter story, with just a break, now and then, in his fine voice.

To that Easter congregation, they seemed a miracle. Coming out of church, men and women said to one another: "How could they do it?" A fifteen-year-old girl, walking home with her mother, remarked: "Mother, I guess Mr. and Mrs. Latimer believe it, don't they?" "Believe what?" asked the mother. "Why, about Easter, Mother, about people rising again on the Resurrection Day." "Why, yes, all Christians believe it, dear," was the reply. "Not that way, Mother," said the girl.

Thus I learned that, to people living now, Easter means more than immortality. It gives them courage to face the hard tasks of the days just ahead.

Finally I met a white-haired minister and I asked him if, after all his years of study and experience, he still believed that Christ was risen, and he said: "Yes, and He is here now, and He is still the Gardener—the Divine Gardener, and He is very busy cultivating soul gardens, that they may bring forth fruits and flowers of loving service. But he told me that some soul gardens were very hard to cultivate. They had to be broken up, and there was much pruning and grafting to be done before they were able to bring forth perennial flowers of Faith and Hope and Love."

My quest was over and I had learned: that what we sow is not quickened except it die; that humility is the road to peace and power; that sacrificial love is a conquering weapon; that belief in immortality and a Risen Lord has given courage and inspiration to worshipping millions throughout the ages.

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With Brother Cree in the Northland

By Sanford Cornell

"NEPUSKI-NI-CAN-NAN! Nepuski-ni-can-nan!" Shouts of victory resounded over the waters of Lac la Ronge, in the lone country of North Saskatchewan. Not the voice of warrior returning from the warpath, with enemy's scalps hanging at the belt, but children's voices, merry at play.

It was the Empire Day celebration of the Lac la Ronge Indian Boarding School, on Dog Island. The girls had challenged the boys to a tug-of-war, and had vanquished the young braves. In the excitement of victory they had relapsed into the musical cadence of the Cree native of Canada's soil, instead of using the more abrupt English equivalent, "We win," with which every child in the school also was familiar.

The school stands on the west mainland of Lac la Ronge. Early that morning skies had been scanned by bright black eyes, from the dormitory windows. Breakfast was somewhat neglected in the eagerness to be away in the canoes, lined up at the mission wharf for loading of lunch baskets and paraphernalia for games. It took two hours to transport the 107 children, 13 missionaries, guides and visitors to Dog Island. The canoes were towed behind the Mission launch which covered the distance in much less time than it would take to paddle. The day was perfect. Meals were spread on the ground beside the lapping water. Evergreens stood dark against the poplar woods over which the first faint whisper of green was passing. And this is 250 miles north of Prince Albert.

It was a red-letter day for the Indian children. Besides their own dearly beloved missionary principal and his wife, Rev. C. F. and Mrs

In a few moments Mr. Hives appeared at the door of the caboose and asked Dr. Westgate to come to see a wounded man who had just arrived at the Mission. They went into the little house of the general assistant, where, on the bed, lay Peter Bird, a young Indian, about 27 years old, with the most ghastly arm that Dr. Westgate had ever seen.

Peter had been hunting moose on Bear Mountain on the east side of Lac la Ronge when he had accidentally shot himself in the right arm near the shoulder. It was a soft-nosed bullet and the limb was badly shattered. That was fully 13 days before his appearance at the Mission. He and his young wife and infant in arms had been marooned on the far shore of the lake, unable to get across on account of the floating ice. The wound was in a putrid condition.

Amputation was the only course to save the man's life. He never could survive a week's journey to the Prince Albert Hospital.

"Get me a better light, and bring all the surgical supplies of the Mission," Dr. Westgate said.

A cable extension was quickly made from the electric lighting system of the school. Nurse Gertrude Heaton brought surgical dressings and spread out the surgical instruments of the school kit. Fortunately there were forceps and tourniquet. The nurse administered the anæsthetic. Constable Powers of the Saskatchewan Provincial Police stood by to assist. Mr. Hives held the sixty-watt light.

Dr. Westgate, who operated, had had the advantage, early in life, of a short course in medicine, when he had contemplated the life of a medical missionary. Later, in his missionary career in South America and Africa he had had to undertake many acts usually performed by none but a surgeon. During the war, chaplain of the British forces in East Africa, he had observed amputations in the carrier camps of blacks, when, as the only white man for hundreds of miles who could speak both Chigogo and Swahili, he had acted as interpreter. These experiences and a sound nerve proved the saving of Peter Bird's life. In fifteen minutes the operation was complete and wound dressed—"as nice a job as any surgeon could



Rev. Dr. T.B.R. Westgate and his godson Arthur Hives

or dim the proud tradition of his race by admitting pain.

NEXT morning, Ascension Day, the long journey to Prince Albert was begun. The world was drenched in a pouring rain, and hardly once during the whole week's journey did it cease. An 18-foot canoe was improvised as hospital boat. It was wonderful, Dr. Westgate said, to see how tenderly the red men handled the patient, how soft a bed of spruce twigs they prepared in the bottom of the canoe. Over him they framed a canopy of saplings covered with waterproof tarpaulin. Four Indians took their places to paddle their comrade the 180 miles water trip.

Good-bye was said to the little colony at Lac la Ronge, and Dr. Westgate and Miss Kelly, the head matron of the school who was coming out on furlough, in another 18-foot canoe, with two Indian guides, started the home journey, following the ambulance canoe ahead. All the while the torrential rain persisted. Everybody except the sick man was drenched to the skin, time and again. It was upstream paddling and in some places the current was strong and rapids were to be passed. Still with steady dip the paddlers pushed on. One after another were passed: Big Stone river and lake, Egg lake, Starving Man lake, Partridge Crop lake, all enlargements of the great water

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A Family Gathering

Hives, the school had a guest from the big white man's city of Winnipeg, Rev. Dr. T. B. R. Westgate, field secretary of the Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada, who was making a visit of inspection.

Lunch baskets were packed up, for evening was coming on. The children were safely stowed away in canoes, with a trusty guide in each—hardly necessary precaution with these children of nature who live so close to the mother heart that they feel her very pulse beat, and sit as still as mice on a raft, in their frail craft. The smart little launch started and the procession of canoes floated out into the sunset. A happy crooning song was wafted over the misty lake and lost itself in the woods of island and shore-line.

Children were quickly packed away to bed in their dormitories, whispering, no doubt, of the delights of the day, after prayers were said. Dr. Westgate retired for a rest to his pullman-car quarters in the caboose used in winter on sleighs for travel, which he was occupying because every room in the big school was filled. Mr. Hives went down to the water's edge. In the distance he saw an Indian canoe approaching from the opposite side of the lake.

All Saints Anglican Church, Lac La Ronge

do," the missionary was told afterwards.

"How do you feel, Peter?" Mr. Hives asked the patient when he came out of the chloroform.

"Jake," was the laconic reply. Not a sign of flinching on the Cree's dark face. Never once during the probing or afterwards did Peter Bird show the white feather



Lac La Ronge Anglican Indian Industrial School

S W I F T



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Come Let Us Read A While

By Sheila Rand

A Tale Within a Tale

HALF of the book entitled "Jack A'Manory," by G. B. Stern, is taken up with a series of short stories, all of which have the night club called "The Little Hot Dog" for their setting. I thought I was going to enjoy these short stories immensely, but I became very weary of them. This, I think, was due to the fact that one got so tired of meeting everybody in the same night club. Niki, an English girl stranded in Vienna, gets in touch with the aunt and uncle of a certain Gabrielle whom she knew in England, and then most obligingly life unveils for Niki, sitting at a table in "The Little Hot Dog" night after night, a series of the most extraordinary events. Possibly I am jealous of Niki; I am sure if I were stranded at the North Pole I should not have such an unusual time as befell her. In life we are lucky if we meet one person out of the common run, and if we become an actor in one throbbing little scene in life; but, night after night—no! It did not ring true.

The second half of the book is devoted to short stories that do not concern the same people, nor take place in the same locality. "A Man and His Mother," is quite a good story, and one which I would advise all mothers and grown-up sons to read; it shows how little we understand each other.

Gloom

DESPITE the brilliance of its title, "Sun and Moon," by Vincent Gowen, it is one of the gloomiest books I have read for a long time. An Englishman decides to live like a Chinaman because his young and much-loved wife dies. He holds his wife's memory in such esteem that he decides to bring up their children as Chinese! This is the first difficulty I confronted. Nothing on earth will ever make me believe that an Englishman, however much he may admire the Chinese as a nation, however much he may desire to have such license as polygamy and opium, forbidden him so long as he remains a citizen of his own country, I do not believe he will ever drop to such depths as to bring up children, who have not an ounce of Chinese blood in them, and actually marry his daughter to a Chinaman. As a hideous, revolting picture of Chinese family life, and the part that women play in it, this book could be commended.

Modern and Mystical

GALSWORTHY has said somewhere or other that it is not the reviewer's business to discuss the story, but the manner in which it has been achieved. If, so Galsworthy says, the author has chosen an unpleasant theme, but developed it truthfully, convincingly and cleverly, then the work is well done. I keep this dictum in mind when telling you about "Cups, Wands and Swords," by Helen Simpson. I heard someone say that they could not endure this type of book because of the trashy talk of the ultra-modern young men. I admit they do talk a lot of rot, but Helen Simpson is not to blame for this. She has chosen to portray the ultra-modern set, Oxford undergraduates, and she has done it amazingly well. But she has done more than this, for "Cups, Wands and Swords" is a very penetrating and poignant portrayal of an unbalanced, artistic nature, and of the mystic thread that binds this neurotic young man, Anthony, to his matter-of-fact twin, Celia. Celia arouses intense pity throughout the story. On the surface she is such an ordinary young girl, with an uninformed mind, the Australian Cockney accent, and an appalling lack of imagination. That is just on the surface, or, shall we say, that is but one side of her personality. The other part of her is bound by the mystic thread to which I have referred, to her brother Anthony, and that part of



Nature's Awakening

By William Thompson

<i>Hear the woodland echoes ring</i>	<i>Blest by Nature all around,</i>
<i>Joyous tales of early spring,</i>	<i>Everywhere is beauty crowned</i>
<i>See the budding tulip smile,</i>	<i>Here the stately oak is seen,</i>
<i>And looking up behold the skies.</i>	<i>There the gentle ivy green;</i>
<i>Hear the lark, the wren, the doe,</i>	<i>Idly lying on the ground</i>
<i>See the bursting violets blow,</i>	<i>Is the infant acorn found;</i>
<i>Here the moss-grown bed and there</i>	<i>Buried in the earth so deep,</i>
<i>Sprays of dainty maiden hair.</i>	<i>Is the cricket fast asleep.</i>

*Nature wakes from winter's sleep,
The languid worm does slowly creep.
The brooklet rushes on in glee
From choking ice it now is free.
Tiny fishes blink their eyes
And looking up behold the skies.
The squirrel chatters in the tree
And happy is the honey bee.
The elm, the oak, and maple stand
As guardians o'er this Fairy Land.*

her is highly imaginative, psychic, in fact, and she suffers horribly because she is always *en rapport* with him when he is ill or in danger. A powerful story, this, but told in a heavy manner. Fairy wands are at work throughout.

Mother or Wife

"KITTY," by Warwick Deeping, is the story of a neurotic boy, who, after two years of a "cushy" job at home, is sent, to his inward perturbation, and his mother's indignation, to the firing line. Unknown to his mother, and before leaving for the Front, he marries Kitty, the daughter of a lady who keeps a tobacconist's shop, but who was really a doctor's widow. This saves the conventions from being outraged too much!

The rest of the story deals with the homecoming of the hero, paralyzed, and the struggle between the implacable mother and the devoted wife for his possession. At the end, the paralysis is cured, the wife is triumphant, and it is left to our imagination to realize that the cold, selfish mother is reconciled. This we learn on the last page by the moisture in Mrs. St. George's eyes! Quite a pretty story, but it would not have suffered if it had been compressed into at least one hundred fewer pages.

Nobody to Love

THERE is not a single lovable, or even likeable, person in "The Misses Mallett," by E. H. Young. This is the great weakness of a book otherwise destined to be strong. There is much clever portrayal. The story is well told throughout, but unless the author can arouse some sympathy in somebody the novel must fail. One simply does not care what happens to any of them. Three of us

read this book in succession, and each made the same criticism, that as there was no person to admire or to love the story simply became boresome. There are three sisters, the Misses Mallett, and they are joined by a niece, which makes four Malletts. The two elder sisters are quite likeable, but made to be ridiculous, somewhat like caricatures such as Eden Philpotts gives us in his plays in order to ensure a laugh. The third Miss Mallett is the queerest woman I have met, inside or outside of a novel. I do not understand her. She will not marry Francis Sales, who is devoted to her, and then begrudges him the wife he does get, becomes an accomplice to some extent in an accident that leads to her being a cripple until she dies, and finally does marry him, not because she loves him or because he loves her, but because she wants, so she thinks, to free her niece, the fourth Miss Mallett, from his influence. The whole thing is strained and all out of proportion. I struggled very hard, indeed, to read to the bitter end, but my mother got so angry with the story that she threw aside the book and rather scorned me for plodding on with it. By the way, in order not to mislead any of my readers I should tell you that this book was first published in America under the title: "The Bridge Dividing." So many of you may have read it under that title and will not wish to pick it up again.

Tangled Threads

SURELY it is unusual for a man fleeing from the law to become a detective and join in the hunt for himself, even though he be innocent of the double crime of murder and embezzlement for which he is wanted? Such is the theme of the latter half of a novel called "The Silver Chord," by George Agnew Chamberlain. The first part of this story is even more unusual, because the pivot of the story is a young man's bulbous nose. This unfortunate Harry Jones, who is really a very fine young man, is afflicted with a disease which settles in the nose, increases the size of it, and malforms it to such an extent that people turn away from him when they meet him. Life becomes unbearable, and he decides to flee from the little country town in America in which he was born and bred. Unfortunately, his flight is simultaneous with the loss of valuable bonds by a bank, and the death of the bank manager's son under very suspicious circumstances.

Then there is an interlude in what might otherwise have been an ordinary mystery story, for our hero smuggles himself into Haiti and would have died of scarlet fever had he not been befriended by an extraordinary character who calls himself "The Beard of God." The Beard of God utters some philosophy that really makes the story worth while and raises it far above the level of the ordinary murder story. To quote a few passages: "These are the things he taught me: that no ship has a soul until it has crashed upon a rock. That a grown man knows no shorter measure than a yardstick; that it is never what you say that matters but whether you want the thing you have bought, and that life, 'The Silver Chord' in which each of us hangs his bead, is no one's private property.

After Harry Jones has been with The Beard of God for some time he is reborn. Not only does the scarlet fever wage war upon the disease of his nose, and absolutely cure it, but it makes him a much handsomer man than he has ever been before, and through his association with The Beard of God he becomes spiritually and mentally a very superior being. It is at this point that he returns to his home town and joins the hunt for Harry Jones, the supposed murderer and embezzler. I will not tell you the solution of this unique plot.



*"Take it, and plant it, and
nurture it with care,
That the best of Canadian
fruit it shall bear."*

—Prairie Poet

*Top Left—Old style Galician Mill
with old master.*

*Top Centre—Ukrainians in Alberta
—a Canadian Postmaster and
his Assistant.*

*Top Right—A present day Ukrai-
nian home on the prairies.*

*Bottom—Polish settlers on the
prairies.*

On the Duty of Taking Human Life

By Howard Angus Kennedy

SUDDENLY putting his broncho to a gallop, Dan gave me no chance to see the twinkle in his eye, but I knew it must be there. "It is not only our right to take human life," he had just said. "It is our duty to take all the human life we can!"

We were riding ten miles—my neighbors, Dan Olsen and Jacques Martel, and I—to fetch home a bunch of sheep I had bought from Tom Ross. A horrible murder in the States had set us talking about the rights and wrongs of capital punishment. Now Dan had had enough of the subject, and took his own whimsical way of changing it.

We were passing Jack Milsom's house, on a high knoll. What it lacked in shelter it made up in view. We could see for miles in every direction. Jack had one neighbor half a mile off; the nearest house visible to the north was three-quarters of a mile away; to the east a mile, and to the west nearly a mile and a half.

"Beautiful view, isn't it?" said Jacques.

"Beautiful, wonderful—and terrible," said Dan. Dakota Dan, we call him.

Jacques looked at him in surprise, then nodded. "A bit lonely," he admitted. "For me, I like more company."

"More human life, that is," Dan repeated. "So do all of us. Do you think it's natural, or necessary, to have our families scattered about like this, as scarce as five-dollar bills in a silver collection—as if this was a barren desert with a little oasis here and there instead of the richest soil on earth? No, Sir! Then why in the name—"

"For no reason at all," I had to confess. "Lots of excuses and apologies, but not one good reason."

"You folks made yourselves responsible for a big piece of work when you took over the ownership of an empty half-continent—to develop an undeveloped country by raising a nation big enough for the task. Nation-building wants far-sighted planning, just as building a cathedral does. You thought you'd save yourselves the trouble of thinking out a plan by borrowing our homestead scheme, holus-bolus. It was a crude, slap-dash system at best. And when you found it had only made a skeleton of population, even after all the good farm land down here had been given away, did you make new plans to fill up the skeleton with human life?"

"Anything but," said I. "We made new skeletons. We had to provide the old skeleton with roads, railways, schools and government machinery enough for ten times the population, but shirked the brain-work of planning to get the people and fit them in. We simply went on throwing open new land for homesteading up north in the brush country. When people took our invitation and settled there, of course, we had to build more roads, more railways, more schools and everything."

"I won't say we should not have opened the north country, but we should have gone on filling up the south country at the same time. It's something to be thankful for, after all, as our sleepy-heads would not bestir themselves to plan for closer settlement down here, that they didn't actually stop people from going in and settling up there."

"Sure thing," Dan agreed. "And it has shown that there are people yet to be got with the spirit

of your old pioneers; people who don't mind the hard work of carving farms out of forest and turning a wilderness into a garden. Thanks to them, that region will pretty soon be one of the richest and most profitable parts of the Dominion. We ought to be grateful to them. They're doing wonders up there. Becoming good Canadians fast, too."

"I notice some of our speakers and writers have a curious way of expressing our gratitude though—talking as if these people were a low-down lot and quite inferior to us. 'Us Nordics,' you know! Makes me throw out my chest, of course, being Norwegian, but it makes me smile, too."

"That's because you know these folk well, Dan. So do I, for I have been watching them ever since they first came in, and I've just been bringing my information up to date by going carefully through their settlements again. Most of us only catch glimpses of them, doing rough street work and so on, and sometimes talk as if that's all they're fit for."

"Which same is bunk," remarked Dan warmly. "They begin by being poor. So did we, and a good thing, too. Poverty has been the making of us. It has taught us hard work, and that's the only solid foundation for success. Hard work with brains at the back of it, of course. And these people have just as much brains as we have."

"Brains! I should say they have. And capacity, at least as great as ours, for the highest intellectual and artistic culture. Character, too. If they were poor in that, we'd have some excuse for giving them the cold shoulder. But they are not. I could put my finger on poor specimens among them, but

Continued on page 95



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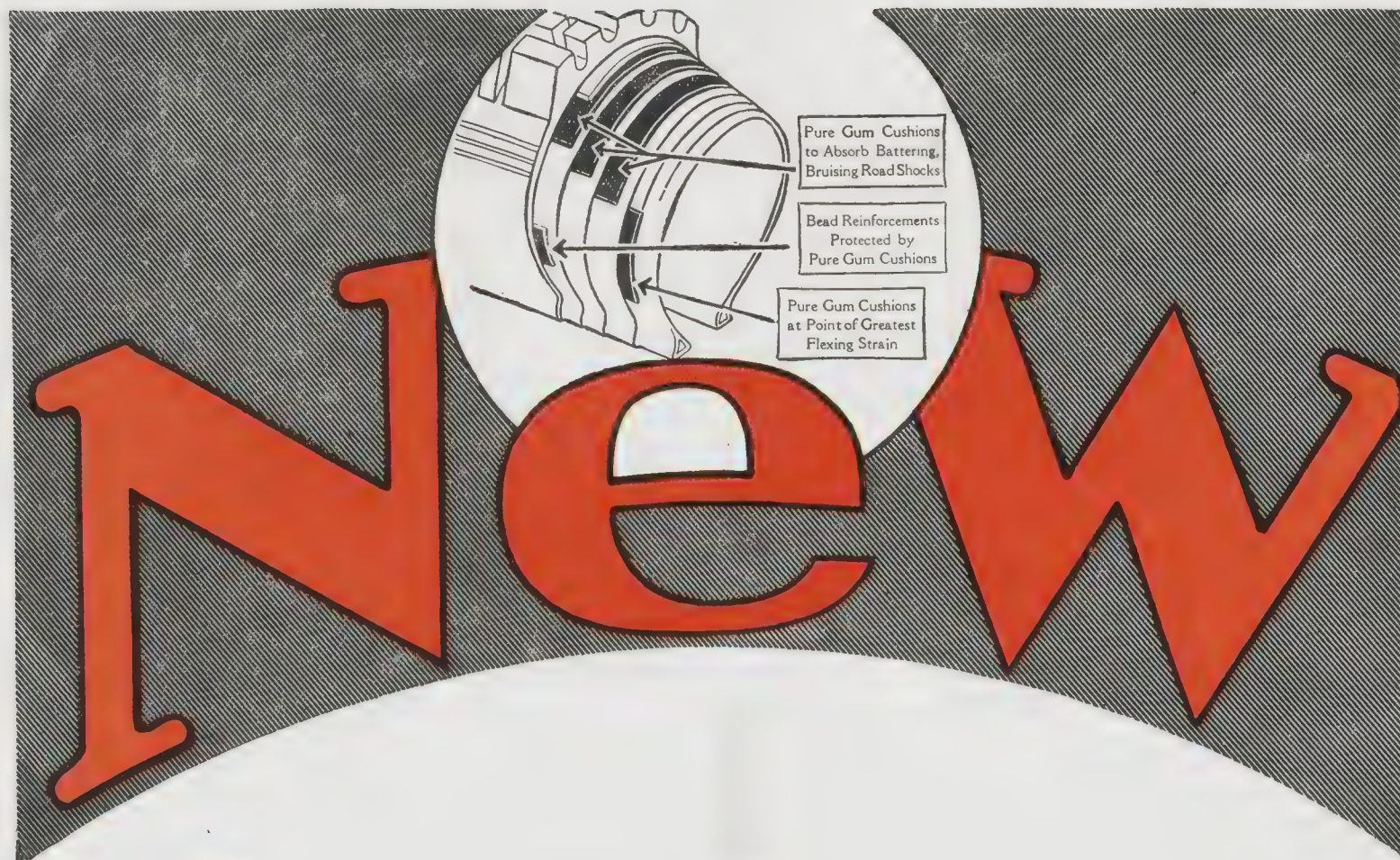
ILLUSTRATED above in charming setting, is the latest Knechtel triumph of Furniture craftsmanship—listed as Suite 5026. This suite embodies all that could be desired in a graceful design, artistic decoration and rich blending of selected woods.

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Pure Gum Tubes

When you next buy an inner tube buy for "long life"—get a "GP" Pure Gum Tube. They cost you no more and you are insured against trouble from "road heat."



HERE'S the innovation in the motor world—the "GP" Gum Cushioned Tire.

Since the announcement of the new "GP" Tire, many thousands of motorists have equipped their cars with this toughest of all tires. They already know its real worth after many thousand miles of care-free motoring.

It's new because it's cushioned between the cord layers with pure gum which absorbs the shocks and prevents chafing of one layer against another. Gum Cushioned means great ability to take punishment without "going down for the count."

Gum Cushioned Tires respond to your every driving mood—choose your own road—take the bumps as they come—these super tires are on your car to stay. You pay no more for Gum Cushioned Tires and you get cushioned stability found in no other make. Ask your "GP" dealer.

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Romance of the Spencer Sweet Pea and Hints on Growing

By John A. Morris

IF WE can weave a web of romance around any action, or thing—how enthralling the story becomes—how interesting and arresting. Surely there is no greater field for such than that of flowers.

The beauties and praises of the most commonplace have been sung in all ages by writers and poets.

When one gazes on the lowly daisy the memory of Burns' immortal lines transforms it into a thing of marvellous beauty

"Wee modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r
Thou bonnie gem."

But to get back to our title and consider the romantic associations of the Spencer Sweet Pea. I often reflect whether those who are such adepts in the growing of these beautiful annuals are conversant with their somewhat romantic history.

It was not until about 26 years ago that such a variety was known and the discovery was rather remarkable.

The gardener of the Earl and Countess Spencer in England noticed in the sweet peas which he had planted, a flower entirely different from any he had ever seen before with ruffled flowers, larger standard and wings, which he named the Countess Spencer out of regard for his noble mistress.

From the seed of this one plant has been developed all the wonderful race of Spencer Sweet Peas, ranging as they do in color from white to darkest maroon, almost black with the intervening shades of pinks, mauves, blues, reds, crimsons, etc. It is well to note here that Spencer refers solely to variety, lathyrus odoratus being the botanical name bestowed on the sweet pea.

History does not record, nor have I ever seen mentioned the name of the gardener but he possessed the true soul of the artist and poet having the seeing eye and the understanding heart. It was such as he the poet Whittier had in mind when he penned.

"All Saints—the unknown good that rests
In God's sweet memory folded deep.
The bravely dumb that did their deed
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed
Who loved Heaven's silence more than
Fame."

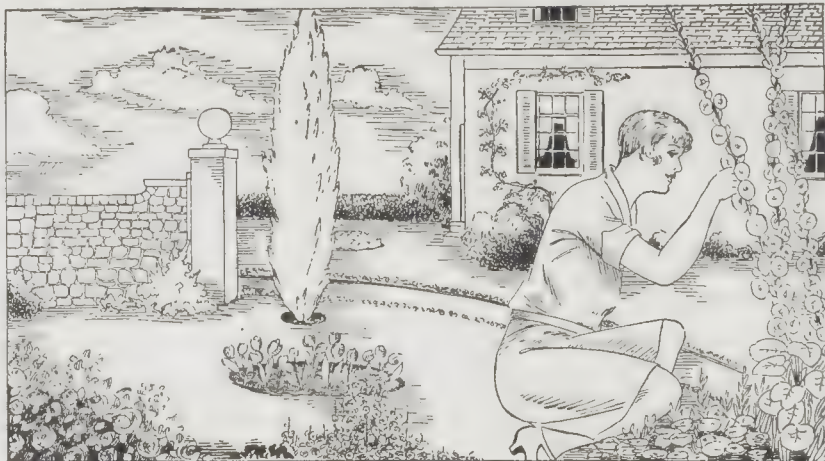
There is one very apparent defect in Spencers, since growers have concentrated soley on size and color development—that is the lack of perfume.

The grandiflora variety still retain their sweet scent in a remarkable degree. This was the hooded variety universally grown until the Spencer practically supplanted it. Grandiflora peas are being stocked by some seedsmen only in mixed varieties and for their perfume alone are worth space in any garden.

HAVING roughly sketched the history of the Spencer let us consider how best to grow them

To grow the best sweet peas the ground should be prepared the previous fall, but those who have not done this need not despair. Trenching has been found the most reliable method. Being deep rooted plants the ground should be trenched two depths or spits of a spade—the first spit turned to one side, then the second on the opposite side of trench—fill in bottom with rotted manure turn in first spit dug and top off with second spit firming the ground well.

The reason for stating that the ground should be prepared in the fall becomes quite obvious—sweet peas must be sown as early as possible—those planted after middle of May never produce quite as good plants as the early sown—often it is almost impossible to trench ground early



Flower Loves

By Jean Mitchell Smith

*I love the air of old gardens,
I love the scent of woodland dells,
Where pulpit-Jacks and pink slippers,
Grow side by side with blue hare bells.*

*I love quaint larkspur and foxglove,
And marigolds in costly dress,
Sweet rosemary and lavender—
I love the fragrant leafiness.*

*I love the breath of lilac time,
And summer spots with fairy wings,
Where pansies and forget-me-nots,
Smile up at tall and glowing things.*

*I love the daisy spangled grass,
And twining roses wreathed with dew,
I love great sheaves of spicy pinks,
That nod as scarlet poppies do.*

*But dearly I love the violet,
The lowliest of spring's sweet faces,
To spill its fragrance on the air,
Of quiet and sheltered places.*

in May—whilst to meddle with soil not quite dry enough is only lost labor.

Lime scattered thinly over the ground and forked in will be of great assistance. What makes lime important is that besides sweetening the ground it sets up organic action by which other plant foods are set free to nourish the growing vines. Bone meal can also be used to advantage as a top dressing and indeed at any time during the growing season.

Never mix lime with manure or fertilizer—but apply separately. The best place to plant is in the open—it is not imperative that the rows run north and south though some invariably adopt this plan.

Don't plant sweet peas on the south or west side of a house or wall—the heat radiating from such, will produce quick growth and perhaps a few early flowers but they soon wilt, vines become discolored with the result masses of tangled foliage without bloom. Often you hear about poor success with sweet peas—selection of the wrong situation being mainly responsible.

Having secured your seed, your local seedsman can supply the best known standard varieties. It is well to remember that black seeded peas have higher germination than the lighter colored (mauves, light blues, lavenders, etc.), the latter should be sown more thickly.

Plant in single rows, about 1 inch or 1½ inches deep, firming the ground well. When the plants are up—thin out to at least 6 inches apart—being heavy feeders sweet peas require lots of space. Support must be provided and should be in position before the plants appear above ground.

Where brush is plentiful good results can be obtained. Wire, netting, however gives the best results—this can be obtained with graduated mesh starting at ground 1 inch apart and become larger until 4 inches separate the strands at top

of 6 foot size—less height than 6 foot is not desirable.

DURING the season of growth, moisture must be supplied if needed—always remembering that a thorough soaking once a week is more beneficial than lighter waterings more frequently. Cultivation must be kept up—the ground kept thoroughly loose and mulched. The old adage that the hoe is the best watering can holds true here.

Grass lawn cuttings may be spread along rows or a mulch of strawy manure—this keeps down weeds and conserves moisture.

Aphis (Green Fly) may appear—a

whole chapter could be written about these insect pests and their foster parent the ant, but space forbids. Nicotine solution can be easily purchased—but here is an opportunity to use cigar and cigarette stubs in fact any tobacco refuse will serve the purpose—soak these in water and strain off the liquid—dilute with more water a little ordinary laundry soap, which help to make the mixture adhere to the foliage—one or two applications applied from watering can should clear the vines—don't have the mixture too strong—Aphis are soft bodied sucking insects—ordinary poisons like Paris Green, etc., have no effect whatever.

Last but not most important, when the flowers appear—keep cutting, the more you cut the more will grow—this is always Nature's way.

It is imprudent to suggest what are the best Spencers—this will always be debatable—your local seedsman is the best authority and you should be guided by his advice. It is always wise to try one or two at least of the novelties of recent introduction—the additional cost of seed is small for the results often obtained.

Many prefer sweet peas in mixed shades, but if once grown in separate colors you will I feel sure not revert back to the other method. Color schemes and harmony can be accomplished with pleasing artistic effect which are impossible when you plant mixed varieties.

If you desire to grow for exhibition purposes and produce long stemmed flowers with, if possible, four blooms or more the plants should be trained to one stem—all superfluous foliage removed. Extra support will be required as vines grow considerably higher under this method of cultivation—after trimming the vines of foliage and creepers it may be necessary to tie plant to support—avoid using thin hard material—raffia tape or strips of old cotton being best.

To have your blooms in best condition they should be cut morning of show, placed in a container filled with lukewarm water—then taken to a cool place, preferably a cellar. The air being cooler than the water in container, plants will absorb moisture quickly and this will expand the flowers to their utmost size.

Care must be used in selection of blooms for show purposes.

Choose those with longest stems. Do not select full grown flowers, otherwise before judging is finished they may be in a semi-withered condition. With gardeners hope springs eternal.

"Hope as the gleaming tapers tall
Lights and illumines our way.

And still as darker grows the night
Emits a brighter ray."

Let us hope that we may have better gardens than ever before. We have a wonderful heritage in this fruitful land of ours. Lend your aid to increase its beauty by growing more flowers than ever before.

Her Fire-Alarm.—First Stenog—"Did you observe Fire Prevention Week?"

Second Ditto—"Yes, I got into the office earlier; the boss was getting sore."



Healthy hair is young looking and clean

Lifeless thinning hair is sick

HAIR that has lost its vitality, its youth—can be restored to health.

The two chief ills of the hair are dandruff—now known to be an infection; and thinning hair—due to poor scalp circulation.

Both of these can be overcome by only a few minutes care each day:

EVERY MORNING moisten the hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Tingling and glowing, the scalp takes on new vitality. The hair again becomes live and vigorous.

You will be astonished at its improved appearance after even a few treatments.

For Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine does the two things needed to promote hair health—destroys dandruff infection and stimulates active scalp circulation.

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store today. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud on every bottle.

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PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine

New Method Rids Canadian Women of Unwanted Hair

Novel, Safe French Method Ends Nuisance at Home

Thousands of Canadian women—like Mrs. Adrienne Le Moine—have removed hair at home by a novel French treatment which is safe, prompt, pleasant and inexpensive, making the skin clean, soft and healthy and giving a dainty feminine appearance. The experience of Mrs. Le Moine which is printed below is typical, druggists report, showing that there is a remedy at last for one of woman's most acute problems.

Rids Herself of Superfluous Hair Growth, at Home

Mrs. Le Moine had tried vainly to get rid of hair that showed through her silk hose, and marred her forearms so that



she had to wear long sleeves. Painful and expensive methods had irritated her skin without removing the hair. Urged by a beauty specialist, she applied X-Bazin, like a cold cream. After it had been on five minutes, she washed it off, like soap. The unwanted hair was gone! She found her skin daintily soft and smooth as a child's. Now, she states, she wears sleeveless gowns and sheer hose without hesitation.

X-Bazin cream depilatory, made on the formula of Dr. Xavier Bazin, the noted French scientist, has helped thousands of women to regain smooth, soft, hair-free skin. A generous tube, with certified directions, may be had of your druggist or toilet goods dealer for 50c. Trial 10c tubes also, to be had at the better 5c and 10c stores

X-BAZIN CREAM

(MADE IN CANADA)

Removes Superfluous Hair
Painless, Inexpensive and Quick

"Put On Like Cold Cream,
Wash Off Like Soap"

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When sending for Patterns
of Fashion Plates
Remember to state the
size required.

Gran'pa McGarry's Finesse

By Edward Ormerod

IT WAS a real, old-fashioned blue Monday . . . and it was raining! . . . in fact, pouring!

Perhaps that will account for the tempest that suddenly arose in the McGarry's living-room, with Gran'pa McGarry as the storm centre, shooting thunder-bolts black as night at Molly, Matt's wife, who just as promptly hurled them back again. Like many of the great fights of history, it all arose over the children . . .

It would appear that Danny had, perhaps in error, put on the boots of his twin brother, Paddy, who promptly recognized his personal property and peremptorily demanded it—brother or no brother!

But Danny, with true Irish faith in the efficacy of the sentiment that states possession is nine points of the law—which presumably figures upon ten points as the whole thing—decided to keep them himself, whether or no!

It was a school holiday . . . who invented school holidays anyhow? . . . and since the rain forbade the McGarry children—seven of them—to play outdoors, the living-room was about as quiet and restful a place for Gran'pa McGarry as would have been, let us say, a front line trench in the recent war when the enemy was attacking in the biggest sort of drive!

Poor Gran'pa had long-sufferingly borne a weary and fatiguing morning of the terrific din, and just at the moment when the boots incident flared to sudden dramatic prominence, he had laid hold of his stout walking-stick and started a pilgrimage across the floor toward a shelf where lay in safety a favorite pipe and a match or so. His rheumatic joints creaked painfully in the damp of the weather, and the twinges he experienced hither and yon as he moved, added nothing to the sweetness of his already sadly strained temper.

But, to the boots incident . . . Whether Danny or Paddy actually performed the first overt act, who shall say? And what matter? At any rate, Gran'pa McGarry suddenly found his thin old legs beset by two struggling, squirming belligerents on the floor, and as if to add insult to injury, the old man, none too steady at best of time, suddenly lost balance and came with a tremendous crash and a muffled ejaculation he seldom used—on account of the children—to the floor right in the midst of the conflict!

Bee-stings are said to be good for rheumatism—and perhaps they are. Faith cures are very effective, too. Gran'pa McGarry's was! With an utter disregard for the stout walking stick that had long stood between him and danger . . . his only support, he would have told you—he scrambled with unbelievable nimbleness to his knees, and for a moment the children other than the two in their death struggle before him—who had looked with horror upon Gran'pa's downfall—did not understand just what he was doing. But Gran'pa knew!

He was steadying himself as well as he could—and with splendid success—and at the same time he was delivering a series of vigorous swats, slaps and punches with his bony old hands, upon the persons of the astounding twins! These, in their astonishment at the rain of Gran'pa's blows—he had never beaten them before—laid aside temporarily their basis of disagreement and took swift counsel each to himself as to how this new and common enemy should be dealt with.

The joint chorus of screams, from fighters and non-combatants alike brought Molly McGarry from her kitchen in haste, her red hands being dried on the doubtful apron as she came. To her utter astonishment, Gran'pa stood unsupported in the middle of the floor, and in his hands, like a chicken in the clutches of a hawk, poor Danny was receiving such a shaking as would certainly have

loosened his teeth . . . if he had had any of his first set left—which he hadn't.

This was too much for Molly's maternal instinct . . . perhaps the weather had put an edge to her temper as well. Be that as it may, she instituted a swift rush, seized the child out of the old man's hands, and in the quick action of the rescue it somehow came about that Gran'pa McGarry found himself suddenly set down in his chair with a jolt second in severity only to the recent descent to the battle zone on the floor. And in addition, he was aware of a distinct shake before Molly's capable hands let go of him!

With a continuance of his newly-acquired strength, he struggled to his feet again and stood glaring at Molly. His weak blue eyes blazed their futile anger at her, and the withered old frame shook and trembled in the excess of his senile rage.

"They knocked me down on the floor, I'm telling you—they did!"

"You musn't strike the twins, Gran'pa—I've told you that . . . they're not strong!" Nobody believed that but Molly.

"And you struck me, yourself . . . I'll leave your house . . . I won't stay here . . . I will not!"

Molly's temper was of the sort that effervesces readily and settle again as quickly. She tried to induce Gran'pa to sit down again, but he shook off her assisting hands with childish vindictiveness.

"Come out to the kitchen, children," she said—"perhaps you can go out soon—it looks like clearing up."

LEFT alone, Gran'pa McGarry folded his knotted hands over the top of the stick which Molly had handed him before she went out, and sat a long time with his silvered head bent forward against the knotted hands. Perhaps a big tear or two fell down across the laced fingers, and the white head shook disconsolately from side to side.

It was a sad thing, thought Gran'pa, to be an old man living in the house of a son whose children made life a torture sometimes. Still, he loved the youngsters . . . and he knew they loved him. And all said and done, Matt and Molly were good to him too . . . still, it was hard to be an old man like this! If God, who understood everything, now, would only let him . . .

Oh well—a quivering sigh and a final sniff marked the end of the boots incident—his own son Danny was coming to see him any day now, all the way from . . . was it Herschel Island? Some heathen, foreign part anyhow! And how he'd love to see Danny! He'd have a lot to tell him!

The fumbling hands filled a pipe and tried unavailingly to strike a match on the under side of the chair. But the pipe lay unlit in the crooked old hand, the bearded chin sank to his breast, and in a moment or two long, even breathing announced that Gran'pa was off in one of his naps.

THE Eskimo fellows must be a funny lot of men, thought Gran'pa McGarry, as he sat in his old chair on the porch and listened to the tales of his globe-trotting son, Danny.

"Sure, I've brought a raft o' things for you, Pa—my trunk'll be up this afternoon. An' I sent you a lot o' money an' things wit' some fellows comin' out, an' the ship got pinched in th' ice we never heard o' the men after it!"

"Well, that's hard luck, Danny boy—Sure I could ha' used the money. Ever since I used th' last o' my own, I'm thinkin' I'm not as welcome here as when I had money!"

"Tut, Pa—sure Matt is not that kind of a man whatever. Anythin' he has, is yours if you want it . . .

"I know, Danny—I know. It's not Matt, you understand . . ."

"Oho—so that's it, is it? Well now . . . are you sure you're right, Pa?"

"I am that. I've kep' me eyes open, so I have, an' I'm not complainin' either . . . but I could have used some money just the same."

"Well, you might as well come out wit' it, if it's stickin' in your throat . . ."

"Oh, it's not much, after all . . . just that she's not as ready as she used to be to do things for me . . . when I had money it was 'Gran'pa this' an' 'Gran'pa that'—an' now I can sit here all day if I want to . . ." He stopped speaking, to spit forcefully over the porch railing, then continued:

"I guess Matt has his hands full, with th' childer an' all . . . his pay's not very big you know, an' things cost . . ."

"Well, get on, Pa . . . you're comin' to it slow, so you are. What are we goin' to do about it . . . sure we can't leave you . . ."

Whisht!—Gran'pa looked about with the air of a villainous conspirator bent on some disreputable deed of darkness. "Move your chair over here close . . . are you sure there's nobody listenin'?"

"Sure there's not . . . the childer are all at school, and Molly's back in the garden—I saw her this minute . . ."

"That's good then . . . come here now!"

The two heads—the silvered one and the dark, curly one, drew so close together and the voices were so hushed that it was utterly impossible for one with even the omniscience usually attributed to authors to overhear what was said.

There was a short, amused laugh from Danny, and a queer, satisfied cackle from Gran'pa, also much nodding of heads and laying of fingers on palms.

"Sure I'll do it, Pa. You're just as cute as ever you were, God be praised! I'll do it at dinner time . . . you be careful now an' play it off just right!"

"Faith, I will that!"

DINNER time at the McGarry house was always an interesting part of the day. With Uncle Danny arrived, it became an Event, an Occasion! In days past, as Gran'pa would have told you, he often had his dinner brought him to some quiet, cool corner where he could eat in peace. But lately he had somehow gotten into the habit of painfully joining the group at the general board. Nobody now suggested that he would be happier in some other quarter by himself . . . Gran'pa McGarry felt this greatly. It was not like this before his money gave out, he thought to himself!

Matt was always happy when at the head of his table, with all the children before him, and Molly anxiously overseeing the progress of things . . . for seven children at table requires overseeing, you must know!

Danny was a Lion among Matt's brood. They adored him . . . they forgot dinner and gazed open-eyed-and-mouthed into his face, in rapt attention to the tales he spun. Molly wished he would wait a more fitting occasion . . . the children would never get through if he kept going!

"Sure I'll show you what I mean, when the trunks arrive. It's in wan o' thim! Oh yes, an' look here Matt, can you change a hundred-dollar bill for me? I forgot to get some change before I came to th' house."

Matt laughed—"Listen to him . . . a hundred-dollar bill, did you say? Are they makin' thim things yet?"

"They are that . . . an' it's wan o' thim I have. You can't change it, you say?"

"I think I can change it for you, Danny . . . we'll go up to me room right after dinner . . ."

It was Gran'pa McGarry who spoke—his thin pipe of a voice fitting snugly

Continued on page 81

Thoroughbred's Pluck

Continued from page 20

What have I in common with all your respectable friends? I came here with you a month ago and was introduced as your wife. Because of your pride and your fear that I might discredit you, my past has been discreetly veiled! It has become a mystery! And people hate mysteries! Your father and mother are so good, so pure, so noble, that they must never know your wife was an entertainer in a London music-hall! The people in your little stuffy provincial town are so virtuous that your career would be ruined, your name would be dishonored, if it was known that Beth Darrow, the demure wife of excellent citizen Darrow, was the famous and loved Beth Berry! Her voice choked, but she stormed on, her body shaking with the releasing of the long, bitter pent-up thoughts that had been poisoning it. "Why did you wait until after we were married to tell me your people would be ashamed of my profession? Why did you make me promise not to tell my terrible secret? I did promise, however, on the boat, and I've felt like a criminal ever since I've been here. I've had to pretend, to act, act, act all the time, for fear that the real me should peep out. Even when we're alone, I'm afraid to be myself—just Beth Berry! Beth Berry who used to laugh, and dance and sing and make people happy! And I'm sick of it all, I'm sick of your fine friends, who wonder and whisper about me. I've not a friend here; not a woman I can talk to, because of that beastly promise—they all dislike me, because they sense this mystery—I won't go, I tell you, I won't!" The little vibrant figure suddenly crumpled up into a chair and Beth was weeping as she had never wept before in all her gay, hurried life.

With an exclamation of distress and pity, Mark was across the room at her side, murmuring, consoling, caressing. "Don't, darling, don't cry like that. You will be ill! God! I'm sorry. There, dear! Of course you needn't go if you feel like that, but you've just been imagining things! Everyone loves you and Mother and Dad adore you! Betty, we'll go and live in London if you say so; anything to make you happy!" The violence of the crying lessened, long quivering sobs shook the slim figure and as suddenly as the storm had begun, it subsided. A hoarse, painful laugh was forced through the twisted lips; Beth Berry, the laughing sprite, was asserting herself. Then Beth Darrow, the wife, sat up, jerked from Mark's pocket a handkerchief, with which she wiped the tears from her face and Beth Darrow, the wife, flung her arms around her agitated spouse, kissed his perturbed face, laughed, kissed him again and declared she must fly to her maid, or else she would be late, dinner would be cold, cook would be cross, and they would be late for the theatre party. No, she said earnestly, putting a small, cool hand to his lips, he was not to think about it any more. She had had a tantrum, she was sorry, and she was going to make herself very beautiful, so that everyone would be staring over at their box instead of at the stage! She was so sweet, so gentle, so gay, that Mark could only look. He was more enchanted with her than ever. But even after this revelation on the part of Beth, the prig in him was not annihilated and it never occurred to him to release her from the hated promise, the only thing that would have made her quite happy. Meantime, the amused and aloof spectator would come to the conclusion that though Beth was so alien to her new environment, to

new people, customs, and habits, yet above all this rose triumphant her love for her big, attractive, and rather stupid husband. And that though Mark was so stupid he did not understand his own charming father and mother, and although his stupidity made him a prig, yet he adored his lovely, tempestuous wife and would have died for her a thousand deaths.

If an ear-ringed Gypsy had ever told him that he was destined to marry a "theatrical" woman, he would have laughed them to scorn; if he had, however, believed such rubbish he would have fled to some lone far corner of the earth in his sharp resolve to avoid such a fate. It was not that he had been told lurid things about the stage people, not that he had ever given them much thought. If the thought had ever presented itself, he would probably have dismissed it with: "Oh, of course, they are probably very nice and all that, but one wouldn't marry one." No, it was traced to its ultimate, just that little element of prig in this last of the Darrows, an element that had been so deeply hidden that neither of his parents suspected its existence.

SO, WHEN young Mark Darrow, in London on business for his father, first saw Beth Berry across the footlights of that London music-hall, the last thing he would have pictured in his wildest imaginings was this graceful, glowing creature as his wife. So, safe in his fastness, sure of himself, he sat with his old English friend, John Bentham, and quietly enjoyed the finished and magnetic performance of this Berry girl, applauded her vigorously at the end of her act, and was mildly regretful when she refused further encores. Her dancing was eccentric, amusing, audacious. Her songs, though slight of themselves, became, through her genius, sad or merry or bad, cameos of life. Mark was aware of big dark eyes that flashed, or melted or twinkled in turn; of shining, coal-black hair, which in defiance of the prevailing bob, was swept back into a remarkable wreathed swirl at the nape of the neck; of a small, spirited nose, a curling, sensitive mouth. A man who rather avoided women than sought them, he was yet keenly aware of the many charms of the small performer, and yet his intuition slept! The slightest warning within him of his absorption with this girl would have sent him scampering for safety!

When Bentham suggested that they might wander round back-stage and meet Miss Berry, who was a friend of his, Mark as lazily accepted the invitation. When they arrived at her dressing-room, Beth was already dressed. She was supposed to be on her way to a big supperparty, but instantly demanded that Bentham and Mark take her out with them. Intuition that had lain as one drugged in Mark's being, in Beth's case did not even have to be awakened. As her laughing eyes looked deep into Mark's grey ones, and took in at a glance his thick chestnut hair, straight and unruly, his big curved nose, his finely cut lips, his rather rugged chin, intuition quicker than the fastest lightning flashed its message to Beth's heart and understanding and though she was laughing and talking and gently weaving about them her charm, her heart was pounding and she was trembling so that she could hardly stand. And that was how it had begun. And, as naturally, by the time they had escorted her to her flat, bowed themselves away, Mark was in the most violent stage of that mysterious disease, First Love! Having dropped

Continued on page 89

for Spring Building

TEN/TEST

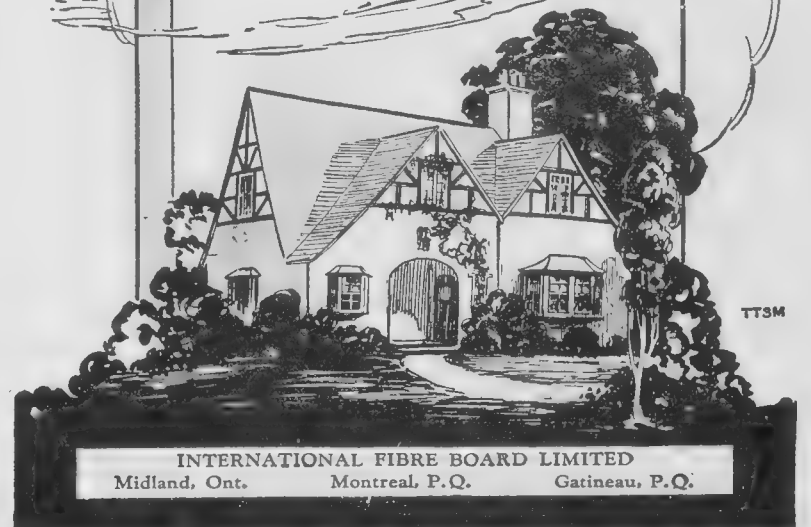
THIS spring people everywhere are building **TEN/TEST** comfort and economy into their homes.

TEN/TEST strengthens construction—saves one ton of coal in four—keeps the place cool in summer—increases the resale or rental value—makes the home healthier and more enduring.

Many home owners are remodeling their houses to secure these benefits. Patent protected, **TEN/TEST** stops heat, cold and sound as rubber stops electricity.

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What a frequent subject of conversation wherever women meet—

Tired Nerves—

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Sleepless Nerves—

Then somebody naturally mentions Dr. Chase's Nerve Food because it is the best known and most effective restorative of the nerves.

Sleeplessness, tired feelings and headaches disappear as if by magic when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used. It feeds the starved nerves back to health and vigor. Soon you are feeling fine and enjoying life to the full.

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—Attractive Investment Proposition—

THE UNDERSIGNED has for sale a most attractive, well rented, centrally located Apartment Block in Winnipeg, yielding a handsome return to the man or investor who could give the property his personal care and supervision. One with ordinary ability in handling rents and tenants, and capable of doing his own repairs, would enjoy his own apartment suite at a free rental, and the maximum profits out of the proposition we have to submit. \$10,000 to \$15,000 needed to handle the deal.

THE STANDARD TRUSTS CO., 346 Main St., WINNIPEG
Trustees and Executors

MAY NUMBER

Among the many interesting features of the May issue of The Western Home Monthly will be a story by

HERBERT J. MOOREHOUSE

the well-known Western Canadian author who has already enriched Canadian literature by such works as *Deep Furrows*, *Gauntlet of Alceste*, *Golden Scarab*, etc. The title is—**THE MIDDLE OF EXCITEMENT**, being the story of Tommy Kerrin, driver of a trail wagon, in the early mining days of British Columbia.

The story coming out first is the tale of Tommy Kerrin's romance with Miss Betty Foster, wherein are sundry unusual occurrences, a bad snowslide and a scrap with the notorious Jakes gang of road-agents. Tommy is driver of a trail-wagon from the mines and Betty is school teacher de luxe. What happens—that's the story. Don't miss it.



This Department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

IF THE managers of a school district fail to keep the school open for the maximum number of days during which the teachers are required to perform their services, can the teachers sue the district for the difference between the number of days they actually taught and the number of days they were bound under their agreement to teach? Recently, in one of our Western Provinces, certain teachers entered into an agreement with a school board whereby they were obliged to teach 210 days in the year before they were entitled to their year's salary. Owing to the fact that the board declared certain holidays over and above the statutory holidays the actual number of teaching days was only 202. Some of the teachers claimed the extra eight days and after a considered judgment by the Court of Appeal, two of them were entitled to three days extra pay on the ground that there was "a legal obligation upon the board to place at the disposal of the teachers every available teaching day without deduction and that the teachers were entitled to be paid for every available teaching day as long as there was no default on their part."

If I buy an article and nothing is said as to the date of payment, the law assumes that the purchase and payment must take place simultaneously, and so the right of ownership in the article passes from the seller to the purchaser as soon as the purchase price is paid. If, however, the seller wishes to give credit even for the briefest period the right of ownership immediately passes to the purchaser the moment the seller agrees to allow the credit. The seller cannot resume possession of the goods in the event of non-payment but is left to an action to recover the purchase price. An application of these rules recently worked out very disadvantageously to a wholesale firm under the following circumstances: "A" who had been some time selling and delivering carcasses of beef to a wholesale firm on a cash basis one day delivered in accordance with his custom four carcasses. At this point it should be noted that "A" was financially involved and was practically judgment proof. On the morning in question, the manager of the company was very busy and asked "A" to come back in a few hours to get his cheque. "A" agreed to do this. In the meantime the company started to use the carcasses and sold a portion of the beef to one of their customers. The position, therefore, was that "A" had sold the goods on credit and the right of ownership became vested in the company.

Upon "A's" return he found that one of its creditors had served a garnishing order on the company, who paid into court the amount due "A" for the beef delivered that morning. On the same day while the manager was at lunch "A" stepped in and in spite of the remonstrances of the person in charge resumed possession of the remaining portion of the beef and took it away.

The garnishors then demanded that the money paid into court be paid to them, but the company tried to set up that as "A" had re-possessed the beef it did not owe any money to him, and that therefore there were no moneys attached under the garnishing order. The court, however, held that both "A's" conduct in repossessing the meat was high-handed and altogether reprehensible, yet as the company had given credit it owed the money to "A" and the garnishors were held entitled to the money in court. The company is now left to a civil action against "A" for the amount paid into court and may possibly be successful in prosecuting him criminally for the theft of its beef. Apparently the

chances of collecting the amount involved are very slim and it looks as if the company will have to bear the loss.

Answer to Queries

Alberta

(Q) What is the best and least expensive method of finding if a man who lived and died in Toronto, Ontario, left a will and if he left one what can I do to find out all about it and how it read?—Undecided.

(A) If you write to the Surrogate Registrar of the Surrogate Court for the County of York, Toronto, Ontario, he will be able to give you all available information with reference to this Estate. You should give him the full name and address of the party in whom you are interested, together with the date upon which he died. We imagine the fees will not exceed \$1.00 or \$2.00.

Alberta

(Q) We took up a homestead in 1912 and have proved up and lived on the place since. If my husband dies will the homestead be mine to sell if I wish? We have a married family, two daughters and three sons. We just want to have things fixed so that we will have no unnecessary expense.—J. E. G.

(A) It will depend upon whether the title to this property is registered in your husband's name or your own as to what difficulty you will have in dealing with the property after his death. If the title is registered solely in your husband's name he can make a will leaving all the property to you after his death. If the title to the homestead is in your name, of course no further will would be necessary. If the title is in the names of both yourself and your husband then the property may be yours if you and your husband are registered as joint tenants and not as tenants in common of the land. We would advise you to see a solicitor, because if no transfer of title is necessary you will at least require a will prepared so as to be sure that the property will go to the proper person upon death of the registered owner.

Winnipeg

(Q)—I had a written contract with a wholesale company here as Superintendent of its shipping department. My contract was for one year beginning April 1, 1926, and the contract provided for a monthly salary. At the end of the first year nothing was said about further employment, but I continued on with the company until December 31, 1927, at the same salary and upon the same work. Then another company bought out the firm I was working for and in reducing the staff I was discharged. I think it possible that they might have to pay me up until the first of April.—M. S.

(A) You were as you state employed for a definite period. If there was no new agreement at the end of that period then thereafter your contract of employment will be considered a contract for an indefinite period and was terminable by either party upon reasonable notice. As we see it the only claim you can have against your former employers or the new company will be for damages in case they did not give you reasonable notice of the termination of your employment. We would imagine that you should have at least a month or six week's notice. If you had less than a month's notice we believe that you would have an action for damages.

Nothing is better than paraffin for cleaning iron and steel and removing rust.

Why Doesn't She Divorce Him?

By Constance Travers Sweatman

DURING recent years since the discovery that divorce in Canada is constitutional, I have heard that question asked oftener than I have heard it asked in all the previous years of my life—years, I should mention, spent solely in Canada, as a place of residence.

Are we in danger of following the lead, many jumps ahead of us just now, of our neighbors to the South of us, in whose domain the rate of divorce is now one in every seven marriages? If we really have taken the first step on that disturbing trail, what are Canadian women going to do about it? (I say Canadian women, instead of Canadian people generally, because of my personal theory that, in matters of sex-relationships, women who use their intelligence and can keep their head in emergency, are responsible for, and in control of, their own problems, whatever they may be.)

I am not asserting that any woman, however intelligent, can control other peoples' emotional problems—her friends' problems, her husband's problems—but I do believe that should one's domestic skein of life become a bit snarled, its effective unravelment is a matter for intelligence, not for more emotion!

From my observation of life, especially among my contemporaries in age, that is, middle-age, I conclude that much of what is sincerely entitled "wounded affection" is nothing more vital than injured vanity. We all like to think we are eternally very attractive to at least one man or woman in this wearing old world; and most of us, would we but admit it, get a real heart-warming thrill out of even a half-justified suspicion that we are a little bit attractive still, to more than just our one man or woman! It is hard to have to recognize those sneaking little crow's feet; to feel the top of our head and have to admit that Eau de Quinine is not, as we had wistfully hoped, the elixir of youth! That fortieth birthday does something to our vanity which makes life a little painful.

Frequently in domestic upheavals, it is only this universal vanity that is hurt, not our married love at all—our tried and tested love and respect for the good old mate we've been poor with, and sick with, heart-broken with, and on the whole blessedly satisfied with. The point of my comment on divorce in Canada is in that (grammatically misplaced) little preposition "with." A lifetime "with" someone you loved enough to marry can not be wiped off the slate with any degree of indifference.

Perhaps for those who have been only a short time married, divorce may not be personally devastating, whatever it may do to national ideals of marriage. I don't know. But after, say, twenty years of marriage—how can any sane middle-aged man or woman state on impulse, "I shall divorce my mate?" For whatever cause, how can any thinking person come to so drastic a decision without the gravest consideration of the wide-spread effect of such action?

Even in cases of extreme provocation, before considering divorce, would it not be wise to reflect that sometimes prodigals come home, sadder, wiser and more appreciative for having made the discovery that the fire of vicarious romance is a much more uncomfortable place of domicile

than the old battle-scarred frying-pan of marriage.

"Why doesn't she divorce him?"

(Naturally, I hear more of one side than the other, hence, and only hence, the gender of my title.)

Well—why?

I think perhaps this may be why. She may know positively that now, after all these years, he has been physically unfaithful to her. That hurts. Of course it hurts; she's human, too. But she remembers, away down deep in her heart (a long way deeper than the hurt itself) that there were years and years and years, when the children were small, and times were hard—and, in this country we've all known hard times, for we are practically all "self-made" if we are "made" at all—she remembers that all down those strenuous years he and she labored side by side, each with full weight thrown into the collar, each eagerly pulling half of the heavy load in the united effort toward simple sane existence. She knows—(sometimes the complaint is on the other side of the house; then he knows) that during those straining years they were everything to each other, and they were both game and sporting against mutual odds.

Can divorce wipe out such years? I don't believe it.

It can't. Nobody can convince me otherwise. Not that road of life, which is travelled only once.

Only the things, that we have already lived, are ours. Somebody has put it this way, "I am a part of all that I have met." And we are, each and every one of us, a part of what we have suffered. We can not, by a mere legal decree, which separates our bodies, so easily separate our interlocked souls from the man or woman with whom we have experienced life's bitter-sweetness of marriage—and with whom, most binding chain of all, we have dared to procreate life itself.

My attitude is not radically against divorce. I know some misfit combinations of men and women are tragic and impossible. For them, divorce, yes.

But my hope for Canada's future in regard to marriage and divorce is that we shall stand united on the question of lax divorce laws. We want normal family life in Canada. Family unity is national unity. We want no easy divorce laws creeping into our constitution. Family life is our greatest national asset. We have always cherished it. We still have it. We want no laws to menace it.

A proportion of marital difficulties is inevitable. When possible, it is imperative that Canadian women and Canadian men rise above the personal element for the sake of the national ideal. Let us hold on to permanency as our national marriage ideal. For the sake of the children, and for the sake of Canada, let family life be the last thing to be endangered. Pride is negligible, sore hearts are negligible, personal happiness is not the issue; it is our children that matter.

When we are asked, in future, "Why doesn't she divorce him?" let us be justified in replying—

"She refuses to be stamped into divorce; she is a Canadian."

The Captured Eagle

By Janet Gargan

He broods upon the highest perch

Within the wire-encircled run—

And motionless, his fierce eyes search

The dazzling glory of the sun;

He deigns no glance at curious crowds—

Their speech comes like the muffled roar

Below the sea cliffs wreathed in clouds,

Far on a bleak and icy shore.

There was his nest, and from its height

He watched, majestic as a king—

The sun could blind not with its light,

Nor feared he any living thing;

A life in glorious freedom spent,

To feed the eaglets all his care—

But here he sickens, prison-pent,

Untamed, though, in his fierce despair.



This new Hupmobile "saves me \$1000"

*So remarked the man who had
intended to buy a \$3000
car for his wife*



*The new Hupmobile—the
Six of the Century—has
developed more astonish-
ing incidents than have
been recorded since the
automobile industry and
this century began. The
one here reported and
others to follow are "taken
from life." Names and
full particulars may be
had on request.*

ALL over the country, the new Hupmobile—the Six of the Century—is overturning old habits of buying.

Time after time, men and women, long accustomed to make their selections in the \$3,000 to \$3,500 range, are purchasing this brilliant new Six and gratefully pocketing the difference.

This single instance will serve to illustrate. A man was about to buy a personal car for his wife.

He saw the new Hupmobile Six in the salesroom window as he drove by. He returned at once for a closer inspection.

He bought on the spot—and remarked that the Hupmobile had saved a thousand dollars for him.

The same thing is happening all over Canada, under a score of varying circumstances—swelling sales volume and success to a mighty flood.

Hupmobile quality is a known quantity to all. Also Hupmobile performance.

But those two are now even more sound, more brilliant, as they match the new beauty created in the Six of the Century.

You have only to see the new Hupmobile Six to realize how far it is destined to go in invading the higher price classes.

You have only to drive it and ride in it to know that it meets every wish for the highest conceivable type of performance.

24 Standard and Custom-equipped body styles,
\$1,835 to \$2,235 f.o.b. Windsor, Ontario.

NEW

HUPMOBILE

The Six of the Century

Daily Massaging with Forhan's keeps gums healthy and teeth alive



STAND before your mirror. With your forefinger press against the lower gum. Increase the pressure gradually. Then quickly lift your finger. Its shape is outlined in white on the gum. Gradually the blood returns and the gum feels invigorated.

* * *

That is what happens when gums are massaged with Forhan's night and morning. The gums are kept youthful, healthy. And as a result, teeth remain alive and sound, provided they are submitted to dental inspection at regular intervals.

Why Gums Must Be Exercised

Neglected gums pull away from the teeth. They soften and soon become a favorite breeding ground for such insidious troubles as Pyorrhea, Gingivitis, and Trench Mouth — enemies of good health. As your dentist will tell you, to keep gums firm and free from infection, you must brush and massage them.

First thing in the morning and the last thing at night, massage your gums with Forhan's for the Gums. Just apply Forhan's to the index finger and thumb.

Rub upper and lower gums both inside and out, rub the roof of the mouth until you feel the exhilarating glow that comes with increased circulation. Directions are in booklet that comes with each tube.

Don't Be Among The Unlucky 4 out of 5

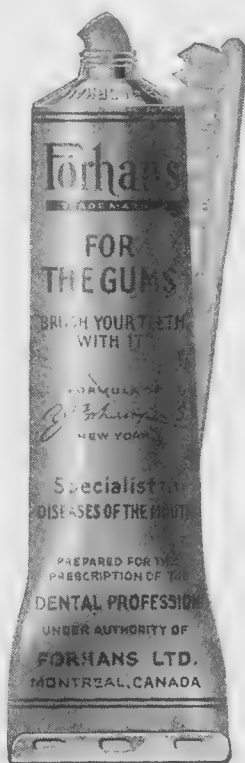
Protect health against the grim foe that strikes 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger, dread Pyorrhea. Use Forhan's as a massage, as a dentifrice.

It cleans teeth and restores their natural whiteness. It protects them against acids which cause decay.

And in addition, it helps to firm gums and keep them youthful and sound. This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., is compounded with Forhan's Astringent used by dentists in the treatment of Pyorrhea.

Don't wait for warning signs, for gums to bleed and recede from teeth, for teeth to loosen in their sockets. Begin using Forhan's for the Gums, today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan's Ltd., Montreal



Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

Mr. Fiegenbaum's Find

Continued from page 22

her struggling for utterance — thus thought her charmed listener.

Mr. Fiegenbaum didn't know what it was she was singing; didn't recognize the song, but that was quite immaterial—it was the voice that interested him. Untrained, perhaps; yes, most certainly untrained, but such flexibility, such purity of tone, such range, so true and so unstudied. The connoisseur in him responded with joy to its magic. Superlatives rushed to his lips and he approached the window with something very like awe. In fact, the sublimity of expression on this plump and rather perspiring countenance might have struck an observer as comic.

The little girl hadn't noticed him especially and she sang on, her voice lost at intervals in the overtones of the street but always breaking through triumphant, clear, supreme. Beside her on the window-sill a scarlet geranium was growing, in an old tomato-can disguised as a flower-pot. Like the song, it was a touch of glory, a flash of high color in a hopelessly drab background.

"Gott im Himmel, what a voice!" breathed Mr. Fiegenbaum. "Nu, if only she can dance also, this is my lucky day!"

You couldn't fool Fiegenbaum, as the boys said. Chary of praise when at all dubious of talent, he was unfailingly ready with recognition for what he knew to be the rare, the *bona fide* gift.

"Little one," he said, with a husky note in his voice, "little one, you sure have got it."

Still unconscious of his regard the little girl continued to express herself in melody. It was the artlessness of a child linked with the full-throated potentiality of a woman, and something about it was so poignant it stung quick tears into the eyes of Mr. Fiegenbaum, hardened critic though he was. He stood there waiting for her to see him, anxious to speak with her yet fearful of losing one precious note. He scarcely dared breathe. Like a lover he was — a fat and semi-pathetic figure — hanging on the lips of his divinity. It was the hard sophistication of Broadway melting under the compelling flame of genius, of a simplicity and sincerity so winning that doubt and cynicism could not live in its presence.

At length she perceived him standing there entranced, and the song wavered away into silence. Her lips curved gently in a smile, shy but friendly.

Mr. Fiegenbaum became dramatic, operatic. Placing the two forefingers of his right hand on his lips he waited for a kiss. He shrugged.

"You should live!" he assured her, solemnly.

She continued to smile, but a little wonderingly now. He saw that her eyes were very blue and soft, with deep shadows beneath them. He cleared his throat.

"Say, listen here," he began in a brisk and businesslike way, "that voice you got is a wow, understand me, and if you can also dance—see?—I'll sign you up for rehearsals right away *doch* and get you booked on a foist-class circuit. Just tell me I can come in there by you and see how you dance."

The little singer looked astonished, not unnaturally. She seemed as though about to shake her head.

"If you ain't got a piano handy, that's nothing," he went on quickly, spreading out his puffy hands with another shrug. "Me, I guess I could whistle a chune, already."

There was a pause. Then:

"I love to sing," she said simply, "but I—I can't dance."

This he waved aside with a large gesture.

"Right away we can fix that," he assured her. Then: "*Sholem Aleichem!* Are you Jewish, yes? No? Never mind—don't apologize. I ain't so particular. Me, I'm broad-minded. A business like I'm in a feller has got to be, ain't it? Say, what experience did you have, eh?"

"I—I only sing for my own pleasure—and my mother's," the child replied with grave dignity.

"Nu, you should right away take some dancing lessons."

At this she looked a trifle startled.

"Mind you, it ain't everybody I'd jump at like this," he declared with a ponderous shake of the head. "I know voices. What I'm offering you is a gen-wine gilt-edged chance. Lots of goils would give their eye-teeth to be you."

She shook her red-gold head very decidedly.

"Oh no, they wouldn't," she said, in a strange, faint little voice that was but a murmur. "Oh, indeed they wouldn't. I'm sure of it."

"Sure they would!" he returned eagerly. "What ails you, I guess you stay home too much maybe."

Intent on his business proposition he didn't observe the depth of the wistfulness in the blue eyes. He only thought her an unusually sad sort of little girl, but he did wish that she could have exhibited a little more enthusiasm and gratitude, though he excused her because he felt that she possibly hadn't yet grasped the significance of his splendid offer—the simple child. He would make it clearer.

"Is the mamma in, yes?" he now inquired.

Before she could reply a woman appeared in the window behind her—a thin, tired-faced wisp of a creature in a soiled wrapper and with her sleeves rolled up showing arms soapy and shrivelled from much immersion in suds.

Mr. Fiegenbaum removed his hat briefly.

"I'm just admiring your daughter's voice," he said, in a grand manner blended with some condescension. "I ain't getting fresh by her—I'm a married man and I got daughters myself *aber* they ain't got a throat like her. Believe me, if she could dance like she can *sing*—" he broke off with an impressive lift of the shoulders.

"*Dance!*" exclaimed the woman sharply. "Did you say *dance*?"

Mr. Fiegenbaum nodded and spread out his hands in an eloquent gesture.

"Sure, dance," he said. "On Broadway," he went on impressively, "we spell Talent with a capital 'T,' lady. You can't bring *too much* talent there, see?"

Profound puzzlement was written on the woman's face and she looked the magnificent stranger up and down several times, then apparently coming to the conclusion that he wasn't drunk, she spoke.

"The little one — she ain't never danced." Her tone was flat and lifeless.

"Tch—tch. Too bad," he remarked. "That's what she tells me. *Nu*," he suggested cheerfully, "she can *loin*, ain't it? With such a voice—"

The woman put back a stray lock of greying hair from her face, with an impatient motion.

"I guess you — you don't understand," she said. "She—didn't she tell

Continued on page 59

A Naturalist in the Canadian Rockies The Immigrant

By Dan McCowan

THE boisterous good-natured winds of March have ceased their galloping across the brown prairies and now, with genial, mild-mannered April, there comes promise of spring, and of all that spring has to offer to Western Canada. At this season of the year the city dweller ever conscious of a vague land hunger, has his appetite further whetted by the splendid optimism of seedman's catalogues. The smell of fresh upturned soil, grateful to his nostrils, brings memories of far away and long ago. To one there may come vision of the hard won acres that his forbears tilled so faithfully in old Ontario; to another the thought of apple blossoms in Annapolis will recall days when, for him, wanderlust bred discontent and glamor of gold in the wheatfields of Saskatchewan lured him along the sunset trail. So, too, when spring days come are we nationally conscious of the broad acres that yet remain unoccupied, that now lie fallow in the sun, that some day will yield wealth and comfort to incomers from far off lands.

The movement of free peoples from one part of the earth to another is a singularly interesting phase of the history of mankind. In this article it is intended to devote attention, not to human but to plant immigration and more particularly to deal with one species of plant which obtained rooting in western Canada, has adapted itself marvellously to changed conditions and, judging from visual evidence alone is meeting with a very large measure of success.

Consider the dandelion. It is in many ways, much more interesting than the high born lily that adorns the gardens of Lords and Kings. Of all plants it is the most renowned vagrant, the most confirmed hobo. It has the whole wide world for its heritage; and yet, lacking culture, it is singularly ambitious and would fain be found in refined environment. Witness its provoking presence on your hitherto slightly lawn, and that with thousands of townships of vacant land available. Savage decapitations and semi-uprootings seem only to add to its staying powers. Adversity apparently endows it with an almost inventive faculty. Indeed one might imagine it possessing power to reason. My next door neighbor is firmly convinced that such is the case. Yesterday in course of a cross-fence conversation, he said:

"These dandelions are the absolute limit. At first they bloom on high stalks. I cut them down a few times, and then they have learned their lesson. The next time my regular cutting day comes round, they are there all right, but all crouched down in the grass with no stems at all, flat as a congoletum flower, and a mower blade won't get anywhere near them.

"Umph! You can call it Nature's adaptation. Deviltry, I call it."

There is a tendency to regard the dandelion as a comparatively recent

arrival in Western Canada. This is far from being correct. The "yellow peril" of present day tennis court and golf green is an old timer, having first made entry to the country by way of Hudson's Bay. In 1770, the dandelion was abundant at Fort Churchill and being the first green plant to appear in the spring, was there used in salads. Later, when cultivation of the soil had become general in the west, when farmers and gardeners took the place of hunters and trappers, when trains supplanted the travois and the automobile ousted the buckboard, it was then that this enterprising plant, finding transportation swift and easy, spread over an immense area and thrived wherever it struck root. In local seedings it still relies upon the self-made seed parachutes that are born upon the noon day breeze. When long distance travel is undertaken, however, it must needs adopt other methods for broadcasting seed. Finding lodgement in a freight car in Montreal, such embryo plants may not be displaced until Vancouver has been reached. Other seeds, incorporated with the mud on an highway are sometimes carried on auto wheels and mudguards for immense distances. In this manner have the transmountain highways and almost all campgrounds in the Rockies been more or less fringed by these and like pilgrims. Birds unconsciously act as carriers, the seeds being embedded in particles of clay and mud that cling to the feet of the avian voyagers.

The Common Dandelion, cordially detested by urban and suburban lawn makers, is seldom regarded as injurious to agricultural interests. It forms a prolific source of food to insects, no fewer than one hundred species of which have been noted on the heads of these sunshiny flowers. At night and during dull cold days the flower remains more or less closed. Thrift is practised by this, as by many another plant, and business is confined to the bright hours when insect customers are about in large numbers and nectar and pollen are consequently in demand.

Honeybees must be grateful to this early flowering wander plant. John Burroughs speaks of the bee, "Wallowing to his knees in the golden pasturage." Bee farmers have ever a good word for the dandelion. At the Dominion Experimental Farm, Ottawa, in early May, one hive of bees gathered and stored nine pounds twelve ounces of honey in twenty four hours, this quantity being almost entirely obtained from dandelion flowers.

In some parts of Europe dandelion leaves are boiled and eaten as greens; a so-called "Wine" may be extracted from the blossoms; a liver medicine and a coffee is obtained from the roots. Children playing in pleasant fields, delight to fashion elfin chains and fairy pitch pipes from the stems of this.

"Dear common flower that grows beside the way
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold."



Maligne Lake, Jasper National Park, Alberta

Surging Power

not just on to-day's jaunt . . . nor on to-morrow's trip
. . . but through years of Carefree Motoring

THE WILLYS-KNIGHT is distinctly not a one-year car—nor a two-year car—it is an automobile whose sleeve-valve engine improves with use mile after mile—year after year.

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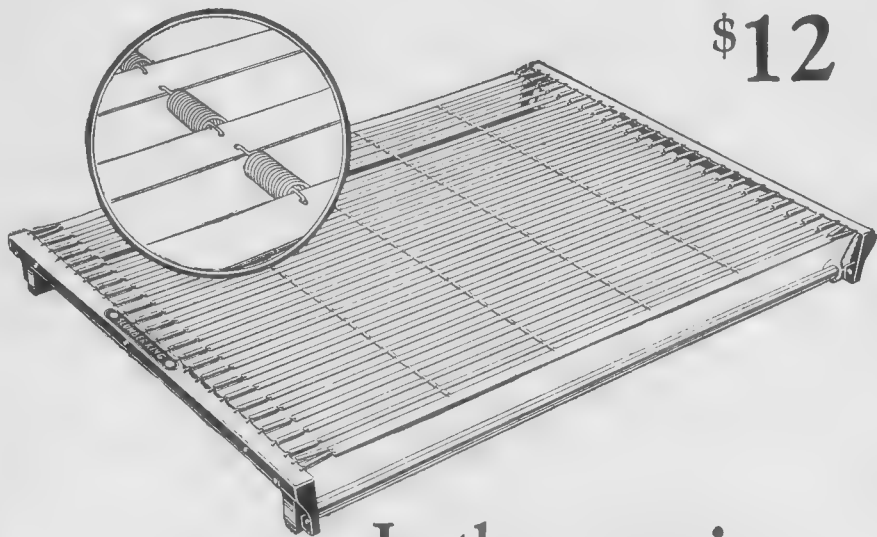
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WILLYS-KNIGHT

Slumber King

\$12



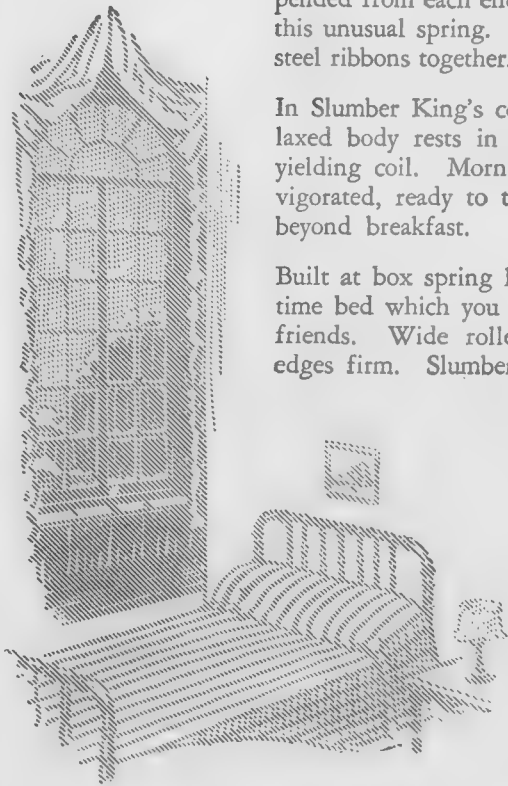
**In the morning—
Do you Jump out of bed
or Cr-a-w-l?**

SLEEP without rest does you no benefit. Complete, deep absorbing unconscious slumber, free of dreams, is the finest restorative Nature has granted mankind. "A good night's sleep!" You know what that does for you.

Slumber King makes every night's sleep a good one. Twenty-seven ribbon strips of steel are suspended from each end of a pressed steel frame in this unusual spring. Four rows of coils hold the steel ribbons together.

In Slumber King's comfortable embrace your relaxed body rests in complete accord with every yielding coil. Morning finds you refreshed, invigorated, ready to tackle whatever task may lie beyond breakfast.

Built at box spring height for a dressed-up daytime bed which you will be proud to show your friends. Wide rolled edge border strips hold edges firm. Slumber King cannot sag.



Simmons Coil Springs

If you prefer a coil spring, ask to see the "Ace," "Simcoe" or "Banner." Each is built to give you the utmost in comfort and quality for your money.

Simmons Cable Springs

For a person who prefers a firmer spring of the cable type the "Balmoral" is ideal.

SIMMONS SPRINGS

BUILT FOR SLEEP

BEDS - MATTRESSES - PILLOWS

Wild West

Continued from page 7

fright. "It was just a pain, darling. There, it's going."

"Mother!"

"All right, dear. Just a moment. I—we—a game. We'll play a game. You—close—your—eyes—tight—"(one word at a time; you could do it somehow)—"tight—"

"Like this?"

"Yes."

"What's it for? What's the game?"

"Shshsh." She must think of something to tell Betty. About what would happen. While she could still talk. Only surely there was still a chance. Ooooh, the blessed relief of ebbing pain!

"Can I open them now?"

"Yes, I've thought of a game. Only go to the door first, dear, and see if Mrs. Swanson's in sight."

The room was chill, now that the sun had set. Darkness would come any minute in the sudden way it had out here.

"No, I can't see her. But maybe if I went round the second butte—"

"No, no, dear. You mustn't ever go out of sight of the house, will you?"

"Why, Mother?"

"It's so easy to get lost." But she should not have said that, putting fear into Betty's head. But often and often her mind was pulled magnet-like to the thought of the family who had tried to prove up on this very homestead, before she and Niel had come, to their fearful tragedy one winter night: the father, fighting his way home through a blizzard, stumbling against a mound not a hundred yards from his own door, just beyond the second butte. It was his wife, frozen to death in a snow drift, holding her baby—lost on her way home from a visit to borrow some dried prunes from a neighbor. In her very dooryard.

"Mother, you don't listen to me; you said we'd play a game."

A game. Oh yes. Was it just a moment ago she had said that? A game, something fantastic; Betty loved fantastic games. "In my work-basket, dear—a spool of white cotton thread. Now we'll pretend I'm the moon, and this house is a cloud." (It felt cloudy; everything was beginning to feel vague.) "I'll hold on to the end of the thread; only it's not thread; it's a moonbeam. And you're a moonbeam rider."

"You unwind the spoon carefully as you go. Here, hold it by the ends so it won't cut your fingers. There, now, out you go into the world. And when I give, oh, just the tiniest jerk, back you come to the moon, winding the thread back onto the spool." (That ought to keep her out minutes and minutes at a time.) "And then you can tell me what you've seen."

"But it ought to be silk thread for moonlight; why can't we use silk thread?"

"We'll pretend this is silk. Moonlight-colored silk." (That magic word pretend!) "Remember to go carefully."

Betty was slow in coming back. Ah, here she was! "How now, Moonbeam-rider; what did you see on your travels?"

"I saw the first star. Mother—Moon, I mean—can moonbeam-riders wish on the first star?"

"Oh, yes, they get two wishes instead of just one. Isn't that magic? Darling Moonbeam-rider, did you see anybody in the east?"

"I didn't look east, Moon."

"Oh, run quickly, Moonbeam-rider, and look."

If Mrs. Swanson weren't in sight now, there was scarcely any hope. It

meant that she hadn't noticed the note. Or maybe she was away for the night. And the pains were coming closer and closer now. Oh, the thread was broken! Betty, Betty!"

"But I'm not Betty; I'm Moonbeam-rider."

How silly to have been frightened by the breaking of a piece of cotton thread! Anyhow, Betty wouldn't go out of sight.

"No, you broke the thread, and got changed back into Betty again."

"Ooooooh." That sweet sound of regret!

"While you were Moonbeam-rider did you see anyone who looked like Mrs. Swanson?"

"No, but I think there's going to be the pretty-colored lights in the sky."

Northern lights. Last time they had been a pale green—almost the color of a wave's neck, but paler. Only she must think of practical things while there was still time. Betty must go to bed before it began. And there were so many things to do; only it was such fearful effort to move. But maybe before Betty went to bed, maybe before the next pain—

"I know another game, darling. We'll pretend that I'm sick—sick enough to need a nurse, and you're a trained nurse. And you have to go to sleep now so as to wake up if I should need you."

"But I like the moonbeam game. Besides it's not bedtime yet."

"No, dear, you don't have to undress. There, won't that be fun just to sleep with all your clothes on? Only first you must get everything ready. Water. You can put some water on the stove. Can you lift the big pan, dear? That's the one. There, put it on empty, and then dip water into it." (Thank Heaven there was plenty of water in the house. It was such luck to have a well. The Swansons had to haul their water half a mile. This Wild West—)

"What's it for, Mother?"

"Oh, it's good to have hot water on hand when one's sick." (Thank goodness, too, that Betty was so handy!)

"Now light the fire dear. Yes, I mean it; we'll have really truly fire and water, and the rest will be pretend. There. Now, can you find the boric-acid powder?—on the second shelf. You can read a B—remember it's what I bathed your eyes with the time you fell into the cactus. That's fine. Oh, you're such a good nurse, darling! And now my scissors. Put them into the water, to boil—"

"Boiled scissors?"

"Yes, isn't it funny?"

"But maybe they'll get soft, like potatoes!"

"I hardly think so. Not in this game. But now you go and lie down on the bed in the other room and go sound asleep. Because a nurse must be able to fall asleep the minute she touches the bed and to wake up the minute she's called. Can you do that? Because otherwise you can't be a nurse."

"Oh, I can, I can!"

"And now a good kiss—not like a nurse, now, like yourself. My dear! There, a good tight kiss, and now—"

"But, Mother, your voice wiggles. Mother, you're crying!"

"It—it's part of the game, dear. Just pretend crying. Only you mustn't say 'Mother,' now, nurse; you must call me Mrs. Bruce."

"Mrs. Bruce, you're crying!"

"Yes, you go to bed, nurse. I'll call you if I need you."

So that was over. Wonderful how fast Betty could fall asleep. Such still-

ness as was on the house now! Outside, far away, a coyote was howling, but here within the only sound was Betty's peaceful breathing. Such a thin wall between the two rooms. Oh, a new spasm of pain . . . Mustn't cry out; mustn't wake Betty . . . Mmmm, these blessed minutes in between . . . Even if it happens before the doctor comes, I'll manage—somehow. I'm a strong woman; I will manage.

Four hours now since Niel had gone. If everything went right with the car, he'd reach Dr. Sunderland's in two more hours. It could be done in six—those fifty-eight miles of wicked, twisting road. You had to creep most of the way for fear the ruts would wrench off a wheel. But Niel was clever.

Madness to have come out here to homestead! Alberta, "The great open spaces where a man's a man," they had joked. "But is a woman a woman?" she had retorted, and they had laughed; they had thought that funny. Well, a woman was a woman, all right. Only now it wasn't funny.

Two rooms and a kitchenette. That had seemed crowded in Toronto. She had even felt aggrieved because the floors were of soft wood! And out here, when they had come, the floor was of hard, beaten earth. That strange first day. Over these same bumping miles that Niel was now travelling they had come out, piled into the auto stage, their household goods in the trailer behind. So many miles from the railroad!

And suddenly the driver had pointed to what seemed like nothing. "That's your outfit," he had said. "Where?" "Where those two posts are, and the wire sagging between; that's the roof. The fella that had it first fenced the roof to keep the cattle from falling in on him." And there was their home—a part of a room, sticking out of the side of a butte. A dugout. The middle of her had seemed to fall away when she saw it. But Niel had made it seem like a game. "We can live in our tent till we get it fixed up a bit. Besides, think of the discomforts the time we went camping in the Quebec woods."

Well, it had been fun—a challenge to their ingenuity. Even with the sweet complication of caring for Betty. Betty was three then. Things hadn't been so bad, what with having a little capital. Most of their neighboring homesteaders couldn't afford to buy feed for a milch-cow—they had paid thirty dollars a ton for hay the year they came. And they had enough money for fence-posts, too. You couldn't let a milch-cow range; the other cattle would milk her.

In Toronto milk came in bottles. And the markets there—fresh, delicious peas, crisp carrots, juicy fruits—all you had to do was to go to a store and pay for them. And water came by magic out of a tap, and light by the magic of a pushed button. So easy.

She was feeling all right now. Gracious, it might be a false alarm! That would be wonderful. Only, wouldn't it be too stupid if the doctor got here and they had to pay him the fifty-eight dollars for nothing! In Toronto—

Ah, but she was ungrateful. In Toronto Niel had been a pale drudge, trying to sell bonds like other ex-football stars. In Toronto Betty had been cooped up in a tiny flat. This house was tiny too, but just outside the door there were the great open spaces. And they'd have sixty head of cattle to sell in the fall. That was luck, for last winter most of their neighbors had lost their cattle; it was a piece of purple-clay bad lands which had saved theirs. Those stark hills which at first they had considered a total loss had provided shelter against the cruel icy winds.

The poor Swansons had lost two hundred head of sheep.

Oh, dear, here was the pain again. Sheep, she'd keep her mind on the sheep, on the time she had helped Mrs. Swanson cook for the lambing crew. Lambing. There had been a man there from the Department of Animal Husbandry. He had joked when it was all over. "There's maternity for you," he had said, laughing, and then had added, not laughing: "Well, it beats the human way, at that." Lambing. Even animals had help. Animals . . . Maternity . . . She was an animal. "Where a woman's a woman."

If Niel could make it, if he could get back in time . . . It was getting worse. She'd keep her mind on the lambing. Only, even animals died sometimes, without help. If she should die! Mr. Swanson's first wife, even with the doctor—And Betty waking up in the morning, finding her dead. Oh, terrible! And Niel not there, and Betty calling and calling her, frightened to panic. Oh, no, she must not die. But in case—yes, she ought, somehow, to prepare Betty, tell her not to be frightened. She would call her. As soon as the pain ebbed a little. Now. Now. Before it was too late. "Betty, Betty, Nurse!"

She was swimming around, Betty was. Her mouth, yawning, was swimming around. Funny, Betty's yawn, swimming about in her face. Now it was coming right, focusing in the right place. There, that's right—right over the chin. "Nurse—"

"Mother!"

"No, no, the game. I'm Mrs. Bruce."

"Mrs. Bruce, can—I get in bed with you, Mrs. Bruce?"

"Oh, no, nurse. Not in this game. Here, smooth my head. See, I'll put a kiss right in the hollow of your hand, the way I sometimes do to my little girl Betty. It's magic, Nurse. If anything ever hurts you, you just hold the hand where the kiss was. Nurse, there's another part to this game. If I should be asleep in the morning when you wake up, you mustn't be frightened, will you? And you mustn't try to wake me. It—it's part of the game. You must just wait till father comes—Mr. Bruce, I mean. And take something to eat when you wake up. And sit in the sun, in the door, but don't stir away from the house, will you? And now, oh, quickly dear, go to bed. Quickly!"

What was Betty saying? Black, swirling pain had ground up the words. "I don't think I like this game, Mrs. Bruce, do you?"

"To bed, quickly, Nurse!" Mustn't faint. Remember—have to do everything—self. Mustn't faint. Mustn't cry out. Hours . . . Eons . . . Strength—must gather all the strength in her body . . .

Now, now . . . Monstrous effort . . . Monstrous labor. Eternity, her body crowded with eternity. Must push, push eternity back into the world. Monstrous. Black. Black flame. The world is splitting, crashing, into two pieces of flame. There. Must push away the blackness. . . . Still—things—to—do. Mustn't faint. Mustn't die—yet! Must push away exhaustion. Get up. Cross floor. Stove. Carrying eternity. Mustn't drop . . . Scissors. Bustn't burn hand. B for boric acid. Cord. Scissors . . . Suppose her hands couldn't push them closed. Bed. Where was bed? Everything was falling. Eternity. All floor . . . Fainting. . . Dying.

AGAINST the hard and black silence sounds were blundering. Voices—weighing her down. Hushed, heavy voices. Mrs. Swanson's voice. "Oh, Doctor, I thought you'd never come!" Yes, a doctor was to have come. "I

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Eat Bran MUFFINS

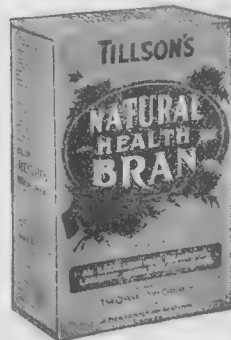
at least once a day

MAKE good health a pleasant habit by eating bran muffins every day. Nothing which is so good for you tastes quite so good as bran muffins made with Tillson's *natural* Bran. And so easy to make with your own recipe or with the simple, tested recipes in every package.

Daily use of Tillson's *natural* Bran gives to your diet the roughage nature needs for proper digestion and complete and regular elimination. Its fibrous bulk ensures mastication and a gentle, efficient massage of the gums. It stimulates the muscles of the stomach and other organs to do their work in nature's way.

Tillson's *natural* Bran is the clean coating of soft winter wheat, not cooked or treated. It is high in iron, lime and phosphorous, and in important vitamins which other wheat foods lack.

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Not cooked — Not treated

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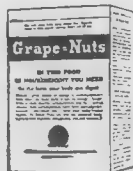


IT will—to a marked degree—unless you're very careful. For energy, growth, strength all come from certain food elements. If any of these vital elements are lacking in your daily diet, you'll find yourself actually undernourished in the midst of plenty.

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Johann Lind

Continued from page 12

possible danger, and, running outside, blew for might and main.

It was a bit hard on the men, both of whom came on the jump, not knowing what dire calamity to expect. But what cared Helga for that! Now she had them at her mercy. And, as was usual with Ole, he readily adjusted himself to any scheme that relieved him of monotonous work. Hence when the stranger arrived he found a pleasant host to greet him. A man who talked English fairly well and who seemed as eager to please as his smiling wife. It was a real relief; he had expected nothing quite so pleasant. Thus enheartened the visitor went on to explain that the Qu'Appelle was his destination. A wonderful country, he thought. Oh, very wonderful, beyond words. His wife was less enthusiastic. Anæmic and frail, the trip had been too much for her and she wished to heaven she had never left Surrey! This huge wilderness seemed so appalling and a band of roving Indians had all but frightened her out of her wits. Yes, indeed, she certainly wished herself back in lovely old Surrey.

Helga was all sympathy; if the poor lady felt this way at the start how would she ever pull through the loneliness and struggles to come? Poor thing, it seemed a dreary outlook. But on one score, at least, she could put her right—there was no need to fear the Indians, that she had learned from her Winnipeg friends, and such had been her own experience. Nu, ja, they had a wild way with them and a habit of peering into the windows, but she knew how to handle them. Smiling broadly, Helga stooped to pat the tired woman's shoulder, uttering in her broken fashion the comfort she longed to give. "You no like him? sure not! Nem Indian ekki so bad. No—gav him bread!"

Ole hastened to explain that bread and tea never failed to reach an Indian heart. When you saw a red face at your window all you had to do was to open the bread box or the tea canister. Sure, it was all very simple and nothing at all to fuss about.

"No, no!" wailed the poor English woman, despair and terror in her tired face. "I'd never stand it . . . I'd perish absolutely. Oh, Will, whatever made you come out to this wilderness?" Will shrugged, as husbands have a way of shrugging, but Ole tried to better his comfort.

"It's all right, missus—it's all right; you'll soon get tough. Ja, sure, you bet!"

Helga was in her glory as she flew about getting together her dinner, pausing now and again to smile at the disheartened visitor and shake her finger playfully at the two children. Beautiful little things, she thought them, but delicate. Poor things, so pale and thin and tuckered out! They, it was, had her first attention and by now were nodding cosily on a bench by the fire smothered in quilts, their little hands clutching generous slices of buttered flat-bread. Helga beamed on them like a beneficent harvest moon and before long she had them smiling back at her and, long before dinner was served they had fallen asleep, soothed and comforted and very much at home.

THIS English family, in common with the most of settlers at that time, had little in the way of worldly wealth. They were grateful for the hospitality extended them and with the honesty of their class longed to make returns. But what could they do? What money they had had was all used up in buying the outfit necessary for the trek. Mr. Edwards—that

proved to be his name—was all for going on the morrow, but Helga put her foot down promptly and emphatically. Mrs. Edwards needed a rest, and a rest she should have. Also Helga let it be known that her opinion was that the children had never had enough milk. Give her a week or two and she'd soon fatten them! Yes, and if it was payment worried the mister he could make everything right by helping her Ole build a smoke-house. Thus cornered Ole couldn't squirm out of it and Helga gave thanks to the wise providence for making her dream come true. Now she'd have smoked fish and meat for Christmas!

When the Edwards could no longer postpone their departure Helga's grief was genuine. The little English woman had proved a delightful companion once her weariness wore away. How they had managed to arrive at an understanding was certainly remarkable, but it seemed where words failed, affection and a smile filled in. At any rate they hated to part, clinging each to the other as if in all the world there was nowhere such a friend to be found and that the one babbled Norwegian and the other English affected them not at all. Heart spoke to heart in that poignant moment and the memory of it lingered through the years.

When the rattle of the cart died away Helga permitted herself one long, aggrieved sigh, and then, wiping her eyes resolutely, she turned to Ole. "Nu, da, you see how 'tis," she began. "The good God has a way of working miracles—take a look, will you, at that nice smoke-house. Ja, Mr. Edwards is the man with a hammer for you! And now it's fish we'll have, just like back home. Ole shifted from one foot to the other like a nervous duck. Something told him that the completion of the smoke-house was only the beginning of sorrows.

"Ja, fish!" said he. Fish ain't always so much—specially smoked! But sure—have it your way, Helga . . . Tomorrow, now, I'm off to the bush."

There were other results from that visit. The grateful Englishman spread the tale of his friendly reception by the Scandinavian family just off the trail. And in the queer way of this world the story took wing. Soon other travellers began drifting up to Ole's place, always gladly received and generously entertained. As the tide of settlers steadily increased and chance visitors became a daily occurrence, Helga began to see she might just as well start a regular stopping place as to hold open house in this fashion.

True to form, Ole protested at first. A stopping place? Herre Gud! he'd have to kill himself building bedrooms and the like. "Sure," agreed the adamant Helga, "just you kill yourself making a good big wing to the side of the house and a sixteen by twelve kitchen, then you can run to the bush. Ja, sure, don't you see, Ole, that with a stopping-place we can eat all your everlasting game."

But first, before launching into business, Helga decided to present her proud husband with a son of his own. And quite in accord with her capable self she made no fuss about it. At ten o'clock one frightfully cold morning, just an hour after setting her house to rights the welcome baby made his entrance into the wintry world.

"Nu, ja," the new mother sighed gratefully a little later, "it's glad I am that's over! Thank God, yes." When the business of bathing the squawking arrival was finished the family's interest was perceptibly quickened.

"Take a look, will you," urged Helga,

"now isn't that a fat one for you—ten pounds, I'll bet"! Herman agreed that the baby weighed about as much as a good-sized cod—a good-sized baby cod you understand. And yes, he looked just like his papa.

"M-m-m." Ole had his doubts. "Sure, he's kind of red—but still. . ."

"Nu, da, his eyes are blue like his mamma's, that's clear anyway," declared Herman stoutly.

"Ja, the pretty," Helga agreed shamelessly, "and so long in the leg like his papa. . . What do you say we call him Andre—he's so beautiful, my little son"!

Little Johann alone seemed critical. Brows drawn in a frown he studied the squirming bundle dubiously and then, quick as thought, out flew a pudgy finger straight for the baby's face.

"Tish! did you ever," laughed the happy mother, catching the little one to the safety of her breast. "Straight for those bright eyes! Ja, sure, my little Johann knows what's pretty. Sure—" Smiling still she reached out a hand to pat Johann's shiny black head. "Sure, he knows what's pretty, the little crow. . . But then, what could you expect of Johann Lind"?

THE standard of comfort is variable at best, changing with the temper of the times and the progress of a people. There is no fixed level for happiness and well-being—unless it be freedom from hunger. The pioneers considered themselves fortunate if they had food of some kind in the larder and shelter from the terrible cold. Life was primitive and oft times starkly cruel. Death still lurked in the forests and the blizzard was still monarch of the plains. When a man died on the trek or was lost on the snow-bound prairie, it caused scarcely more than a momentary wailing. Such things were a part of the price one paid for a country.

The call of the land was a siren note that none could resist; a song both haunting and persistent. "Here are fields for the sowing, waters for the wheel, wood for the mill. Wealth! Wealth! everywhere! All for the asking. All for the taking"! Thus sang the siren in a dozen different tongues. And a dozen hearts responded; for white men are born to conquer. Deeper and deeper grew the westward trails; louder and louder the rumble of the conquering carts. Fortune, shod like a hunter, and swift-footed as a deer, sped on ahead and Life, the poor blind colossus, stumbled after her.

Simple Helga, always knitting, always baking in the seclusion of her little cabin caught the sounds of that vital traffic. Nu, ja, thought she, another cart going west—a family maybe. And she wondered if by any chance they would stop. To buy bread, if nothing more.

Judged by the standard of pioneers the lot of the Boens was certainly a happy one. Helga often remarked on it herself. Especially when the wind howled and hammered at her little house and the hard-beaten snow stretched away in an interminable wilderness. At such times she thanked her God for the blessing of shelter, and the rude iron stove assumed a gracious aspect. What discomfort came her way she endured patiently as part of the day's work; and the one thing which eventually effected a change in her smiling good humor was Ole's incorrigible distaste for farming.

In an amazingly short time the land all round about their homestead was taken up and the ringing sound of the settler's axe made music all the day. No music was ever sweeter or more welcome to Helga for it sang of homes in the building and neighbors for the loving. In the twinkling of an eye, so it seemed when the thing was accom-

plished, the whole topography of the country was changed. Where poplars and willows had held undisputed sway fields of barley and oats now sunned themselves beneath the prairie sky and from the arterial trails a hundred little threads spread to as many budding settlements. The land hummed like a busy hive and bristled with changes. And the habits of men changed with the changing times.

To Ole all this spelled unhappiness and, clinging desperately to the old life, he was driven farther and farther afield with his gun and his game bag. Nu, he did not like it at all this terrible progress. Very seldom now did he meet a congenial spirit, an old hunter of the vanishing plains or a grizzled trapper. And when he did it ended mostly in melancholy musings. The good old days were gone, adventure was dead, the Great Plains conquered.

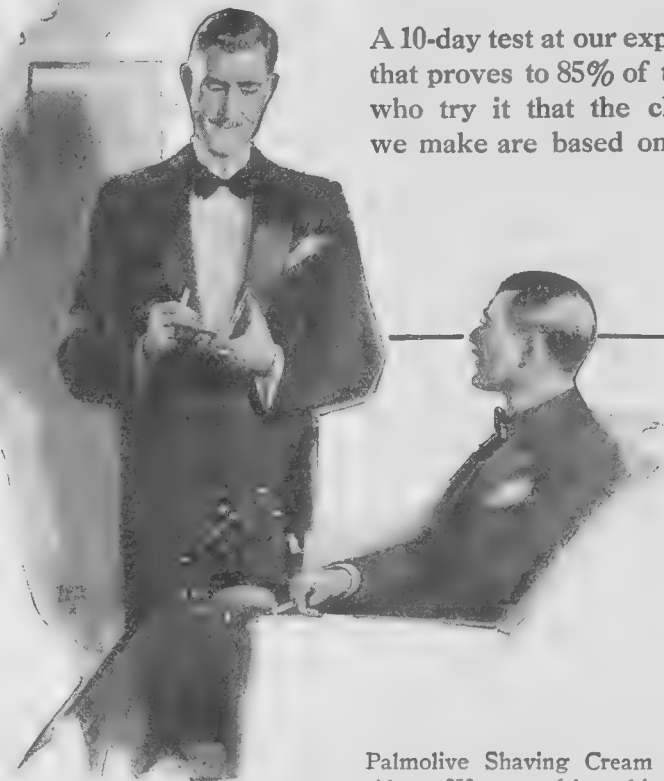
Once even Helga had a momentary glimpse of that illusive something which her husband coveted. That was on the day Henri, the halfbreed, tumbled off his horse at her door. Henri had crushed his foot in a nasty fall hours earlier and by the look of his old parchment face the spill had been a nasty one. But Henri grinned while she cut away the ragged skin from the ugly wound, dressing the foot as best she could. It was nothing, said Henri—a mere scratch, the wrench he had got was the worst of it. And to fall like that. . . *Mon Dieu*, he must be getting old! Finding Helga so sympathetic, the old halfbreed couldn't refrain from displaying certain scars and ugly ridges, honeycombing his anatomy. There, conspicuous on the leg was a knotted tendon once severed by a "bad Indian"—here on the breast, just where the brown shirt opened, lay a livid scar as big as your hand. . . . Close shave, that one, said Henri. Helga shivered as she thought of it; but the old hunter assured her that *le Bon Dieu* knew he had seen much worse and often. For instance, if modesty permitted, he could show madam the marks of a burn—but no, it was best to forget—just the same it was something to be alive to show such a mark. *Mon Dieu*, yes! And then poor Henri lapsed into gloom. Ah, those were the glorious days! Life was worth the living then and every day a golden opportunity. Glorious days, the days now gone forever! What, he demanded to know, was the good of living with adventure dead, and the spice of dread extracted from existence? Oh, if she had only known the thrill of the chase she'd catch his meaning, but that, too, was ended.

Who now hunted the buffalo? No one! And good reason. . . they were vanishing fast, dying out with the charms of the country. Yes, most of all he mourned the passing of the great beasts that no longer roamed the blistering plains in thousands upon thousands.

Only memory remained and there Henri was rich indeed. With graphic clarity he painted for Helga scene after scene. He made her understand as she had never understood before the thrill and the excitement of the chase. She caught the feverish excitement of whole villages turning out; men, women and children—to join in the big hunt. All with allotted tasks to do and all with courage to do it. "Ah, Madam," sighed Henri, "if you could have seen, could have felt with me that first glimpse of the herd! Like fire in the blood, that grand excitement. Yes, Madam, you should have seen him, the great bulls, hundreds thousands; the dust in clouds; the noise like cannon—hundreds thousands little twinkling hoof flashing down the wind! *Mon Dieu*, it is one awful pity to kill him off—the grand buffalo"!

Continued on page 56

How We Win Men To Our New Shaving Cream



A 10-day test at our expense that proves to 85% of those who try it that the claims we make are based on fact

DEAR SIR:

No man is ever convinced against his will. And extravagant claims fail to impress when the product itself cannot live up to them.

So in introducing our new shaving cream to you we discard bombast and boasting, and rest our case flatly on your decision after you have made a suitable trial of the product itself.

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We take the risk—not you

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Formula after formula failed in the complete result—129 in all. Then success came. Our great laboratories, skilled for 60 years in soap supremacy, had created another leader.

These 5 things you wish

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you. . . to win you in ten shaves. Won't you mail the coupon, please?

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CREAMS	LIP-STICKS

Sole Canadian Distributors
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MONTREAL

Johann Lind

Continued from page 55

"Yes," Helga agreed, being just then under the spell of his fervent voice. "Just the same," she told him later, "it's no good to farm in a buffalo herd—"

Henri rolled his eyes, spread wide his hands and, with accurate skill spat into the woodbox. "*Mon Dieu*," said he. "Farm! Madam, it is not for me, that farm — Henri, he go with the buffalo!"

DESPITE her husband's dilatoriness, Helga was as a rule happy and contented. Her ambition was realized, Ole had finally built the necessary additions to the house, and by the time her little boys were more or less independent of her vigilance, she had a fully established stopping place.

As yet most of the trading of the settlement was done in Winnipeg, and travellers got in the habit of dividing the trip—so many miles to Shoal Lake, so many miles to Ole's place. "Ole's Place" it remained to the end of the story though Ole played little part in its fame. No matter, Helga rejoiced in moderate success and if the burden of it for the most part rested on her shoulders she rarely complained. Sometimes, it is true, she looked at the two little boys and hoped in her heart that they would not have the vagabond streak in them. It was so hard to get Ole to do anything about the little farm and she would not always be so strong and vigorous.

Herman changed very little. When his chores were done he betook himself away; in summer to the meadow with his sheep; in winter to a sort of workshop in the hayloft. By now his flock was quite considerable and, besides, he owned a wolfhound as fierce as he was faithful. A great shaggy creature who snarled at everyone except his master. Yes, Herman was contented once again and resigned to his new country. But, taken all in all, perhaps the happiest times in that humble household were the quiet winter evenings when Helga sang at her spinning-wheel and the big stove bursting with wood roared its accompaniment. There was an artless grace about the peasant woman as she fed the white wool to the spindle and sang in her happy fashion the old songs of the North.

Herman loved these quiet evenings; they carried him back to the land he loved and the young years on the hills. While she sang he carded the matted wool into silky smoothness and the nip of the carding combs tearing away at their task seemed a most comforting sound. Nu, da, why not? the wool was so fine, thanks to his care! White and soft like spun cloud; warm as love to cover tired feet and chilled hands—ah, it was a good business, this raising sheep. Whirr, whirr, whirr, crooned the busy wheel, whirr, whirr, in hearty approval. And then, happy, too, Helga dipped deeper into memory and sang of a Saetter girl's Sunday. Close by, tucked in warm and close, the little boys slept in their home-made crib and over all the flickering light of the lowly grease burner fell like a benediction.

Such was the scene confronting Ole one chilly night when he returned from a hunting trip. Helga paused in her spinning; Herman laid down the combs. Had he eaten?—had he bagged his game?—they demanded in a breath. Yes, Ole had eaten at the Beck's, two miles north, Helga might just as well sit—he'd make the coffee himself and tell them of the trip. Game was certainly going fast, still he'd got a little.

A bit later Helga beamed on her husband, proud and pleased. "Ja, it's good coffee my Ole makes, none better."

"Sure," said he, "a fool should know—living with you, Helga. Ja, sure! And how's the wool, Herman?"

"Nu, da, *nokke so gott*—Pretty good, the old man answered modestly. Helga would have none of it. "Tish! Hear him, the sly one. Why, it's elegant, that's what. Never such wool did I see; no, not even in Norway! It's lucky we are, Ole—thank God! And take a look at the boys, now I ask you, ain't it a sight? My Andre so golden like a little Viking and Johann black as the storm . . . Ja, there's a boy for you to break hearts, the little crow!"

"Ho! ho!" Ole roared in his seaman's bass, "it's a way you have, you women, making matches in the cradle. No wonder a man has no chance in the world!"

"Hear him!" cried Helga, pretending to be gravely put out. "And what good would you be without us, I'd like to know? Ja, tell me that? To eat even, a woman must teach you—and beginning in the cradle not so much even then we can make of you. But Ole, comes a question now more sensible; tell me, do you think we'll have a school here when my Andre is old enough to go?"

Ole wrigled in his chair. "Sure, why not," he growled, "everything we'll have, never doubt it, except a little peace and quiet—"

"You and your quiet! Well, maybe its somewhere else you'd like to be, but for me now it's a grand country this Canada." Swift and strong she stepped to the tiny window and looked out into the starlit night. "Look, Ole," she pointed, "isn't that a sky for you—quiet there, my Ole, spread for a tired body's beating—Ja, it's sound I'll sleep this lovely night."

Ole yawned, stretched his long legs and muttered: "Sleep? Sure—but . . . I wonder how the whaling goes back home."

HELGA was a good woman blessed with an amiable disposition and not too much intellect. Practical always, she had no particular use for abstract virtues. Theories did not interest her. But, contrary to many whose conceptions of right and wrong are limited to black and white, she inclined to mercy. If someone disappointed her, she excused the offender on account of man's natural depravity and weakness. So, too, although theories vexed her, she accepted certain extracts from the Bible very literally, and used them for the admonishment of her growing young mischiefs.

The Proverbs especially were very helpful on occasion. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper," she'd repeat with awful solemnity when little Andre or Johann proved reluctant at confession. And again, if their little friends displeased her she would remind them seriously that: "Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son; but he that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father." But to quote her own words to Ole; it wasn't that she loved the habit, but something had to be done to put the fear of the Lord into two such lively rascals. And, as a rule, the sting of judgment was generally mitigated by a doughnut or a cookie, administered later.

Johann was almost as precious to her as little Andre, though he tried her patience the more. Mischievous sprang to his hand like buds to the rod of Aaron. He simply could not behave himself.



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Something within bubbled like a well of living waters and always drove him to fresh experiments.

One day when Herman had been recounting a certain swimming feat of Olaf Tryggvasson's, young Johann exerted all his talents to bribe little Andre to a similar miracle. "I'll give you all my flat-bread for a week," the tempter offered generously, "every least little bit, if you'll just let me see how long you can live under water."

Andre wasn't very enthusiastic about it, but a decided weakness for nice hot flat-bread had to be reckoned with. Little and young, he, none-the-less, leaned towards logic. "Well," said he, his blue eyes full of perplexity, "What's the good? Maybe I do and maybe I don't—and if I don't live long enough how'll I eat it anyway?"

Johann snorted impatiently. "Silly! Of course I'll let you up before you're altogether dead! Besides, think how handy it'll be to know how long it would take to drown you. I'll bet there ain't many knows that hereabouts."

That enticing viewpoint won the day. But after all, little Andre neither attained to the coveted hero-worship nor won his flat-bread, for Herman happened to arrive at the slough just as Johann, knee-deep in weedy water, was struggling to keep poor Andre submerged, and promptly spanked them both.

Johann refused to explain this alarming behavior and, when poor Helga, exasperated beyond common, reminded him that the Good Book promised a whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back, he only laughed at her. Herre Gud! that was bad enough, but to make matters worse, something in his laughter made the little mud-caked Andre giggle also. Yes, that was what really worried her; always the little rascal laughed and made others laugh with him. "Now what," she demanded of Herman, "can you do with the likes of that? A young Troll, so he is! No meekness in him and never a glimpse can you get of what's going on in his head. Ja—but what can you expect of Johann Lind?"

Despite these gloomy predictions Helga loved her foster son sincerely and her periodic harangues were as much an attempt to excuse him to her own orthodox conscience as to bend him to her way.

Herman, naturally, doted on the boy. To him he was an incarnation of all he had loved in Hulda. Her saucy ways, her sweet remorse and temperamental gladness, all these had life again in her black-eyed laughing son. Indeed, he was very like her, this Johann, proud, self-willed and courageous to a fault. Like her, he resented discipline and longed for freedom to follow the impulse of the moment. Like her, too, he loved the little birds and flowers and the dance of sunlight on water and field. At times something he could not express drove him to the depths of the forest and, hour after hour he would lie there watching its tiny denizens, so still himself that these timid ones accepted him into their world.

Here too, whilst watching bird and squirrel wakened the desire to capture what he saw and, encouraged by old Herman, the boy began to fashion from wood whatever most pleased him. For a boy so young he showed marked ability and whatever left his dexterous fingers had about it a life-like quality and lightness that approached genius.

Helga was very proud of this talent of Johann's and never failed to display his handicraft to her transient guests. Sometimes, to further justify her faith, a traveller would buy a little bird or squirrel or cluster of field flowers to carry away as a souvenir. Those were red-letter days for Helga. Her Johann, the little crow, was coming on to make money! Nor was Ole

less fond of the boy. In his heart he often wished that Andre were more like him. To his rough-hewn father Andre seemed something of a nonentity, a pretty little boy with no initiative, and a tendency to cry! Herre Gud! What kind of a makeup was that for a man? He should have been a girl, that Andre, to wear a finger-ring and sing in the choir on Sunday! Johann, now, had a spice of the devil in him, and, say what you like, a man was no good without it—those were Ole's honest sentiments.

In this kindly atmosphere Johann had flourished, tasting none of the bitter experiences often the lot of foster children.

But one summer's day this fine irresponsible existence came to an end, brought to a finish by a ridiculous episode all the fault of that tireless mischief in Johann's busy mind. The boy had hit upon the lively scheme of playing blindman's buff with an especially nervous calf and the shouts and laughter of little Andre testified to the success of the prank. Never had there been such a show; mad with fear the animal dashed hither and thither, knocking over everything that impeded its way, the young imps hard on its heels. And then came tragedy. With a wild bound the terrified calf shot round the house and, as luck would have it, not only collided with poor, tired Helga, but landed head-on in her tub of newly-rinsed clothes. Johann froze on the spot; paralyzed with mortification he could only stand and stare helplessly while Helga struggled with the crazed animal.

Andre would have blubbered and begged forgiveness. Johann's strange pride permitted no such release. Shamed and sorry, his hot young heart could not give up its secret. The black eyes of the Linds never could look meek.

Helga was hot and tired after the heavy wash, so tired, in fact, she could have wept to contemplate the mess at her feet—all her white clothes dragged in the mud; the boys' heavy overalls—everything to do over again. Herre Gud! and the baking tomorrow! At the breaking point of endurance poor Helga flung round at the contrite boy and with scorn never before his portion snapped out harshly: "It's what I should expect, I suppose—of a Lind! But after all I have done for you—a thorn in my flesh, Ja, so you are, wicked boy . . . but then, what can you expect of Johann Lind?"

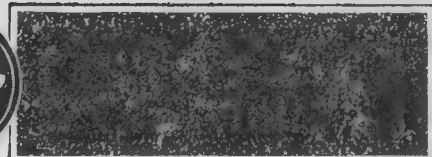
Until now he had never attached much importance to that phrase of hers. It was just her way—like flinging Bible quotations at one. Now it seemed suddenly an ominous challenge. Something must be wrong with him. In some way he must be different from other people. What you should expect of a Lind . . . What did she mean by that. What was wrong with being called Lind?—Johann Lind? Johann Lind. It sounded innocent enough—or had until just now. Round and round in his young head flew the question. What was it? What was it? What was it? And all the while he stood rooted in his misery watching with blurred vision the angry woman gathering up her scattered clothes. To increase his agony little Andre came racing up, all sympathy and eagerness to help.

"Poor Mamma, now you'll have to wash them all again! Poor Mamma . . . Oh, lookit — lookit quick, Mamma, here's your apron fast on a stump!"

It seemed to Johann that Andre's voice had a ring of pleasure in it—Little Andre, too, must hate him and delighted in his humiliation. Ah, there must be something terribly wrong with him. Johann Lind! Johann Lind! Johann Lind! What can you expect of Johann Lind? Like an ugly chorus it dinned in his ears until the overwrought child could bear no more and,

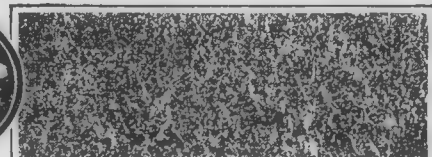
Continued on page 58

(A) White-gloved finger tips rubbed over Liquid Veneer are not discolored. Liquid Veneer leaves no greasy film; dust does not stick to it.



Prevents dust sticking

(B) White-gloved finger tips rubbed over old-fashioned furniture polishes reveal their greasy film and tell why they attract dust.



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Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth.....	.25

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Johann Lind

Continued from page 57

breaking into hysterical laughter, he fled into the open fields.

Everything was changed; the face of Nature hidden in a cloud; the meadow larks piping turned to discord and the heart in his breast a hard and rebellious stone. His whole world was changed and he with it, and all he understood clearly was the sore conviction that never, never would he say he was sorry . . . yet he was—ah, yes, ah yes! But that something that made him set his shoulders for a blow, bite his lips to keep back tears and to look the world in the eye, would not let him say so.

On and on he ran, past the willows at the back of the home pasture, through Ole's patch of barley, over the marsh where the berries were thick in midsummer. On and on, not knowing whither; wanting to get away from the angry look of Helga's eyes and the hateful sound of Andre's sympathy. But all at once he caught sight of Herman, a calm, bearded Druid, seated on a fallen log in the poplar bluffs that rose like a green temple to the left of the sheep pasture.

Old Herman was studying the knotted clouds gathering on the far horizon wondering if a storm were brewing, but he forgot the weather when Johann flung himself at his feet. Only once before had he seen such a look of puzzled misery in a young face . . . poor lad, what could have wrought this change, he wondered. But, being wise indeed, he kept his own counsel. While the boy struggled to regain control of himself the old man pretended an all-absorbing interest in the landscape and the heavens. "Good spot that, my boy, for a cornfield, if Ole would only do a little grubbing. Ha! I thought as much—it's coming on to storm. Ja, I never knew it to fail with the clouds heading that way. Nu, da, and would you look at that dog! Now, ain't he a wise one? Already rounding up the stragglers . . ."

But Johann had not been fighting for breath to eulogize even the wisest of hounds. In a queer, high-pitched voice he plunged into the vexatious business. "Grandfather . . . Why does she say: 'What can you expect of Johann Lind'?"

Herman assumed a stupid expression. "Nu, what else? Isn't it your name, maybe?"

"Sure, yes, but she don't say: 'What can you expect of Andre Simon.' And it's his name, isn't it?"

"Ja, so 'tis, but kind of awkward to snap out . . . Lind, now—"

"No, no, Grandfather, you're hedging—you know it's something," Johann interrupted angrily. You know it's something. You can't fool me . . . Grandfather, what is it?"

Herman understood that this was no time for diplomatic evasion, the dark eyes watching him were not to be easily blinded. The time was come for Johann to know the truth. "Nu, ja," the old man began heavily, "it's like this, my Johann, our Helga is a good woman—none better, God bless her! But—she's not your mother."

"My mother, not my mother?" The query was scarcely more than a whisper.

Herman shook his head. "No, child—not your mother . . . Listen, my Johann, you've seen the red-winged blackbird flashing through the golden fields and leaving the world conscious of its dullness when he passes? Ja? Well, such a one was your little mother . . . Nu, da, my boy, it was the better way. She could not have borne the sadness to be old and dull like others."

"Is she . . . is she . . .?" the child began brokenly. . . .

Herman was busy tying a sailor's knot in his red bandana. It took time . . . "I said it was the better way—she died when you were born . . ."

Then, in his slow, kind voice, Herman spoke of other things; of the Valley of Shining Eyes with its intriguing coves and curious knolls, and the love Hulda had had of song and dancing. Yes, and of the sea and the ships, and the restless gulls that spoke to her of the souls of poor, dead sailors. And as the old man talked the child listened wide-eyed and receptive, the bitter rebellion of heart melting into the sweet vision of that gladsome mother dancing down the Norland glades like a lithe-some fairy.

Herman told him, too, of the Great Fjord and the Bird Isles and how the tender Hulda had wept at the thought of the fowler's snare. And, at last, when they were both lifted up into the realm of happy memory he spoke of the Devil's Palm and a certain ship riding to destruction—a French schooner commanded by Captain Erick Baard, a modern Viking if ever there was one, and with as colorful a reputation . . . Some day he would tell the boy more; sufficient now to say that his little Hulda had come to him out of that wreck. Ah, it had cost a pang, that memory! So little she was, so like a human violet nestling in her mother's bosom . . . And that mother, Herre Gud! would he never forget her? Nay, not though he lived on through a thousand lives! A lady of France—but this would never do; he'd say no more till later.

Johann had by now completely forgotten his grief. More, saw himself as somewhat distinguished. He was different! His mother had survived a wreck in infancy and his grandmother was a lady of France. He didn't in the least know what or where this France was, but it had a lovely sound in his ears. Poor Andre had no such history—the thought of meek little Andre reminded Johann of a neglected duty.

"Shuck! Grandfather, I clean forgot the kindling, and Pa's out in the bush. And with this charitable recollection Johann dashed back across the fields that once more had a friendly glow about them. And the meadow larks singing to the setting sun had never sounded sweeter.

Herman, watching the boy's flying figure, thought how good it was to be young and that, he fancied, was the message of the birds' carol . . . Ja, it was good to be young with the promise of eternal sunrise enthroned in the heart.

THE one outstanding event in the childhood of Johann and Andre was a journey to the Qu'Appelle with their father. Ole had contracted to haul a load of household effects for an erstwhile neighbor, and since the weather was fine and nothing in particular hindered, Helga permitted the boys to go along. Travel was by now not the lonely thing it had been formerly, though it still had its difficulties. But what did it matter if the roads were impassable and the weather abominable when one was almost certain to meet another wayfarer similarly placed. Sympathy and helpfulness and many a hearty laugh at disasters just escaped robbed the whole thing of its former terrors. And besides, now there were so many little cabins, proud in their plumes of hearth-fires dotting the plains.

The boys rehearsed many things, as the team jogged on and Ole nodded on the driver's seat. They discovered wonderful places of ambush whence

Continued on page 60

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OXO LIMITED 356 ST. ANTOINE ST. MONTREAL

Mr. Fiegenbaum's Find

Continued from page 50

you? Her legs——" she paused, with a meaning glance not intended for her daughter to see and over her listless face passed a sudden strange twist of emotion. Her lips worked for a moment. Then: "Paralyzed," she jerked out, shortly.

At the first shock of the disclosure Mr. Fiegenbaum's lips opened as though he were about to speak, but he could find no words. His glance strayed to the child, who was tracing a pattern on the window-sill with her forefinger, her eyes cast down. He now observed the extreme whiteness of her skin—the pallor of the shut-in—her blue-veined temples, the wistfulness that brooded about her mouth. So! A little crippled thing she was. That was what had made her seem so—so—well, so queer. Not quite like other little girls. Raising his glance again he met that of the woman and she shook her head in a way that indicated the utter hopelessness of the case.

"Since she was a baby." She sighed. Then, brusquely: "I got to get on with me work——"

Something about the little singer told him that her time for singing would be short. Like the little bird in Anton Chekhov's fable which he now recalled, she might have said: "Oh, for just a few more golden hours! I have many songs to sing and I should like to sing them all."

Mr. Fiegenbaum pulled his hat down over his eyes.

"Somebody should kick me already," he declared.

He went away quickly, leaving behind him on the window-sill a gold coin and beside it the blue hyacinth from his coat—exactly the color of her eyes. He hadn't been able to find any words at all.

Sudden warm, bright drops misted his sight and he brushed at his eyes impatiently and took out his handkerchief—not the lavender-bordered one but a larger one that he kept for utilitarian purposes—and blew his nose resoundingly.

"Dumbkopf!" he apostrophised himself. Then with an indescribably wistful sigh, the poignant regret of the balked artist: "Aber, what a voice she had!"

He pulled out his watch and hurried a little, for he discovered that he was now quite late for the appointment with Biedler's lady friend—who might or might not have either Voice or Legs.

It is Cold Outside

(From the Spanish)

The frost grows white on the window pane,

It is cold outside!

A big chair stretches its arms out wide,
Cushioned in comfort with silks of Spain.

The great logs are burning, they blaze
and flare,

It is cold outside!

While I am waiting the ways divide:
The way of ease and the path of care.

The spirit is willing, but lack-a-day,
It is cold outside!

The big chair opens its arms out wide,
The flesh is weak . . . and I think I'll stay.

Soothing is rest to the mind and the mood,

It is cold outside!

And life is short while the swift years glide,

And sweet do-nothing its charms intrude.

Come what may, 'tis not in vain

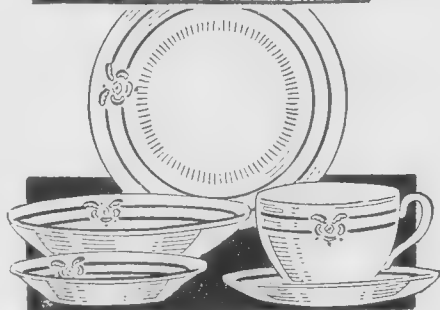
(It is cold outside!)

The big chair stretches its arms out wide,
While frost grows white on the window pane.

L. Ann Cunnington in the Observer.



Every Child Needs a Hot Cereal Breakfast



No matter how warmly you wrap up your boys and girls, they can't be well and happy unless their little bodies glow with that inner heat derived from the right cold-weather food.

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OGILVIE MINUTE OATS

served piping hot for breakfast, supply the fuel that little stomachs—and big ones, too—transform into heat that fortifies against the ailments common in these days of extreme temperature changes.

Serve OGILVIE Minute Oats—prepared in a jiffy—every morning, and obtain FREE this handsome Breakfast Set of fine semi-porcelain, exactly as illustrated here. In every OGILVIE Premium Package you'll find one piece of this lovely Breakfast Set.

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LTD.

Mills at:
WINNIPEG, MEDICINE HAT,
EDMONTON

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

The Truth about "Cheap" Paint

"Cheap" paint isn't cheap. The low price is a fooler. You pay less by the gallon than you do for SWP—the finest paint of all—but the "cheap" paint will cost you more by the job and by the year.

That startling truth is now revealed for the first time in an interesting booklet entitled "A Lesson in Paint Economy." We have prepared this booklet to prove that SWP gives you a lower cost job, a longer lasting job,

and a better looking job than any so-called "cheap" House Paint. Know the real facts. Get this booklet from your Sherwin-Williams dealer or write Sherwin-Williams, Montreal, for free copy.



FOR BEST RESULTS USE

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

PAINTS-VARNISHES-ROGERS LACQUER

MARJORIE McKENNA TO-DAY



SAME GIRL 9 YEARS AGO



BEFORE TAKING VIROL



AFTER 8 WEEKS ON VIROL

HOW VIROL BUILDS for LIFE

Read this Remarkable Evidence:—

At 7 years 5 months Marjorie McKenna was admitted to Rosevale Hospital, Dumfries, in a state of extreme emaciation and exhaustion (Photo 1); she weighed 25½ lbs. She had no special treatment except Virol, which was given her thrice daily.

The Matron says: "Virol restored her to health." Eight weeks after admission she weighed 39½ lbs. (Photo 2).

At the age of 16 she is a well-grown girl (see large photo), and her Doctor writes: "I have examined Marjorie McKenna and find that she is in perfect health."

No other food has the same reconstructive powers as Virol. Give your child Virol in the critical years of growth and development.

VIROL

THE FOOD OF LIFE

Sold in 16 oz., 8 oz. & 4 oz. tins.

Canadian Importers: BOVRIL LIMITED, Montreal.

Sales Representatives for Canada: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., LIMITED, Toronto.



Olive and Nut Sandwiches

Chop finely an equal quantity of olives and nuts and mix with it a good mayonnaise made with Keen's Mustard. Spread on a lettuce leaf and place between slices of well-buttered brown bread.

That Final Touch!

Experienced sandwich-makers everywhere agree that a dash of fresh mustard adds zest and flavour to any sandwich. Put in a little mustard next time you make sandwiches. You'll be surprised and delighted at their wonderfully improved flavour.

KEEN'S MUSTARD

COLMAN-KEEN (Canada) Limited, 1000 Amherst St., Montreal

Johann Lind

Continued from page 58

Indians might pounce out upon the traveller unawares and Andre, at least, was very certain that many a stream they crossed had run red with blood in the Reil rebellion. Oh, he was very certain of it!

"Don't you think so, Papa"? he reiterated in round-eyed insistence.

Ole had no fancy for such speculation. "Tist! Andre, such a foolishness! Do you want to raise a ghost, maybe, and scare the horses and kill us all? Ja, didn't I tell you such talk ain't ever any good?"

Andre giggled and nudged his brother slyly. "Tain't the horses he's worrying about, I'll bet," he whispered wickedly, and then in afterthought: "But Mamma says there ain't any—ghosts and things."

"I don't know," came Johann's disquieting answer, "if there is—somehow seems to me there should be. Look now, how those trees are shaking—how do you know it ain't a spirit—?"

Andre changed the subject hastily. "Let's sing," said he. "Let's sing the elf-song." And without waiting for encouragement out welled the pretty verses:

Gazing on the moonlight I lingered in the glade.

Hosts of fairies gathered around me, where I stayed,

Sounding elfin bugles they burst upon my sight;

Chiming their bells in the clear starry night.

Spurring snowy chargers, and dashing o'er the ground,

Twinkling golden hoofs, though they made not a sound,

Like unto the swans from our northern heaths among,

Wafting splendid feathers, and notes of tuneful song.

Clear and true the young voices echoed through the silent wood as pretty a sound as ever the Saskatchewan had entertained. Even Ole succumbed to the temptation, joining in the last verse with his hoarse bellow! A terrific noise, enough, one would think, to break any fairy spell:

Laughing as she greeted me the fairy queen rode by;

Laughing as she spurred her horse of mettle high.

Did she mock the love I have brooded o'er of late?

Or is it a warning of treacherous fate?

When the last words died away they fell silent. Whether in tribute to the sweetness of the song, or the magic of the smiling land, it is hard to say. Around them the quiet Canadian prairie spread like a Kingdom of Dreams. Here, a golden meadow, shot through with flaming lilies and yellow daisies; there, a clump of willows, in varying shades of russet and green; and, over against the peerless blue of the wide horizon, rows of silver birch and graceful poplar draped their plume-like heads.

At last the happy travellers came to the Qu'Appelle. The Scandinavian is a lover of Nature, never forgetting the charm of mountain, fjord and fields of his native land and sensitive to the like wherever he may be. Ole drew in his breath sharply as they topped a rise in the land and saw below, like a verdant paradise, the beautiful valley. Nu, da, if only Helga were here, he mused, as he checked the team and gazed spellbound at the scene before him.

A great cleft in the face of the plain is this valley; a sunken garden through which the somewhat insignificant river

pursues its capricious way. Like no other is the hidden valley and after miles of flat prairie its peculiar sand-hills, showing the action of ancient waters upon them and flaunting a host of colors, is a joy forever.

Trees there are as well, poplars and pines, and willows that stand like happy Naiads along the ridges of the hills. Upon all this Ole fed his hungry eyes and a sort of fever took possession of his soul. These hills and that murmuring river, how poignantly they reminded him of home. . . . And he had thought that Canada could never do that—Foolish Ole, how little he knew the wealth and wide appeal of his chosen country. How little he knew that Canada had somewhere in her mighty bosom an exact replica of almost every land and welcomes to her fruitful breast the exile of every nation!

The boys were not insensible to the gracious scene. Little Andre squealed with delight, pointing here and there at what most impressed him. Johann sat silent, his dark eyes dilated, his throat all of a sudden hot with queer new pain. Something never felt before tugged at his young heart, an indefinable longing, half joy, half pain. And then, somewhere in a distant copse a bird poured out an ecstasy of song. Johann caught his breath sharply; oh, that was it—only a song like that could express the spirit of the Qu'Appelle.

Ole puffed out his red cheeks in a stormy sigh and shaking himself like a Great Dane returned to the commonplace. Echo House was still a considerable distance off, and there his old neighbor, Andy Thomas, would be waiting impatiently.

The descent into the valley was not without excitement. The horses snorted and whisked their tails; the wagon wheels groaned and growled and the boys hung on for dear life while the clumsy contrivance lurched downward to the pleasant levels below. The settlement itself was only a jumble of ugly log houses and innumerable tents but an amazing array of teams, wagons, carts and saddle ponies gave the place an air of busy importance. But what eclipsed everything else for the boys was the Indian population. Indians, painted and be-feathered, of every age and degree of villainy sat about the trading post or stalked along the roads in dour silence. Little Andre was sure it meant another mutiny and Johann wickedly hoped so. But, to their utter disgust, Ole failed to react to their dread prediction and rattled on in a cloud of dust past a coterie of carmined braves to whom a lordly fellow in high hat and eagle feather was delivering some sort of oration. Quite obviously a living Indian had less terror for their father than a dead one.

At Echo House Mr. Thomas was eagerly awaiting them, and, while he and Ole watered and fed the tired team, the boys ventured to investigate the one street of the town. Later they all had supper in the dingy dining-room of the hotel boarding house.

This once-famous hostelry was something like forty feet by twenty-one in size, boasting five upstairs chambers and a total of twelve beds. To accommodate the overflow the proprietor had erected a huge tent adjacent to the building and here were twelve more cots in various stages of dilapidation and, as was usual, both tent and building were crowded to capacity. Owing as much to diplomacy as to the state of his purse Mr. Thomas had procured a bed on the night previous, which he now generously offered to

Continued on page 62

Do You Know of Better Value or Anything More Distinctly Canadian Than The Western Home Monthly?

Firestone Dealers



**Are Trained and
Equipped to
Save You Money
and Serve You Better**



Firestone has added HUNDREDS of the world's best tire dealers to its great distributing organization during the past year. Many more are seeking the Firestone dealer franchise for this coming year.

This is significant to car owners because it means more convenient and better service, and is just another evidence of the leadership and quality of Firestone Tires.

Besides the tremendous consumer demand, there are other reasons for this ever increasing preference for Firestone among the best tire dealers of the country.

A few important reasons are that for 28 years the name Firestone has stood for the highest quality and value in tires; Firestone workers take personal pride in producing the best and most uniform product; Firestone sells tires only through regular established dealers—the



outstanding tire merchants in every community. This great manufacturing organization—controlling raw materials in primary markets—having branches, and distributors in all parts of Canada, assuring fresh, clean stocks and quick, efficient distribution—is behind every dealer; and Firestone Dealers know tire construction and tire service; having been trained at Dealer Educational Meetings.

Firestone Dealers have the latest equipment; the knowledge—the Firestone spirit and idea of service. No other dealer can give you the same values and serve you so well.

Firestone Dealers have lines of tires to meet the purse and requirements of every car owner. There is a Firestone Dealer near you to take care of your requirements, save you money and serve you better.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada Limited

Hamilton, Ontario

FIRESTONE BUILDS THE ONLY GUM-DIPPED TIRES

The BABY



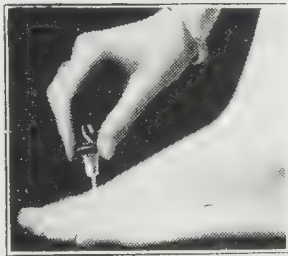
No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ill. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without shock to the system. Without the evil taste. It's delicious! Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to aid sound, natural sleep.

Just one warning: it is genuine Fletcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs, but no child of this writer's is going to test them! Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's
CASTORIA



Corns Vanish after this amazing liquid

*Acts like an anaesthetic
Stops pain in 3 seconds*

INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring. Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once. Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

Johann Lind

Continued from page 60

share with Ole. The boys were put to bed in the wagon box, but owing to their lively fancies, abetted by the incessant tom-toms of the Indians, they scarcely closed an eyelid the whole night through. A circumstance which, none the less did not diminish their appetite for breakfast or quench their thirst for adventure. While the men were apportioning the load between their teams and completing the thousand and one preparations for a rough haul over a new trail, Johann and Andre decided to explore the neighborhood.

They had learned that the tribes, assembled on the plains just over the top of a tantalizing hill, were about to hold a celebration for the admittance of braves. After some little hesitation the boys decided to breast the hill and see for themselves just what was going on. Once at the top they wished themselves away, for never had such a scene confronted them. At least a hundred wagons, each with its peering, painted faces flanked the many wigwams, and the noise in the encampment resembled nothing so much as the roaring of a giant hive. Perhaps the greatest din proceeded from the chief's tent, a huge affair slung on light cross poles that looked altogether inadequate and proved a marvel of invention. The smoke curling up from this imposing dwelling and the peculiar odor issuing from the circular doorway proclaimed to the initiated that the sacred dish of dog-stew was in preparation.

There was no end of marvels for the young Scandinavians. Spellbound, squatting native fashion on the very edge of the steep decline, they sat and stared. That the festivities were well under way was quite apparent; noise and smells and bizarre array, all proclaimed it. Two Indians especially captured their fancy, for even to their unenlightened minds it was plain they were a power recognized and honored. The elder of the two, a grim, hawk-nosed, battle-scarred brave was robed in a dirty white blanket, blanket trousers and gaudy moccasins. Above his waist he compromised with the old and the new by wearing a yellow neckerchief and broad bands of blue and scarlet paint. His friend, whom the boys later learned was none other than Pasqua, chief of the Qu'Appelle Indians, outshone him in more ways than one. Handsome as the other was ugly, Pasqua wore on his proud black head a Jim Crow hat set at a rakish angle. His jacket was richly beaded, his trousers bright with braid and from his shapely shoulders hung a black drapery tipped with bells that tinkled musically as he stepped along. From his waist was suspended a fire-bag for matches and tobacco and on his bare bronze chest sparkled a pair of scissors and a looking-glass.

This was too much for Johann's sense of humor. "Andre, Andre," he giggled hilariously, "it's a good thing that looking-glass hangs where it is—that red and yellow face would sure crack it."

"Oh, gosh!" groaned poor little Andre, "now you've done it! See, they are looking at us—Sure, now they'll scalp us!"

Simultaneously with Andre's terrified wail came such a crashing and howling from the central tent that the young interlopers waited for no more but dashed pell-mell down the precipitous hillside, never stopping till they reached the welcome stoop of Echo House.

Disappointment waited them. That excursion had consumed more time than they had anticipated and the men, jealous of daylight, had gone on

without them. If all went well Ole expected to be back the next night, until which time the boys were to abide by the hotelkeeper's commands and counsel. Nothing remained but to make the best of it.

"If we could only go swimming it wouldn't be so bad," began the philosophic Andre, "somewhere away from these Indians, I mean," he added hastily.

"Well, if the stream here don't suit you," spoke up the perspiring waiter who had been consoling them, "why don't you trot to the Mission. 'Tain't so far at that."

"The very thing!" the boys agreed in a single breath. Yes, indeed, they'd love to see the Mission with its lovely gardens and little church so they'd have something nice to tell their mother when they got home. The Mission was a most welcome suggestion. So much of their difficulty settled they further succeeded in getting a lunch of thick sandwiches and black tea from their new advisor. With that, and the promise of cooling waters before them, they set off joyfully despite the boiling sun and the long dusty miles.

THE first glimpse of the Mission and its humble church was singularly pleasant. The buildings were of wood and stucco, neatly thatched with straw. The porch of the Mission House was overrun with hops, and a gay little garden spread to the very edge of the shining lake. The little garden was justly famous and represented a labor of love. Flowers of every sort and color rioted side by side with hardy vegetables; food for the spirit and food for the body, going hand in hand. The small white chapel with, at its west entry, a simple framework supporting the two church bells stood nearby. To the east lay the graveyard.

"Funny place, isn't it?" whispered Johann, referring, as one might expect, to the little plot of dead souls.

"Sh-h—" cautioned Andre, "someone might hear you. You oughtn't to talk in a place like this." That might be, but Johann proceeded to satisfy his healthy curiosity, and Andre followed. Many of the graves had queer ornamental boxes over them, a sort of miniature house, and each had its white crosses at head and foot.

"See that space 'tween the top and bottom of the graves?" Johann pointed, "that's where the spirit passes. That red-haired teacher from Winnipeg told us all about it," he explained proudly. "And those little baskets and tins are to hold the gifts for the Spirit."

"What's in 'em, do you suppose," interrupted Andre, true to his practical strain.

"Let's find out," said Johann.

"Oh, no! Something'd sure get us. 'Tain't right to monkey round a graveyard." Johann hooted in uncharitable glee. What would get them? a dead Indian or a live one? Oh, Andre was a ghost believer and a silly booby! Then, mischief possessing him, Johann remembered that tobacco was the gift most often bequeathed to the departed friend. What sport it would be to appropriate some of that tobacco for his superstitious father. The thought of poor Ole's consternation on being told whence the gift had come, made the young rascal laugh aloud with sheer delight. Andre thrilled at the prospect of witnessing the fun, but more than doubted the safety of such procedure.

"But, Johann," he counselled sagely, "you know there ain't no proofs there ain't no ghosts—there might be."

Continued on page 94

WRIGLEY'S

The cool, comforting flavor of WRIGLEY'S Spearmint is a lasting pleasure.

It cleanses the mouth after eating—gives a clean taste and sweet breath.

It is refreshing and digestion aiding.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
AFTER EVERY MEAL

When You Catch Cold Rub on Musterole

Just Rub Away Danger

Musterole is easy to apply and works right away. It may prevent a cold from turning into "flu" or pneumonia. It does all the good work of grand-mother's mustard plaster.



Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Try Musterole for sore throat, cold on the chest, rheumatism, lumbago, pleurisy, stiff neck, bronchitis, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back and joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet—colds of all sorts.

The Musterole Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Montreal



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

AFTER A HARD DAY

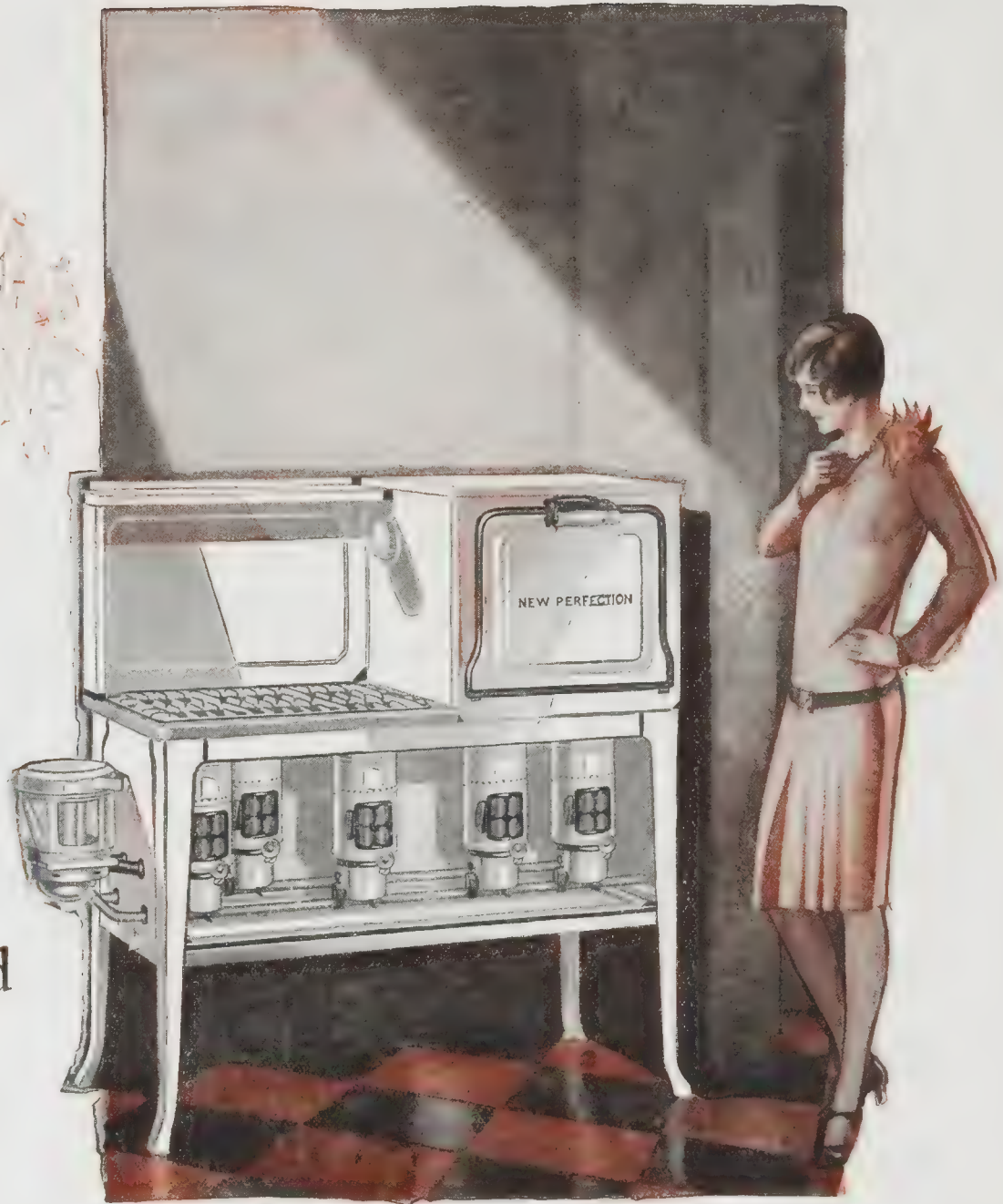
Whether it's fatigue of body or of brain, nothing pulls you together like a steaming hot cup of "Camp." Ready in a moment. Just add hot water.

"CAMP" COFFEE

K. Paterson & Sons, Ltd.,
Glasgow.

**For your
health's sake—
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
first thing
every morning**

... the last word
in kitchen
beauty



The SMP Guaranteed Refrigerator—A product of General Steel Wares Limited, who also manufacture a full range of household equipment, including: Electric, Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges; Furnaces; Enameled Ware; Aluminum Ware and a complete line of Kitchen Utensils, etc..

WE are pleased to introduce the New Perfection . . . a full porcelain enamel oil-burning range! Everything you could possibly want in a range is here. Twenty-seven modern features!

Snow white porcelain enamel finish throughout. Easy to keep looking new. The designs are entirely new, trim and graceful. Takes up little space. There's not a single feature missing.

See the built-in "live heat" oven. It is air insulated, porcelain enamel lined and has the highest-priced,

accurate temperature indicator ever put on an oil-burning range.

The long, double-wall chimneys multiply the cooking heat and keep kitchen vessels clean. Only with Perfection's patented long chimney burners is such clean, intense heat produced by oil, the safe, economical fuel.

This range is one of 24 splendid new models, priced from \$25 to \$210. If your husband is driving the latest model six-cylinder car, then by the same standard you should have the latest and the best Perfection Oil Burning Range in your kitchen.

Write for
interesting
booklet and full
particulars to

PERFECTION

Oil Burning Ranges

GENERAL STEEL WARES
LIMITED



Spring Fashions Display Much that Is Charming

THE graceful feminizing cape has a very important place in Spring Fashions. It is shown as part of a dress, or coat, again as completing an ensemble, and often as a separate garment.

On a coat cut in three tiers, the cape forms the upper tier and extends to the hips. Its fronts are turned back to form shawl revers.

Other cape models show full circular sections joined to round yokes, sometimes finished with tie ends in front.

In evening dresses one finds tiers and flounces well represented, as are also rippled jabots and cascades, draped collars and fluttering panels.

Taffeta seems to reappear each year at this season, and so it is again sponsored for dressy coats, ensembles and daytime dresses also for youthful dance frocks. It is shown in floral patterns, and in geometrical designs.

Printed and plain chiffon will be used for spring and summer frocks.

The diagonal line is stressed in daytime and evening dresses, as is also the hemline that slants.

Black over pink is much in evidence.

A dress of yellow crepe has a bloused waist finished with roundneck line, and a skirt cut in many sections, each ending in a round scallop at the lower edge.

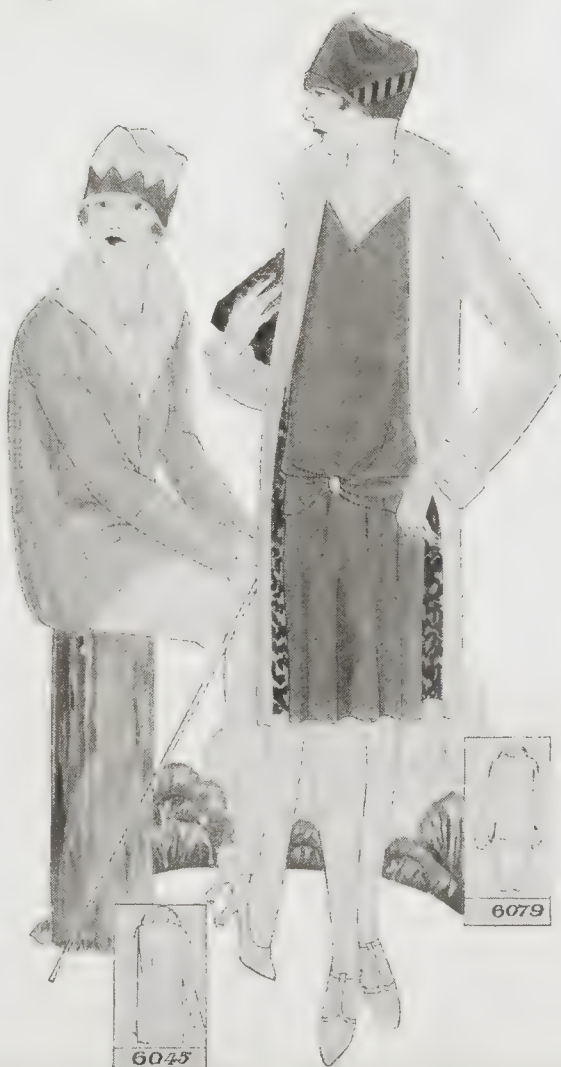
Brown and beige combine well in an ensemble costume made with a seven-eighths length collarless and buttonless coat. The coat lining is brown and the brown is used on pointed emplacements of the blouse, and on the band cuffs of the bishop sleeve.

The long sleeve frock for tennis is being exploited.

The trouser skirt which really is the Turkish trousers, is a comfortable garment and will be approved of generally ere many seasons have passed.

On a sleeveless formal frock a sheer shoulder cape of chiffon is very attractive.

The new prints are in small designs, in cross bar plaids or dots or tweed patterns.



Wool jersey in lace weaves, in stripes or plain is shown for sports dresses, and one piece day frocks.

For afternoon frocks, silk crepe, crepe de chine, satin crepe and other crepe weaves, as well as soft light weight metal brocades and metal fabrics are shown.

Dinner dresses that are also suitable for afternoon or for informal evening affairs, are made with sleeves or with a bolero.

For almost any evening engagement a dress oforgette or chiffon is suitable made in petal effect or with flowing draperies.

The blouse becomes ever more important in the scheme of the mode. It is smart with a formal ensemble or with a suit as part of a sports costume. For shopping or for the theatre a two piece blouse dress is convenient.

Separate coats that are worn with tailored suits, sports suits and sports frocks for traveling or motoring, should harmonize with the rest of the outfit.

Celonese voiles are crisp as organdy and transparent as chiffon and wash and iron very well.

A new style of bouffant frock has a loop, puff or bow at one hip above a wide gathered flounce, that runs in a diagonal line to below the hip on the other side.

Long tunic blouses are worn with short flounce skirts.

Necklines may be V shaped, square, round or one sided.

A very smart frock made with long sleeves that are gathered above a narrow band, has a flare skirt cut in six gores.

A loose drape at the diagonal closing of a one piece frock effects a very pleasing uneven hemline.

Plaited godets lend variety to an otherwise plain skirt.

Bias bands of fabric on the waist and fringe on the skirt below a shaped yoke makes an afternoon dress very attractive.

For description of these models see page 68

THIS POLISH CLEANS *and preserves*

YOU CAN ADD the charm of wax-polished floors to your home without disarranging your rooms or even soiling your hands.

The easy Johnson's Polishing Wax Electric way takes every bit of hard work out of the process, and makes it possible for you to accomplish this important home improvement in a very short time.

There is no stooping or kneeling — no messy rags and pails. Just apply a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax over any finish — varnish, shellac, wax or paint — to wood, linoleum, tile or composition floors. All grime and dirt disappears at once, for this Wax cleans as well as polishes.

Now you are ready for the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher. You'll be surprised how easily it glides over the floors. There's not the slightest effort on your part. Simply guide it as it burnishes your floors to a radiant luster that adds a new note of refinement to your home, and new efficiency to its upkeep.

Johnson's Polishing Wax makes it so much easier to keep your floors in the gleamingly immaculate condition good housekeeping demands. Waxed floors do not attract dust and germs, nor show heel-prints.

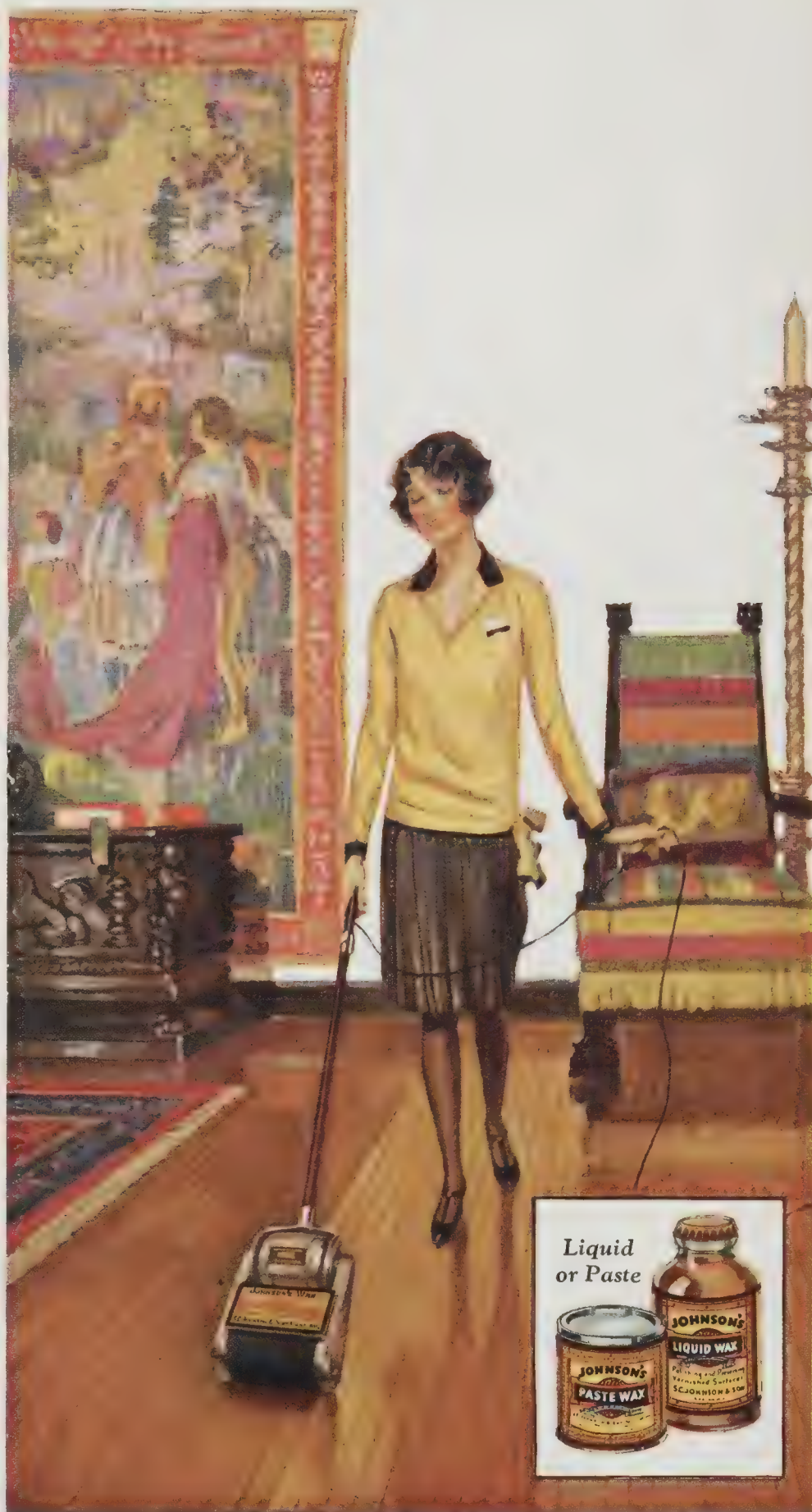
Even the places where traffic is heaviest remain smoothly polished, for the hard wax is like an invisible shield which stands between the finish of your floors and all wearing and marring. Floors protected with Johnson's Polishing Wax never again need refinishing, always an expensive and uncomfortable ordeal in any home.

Rent a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher from your nearest grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store. You can get it by the day or half-day — according to your needs — and the rate is very low. Many women are buying one of these Polishers for their own exclusive home use. They find it soon pays for itself in time and labor saved, especially since the price has recently been reduced from \$48.50 to only \$35.50.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Ltd., BRANTFORD

"The Floor Finishing Authorities"

Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal



JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE OR LIQUID ···· CLEANS · POLISHES · PRESERVES · PROTECTS

YOUR HOME SHOULD COME FIRST



Living Room Suite No. 794
High Back Chair No. 788

Only Kroehler can give such values in *living room furniture*

HERE is an irresistible charm in a stylish Kroehler davenport or chair, for it is a fascinating blend of exquisitely textured covering materials, depth and softness of cushions, and grace of line.

You can see at once that here is smartness and comfort. What you cannot see—but it is there, nevertheless—is the inbuilt worth, both in workmanship and materials, that gives this furniture its amazingly long life and that retains to the utmost limit the luxurious restfulness for which Kroehler furniture has always been famous.

And yet, with all this quality—comparable only with the most costly pieces—Kroehler furniture is surprisingly moderate in price for the immense facilities of Kroehler are all concentrated on producing the best that can be built at the lowest possible cost. That is why there is more Kroehler living room furniture sold than any other kind.

Hidden Qualities

Whenever you see the Kroehler label on a piece of furniture it means that every part is built of selected materials. The frame, for example, is of kiln-dried hardwood, strongly braced, glued and doweled—not merely soft wood nailed together.

The resilient and non-sagging seat springs are heavy, high-carbon wire of premier quality, interlocked with a flexible spring, steel understructure firmly attached to the hardwood frame. *This is far stronger than the old style webbing.*

Sterilized flax fiber, best moss and felted cotton are used for filling. Seat cushions are filled with patented, resilient, soft-yielding coil springs—thickly padded with clean, white felted cotton.

Concealed Beds

Your Kroehler davenport may be had, if you wish, with a full-size comfortable double bed, entirely concealed under the seat cushions. It has room for removing mattress and bedding, and is all steel, fitted with sagless cable fabric and helical springs.

See your Kroehler dealer. He will be glad to show you a wide variety of fine—quality covering materials in silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo, cut pattern and jacquard velours, linen frieze and moquette, leather or Chase leatherwove.

Note—Cotton Fabrics, such as Jacquard Velours and Tapestries, are immune from moths, and all Kroehler Mohairs are Eulanized—the most effective germicide known to science.

Convenient Terms

Insist on seeing the Kroehler label on every piece. Your dealer will be glad to arrange convenient terms. Upon request we will send you name of your nearest Kroehler dealer and copy of our illustrated book, "Enjoyable Living Rooms."

KROEHLER MFG. CO., LTD.
Stratford, Ontario

Factories also at Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Texas; Binghamton, N.Y.; Los Angeles, Cal.; San Francisco, Cal.; Cleveland, O.



KROEHLER

Living Room Furniture

DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE



LOOK FOR THIS KROEHLER LABEL

Cushioned for Comfort

Continued from page 28

And with the sofa that displays its frame of walnut or mahogany, we can have chairs in the same spirit; still with upholstered seat and back that keep them well within the bounds of comfort.

Easy chairs abound that do not owe anything to the "chesterfield type," but which carry on earlier traditions or set out quite on their own, to meet a new need.

The wing chair, for instance, is an old, old friend. There is always a protective let-me-look-after-you air about a good wing chair, that endears it vastly. Its high back extends above the top of the head and its "wings" bend forward in such a way that slight drafts or the direct breeze from an open window, can be avoided quite successfully.

Another joy to the ease-lover—and a chair that looks extremely well—is the Coxwell chair, which is enjoying the cream of fashion's approval at the moment, and winning new admirers every day. It is a low-slung chair, with a seat so deep from front to back that it catches the person of average size snugly under the knees, in a manner that is restful beyond imagining. The arms extend only part of the way forward—and of course the back and seat are beautifully upholstered. A really luxurious chair, the Coxwell! It lends itself to luxury coverings if they are wanted—softly finished leathers, needlework, fine tapestries or damasks, and all the world of new fabrics in plain or patterned designs—from the richest brocades to the simplest of upholsterers' sateen, in a rich or glowing color.

Delightfully adapted to the uses of almost any room, are the great family of small upholstered chairs—of the "ladies' chair" type, but not too small to commend themselves to the ease-loving man as well; such a chair is illustrated for you in a rather square-cut design, with covering of striped and brocaded material, and with the loose cushion that contains its own springs and built-up layers of comfort. This chair is a splendid choice for the smaller living-rooms and lends itself well to a plan for having all the chairs truly comfortable. Without the loose cushion, a chair of these lines with a modest covering, can be bought for an exceedingly small sum, and to

my mind offers a solution for many furnishing problems.

The rounded rather than the square design, sometimes with the back turning and sloping gradually to form the arms, strikes much the same note of general attractiveness and usefulness; and in somewhat heavier build, we have the popular tub chair.

ILLUSTRATED also is one of the best designs for the chaise longue—that descendant of the old day-bed which we are coming to appreciate more and more as the days go by. The bedroom or informal sitting-room will make the most excellent use of one of these long rest-chairs. The forty-winks that can mean so much during the day, are too often passed by because it does not seem worth while to turn back the covers of the bed; the chaise longue, with a pretty knitted afghan or attractive throw of some kind folded across its foot, is ready to encourage the reviving nap at any moment; it will turn any few minutes of rest into real refreshment and relaxation, in a way that the most comfortable of easy chairs cannot quite do.

The model shown has a loose cushion; others will be in the solidly upholstered type; one will have the balanced rounded head whilst another will continue one raised side half way to the foot, as a modified back. To gain access to the more formal room, the chaise longue often divides itself into two quite conventional pieces—a handsome chair with a well sloped back and a large square stool of the same width and height; drawn together in a moment of relaxation, they merge into one most inviting piece of furniture.

Speaking of coverings brings up the point that we can establish the widest possible range of effects with the very same upholstered pieces of furniture, merely by the use of different fabrics in covering them. There are of course some pieces that are essentially formal in style and that really demand the use of a rich fabric, put on in a permanent and beautifully finished fashion. But the great majority of our over-stuffed and cushioned pieces, can be covered with materials of widely different character and effect, and give us rooms of the utmost individuality, even when furniture of almost standardized line is used.

Continued on page 82



Courtesy Snyders Ltd

This is a most adaptable type of chaise longue and small upholstered chair

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to keep your floors
clean, bright and
beautiful?



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When your subscription expires. Perhaps not until next year (lucky you!). Perhaps not until Christmas (again lucky you!) but perhaps (though we try not to be morbid) it expires this month! Take a peep at the date on the address label and end this horrible suspense. If the news is sad, the coupon below may prove handy.

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Illustrated is the Brassier with the new Lavender Line "Dance" knicker. This knicker has a flat waistband and French cuffs at the

knees, permitting the sheerest frock to be worn with undisturbed line. It is cut sufficiently full to permit freedom of movement, and comes in the enduringly lovely Lavender Line cloth.

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WOODS Lavender Line

WOODS UNDERWEAR CO., LIMITED
70 CRAWFORD ST., TORONTO

New Ideas for the Children's Wardrobe

Continued from page 64

6094 Velveteen, crepe, rep, linen or flannel are excellent materials for this style.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 2½ yards of 36 inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing cuffs and belt.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6101. Crepe de chine, batiste, dimity, taffeta, china silk, and mull are attractive materials for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2 year size will require 1¼ yard of 39 inches material. To trim neck and sleeve edges with bias binding requires 1 yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6102. A practical feature of this pleasing design is the extension which closes over the back.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 6 months, 1 and 2 years. To make the Rompers for a 6 months size will require 1½ yard of 27 inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and cuffs.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6097. Crepe de chine, chiffon, mull batiste and taffeta are all attractive for the development of this design.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require 1¾ yard of material 32 inches wide or wider, if made with puff sleeves. Without the puff sleeves 1½ yard is required. To trim as illustrated will require 4½ yards of insertion or lace banding.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6099. One could use linen, drill Indian head, as well as pongee, flannel or serge for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size will require 2¾ yards of 27 inch material together with ¾ yard of contrasting material for yoke and sleeve facing.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6100. Denim, drill, gingham, pongee and cotton prints are very desirable for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10 year size will require 2¾ yards of 36 inch material. To trim the free edges as illustrated will require 3½ yards of bias binding.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6077. Sateen and cretonne, crepe and metal cloth, or crepe de chine, georgette or voile may be used for this attractive model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size if made as illustrated in the large view will require 2½ yards of figured material and ¾ yards of plain material 32 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6086. Georgette, crepe de chine, voile, batiste, satin, or radium silk may be used for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make the design for a Medium Size will require 2½ yards of 32 inch material. To trim as illustrated will require 3½ yards of lace edging or banding. For the straps of ribbon 1 yard is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6039. This model provides an underwaist or underbody to which Bloomers or Panties are attached. Either style may be used.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the garment for a 12 year size will require 1¼ yard of 32 inch material for the underbody, if made with shaped shoulders or ¾ yard if made with camisole top, and 1 yard of 36 inch material for the Bloomers. The Panties will require ¾ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6084. Checked suiting, flannel, jersey weaves as well as satin, moire, and crepe are good for this style.



Young Fashion Sprouts

This Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes for Misses, 16, 18, and 20 years, and in 4 Sizes for Ladies, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. An 18 year size will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for plastron, and facings on collar, belt, and pocket. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6082. Jacket ensembles are youthful and attractive. In the model here pictured, the Dress is sleeveless, and the Jacket in box style with open fronts.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material 39 inches wide for the waist portions, and $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of contrasting material for skirt portions and jacket. If made without the jacket $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard less of 39 inch material is required. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6080. Jersey, flannel, tub silk or linen could be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for yoke facings, and for facing on cuffs and belt. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6081. Taffeta in a smart plaid design was used for this model. It is also pleasing in crepella or crepe de chine, and in linen.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 in. size will require 4 yards of 39 inch material. To face the collar with contrasting material will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 32 inches wide. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6079. Satin, crepe, printed silk and georgette are all desirable for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the Dress as illustrated for a 38 inch size will require 1 yard of 32 inch lining for the underbody, and $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35 inch material, together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for collar, cuff, and reverse facings, and for the sleeve extensions. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6045. Tweed, camels hair woolen velveteen, fur fabrics and fur are all appropriate for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material. It will require $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40 inch contrasting material for facing on pocket flaps, collar and fronts, cut lengthwise.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

Any of these up-to-date patterns may be obtained by forwarding 25 cents to the Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Be sure and state the size required.

In Beauty's Name

By G. Arthur Hallam

*How shall tiara'd Beauty hold her own,
Against the marshalled forces that invade,
In furtive phalanx, her ethereal throne,
Star-spangled and with peerless pearl
inlaid.*

*O who shall combat Time's marauding sway:
The vengeful cavalcade of vanquished
hours,*

*The stern assaults of each despoiling day,—
Time's ruthless archery that storms the
towers*

*And battlements of her unguarded halls,
Where Love alone upon his Queen may
wait,*

*Unmindful of the horde beyond the walls,—
Dire, heartless Moments, bivouac'd with
Fate.*

*O what shall bring this miracle to pass?
Not all earth's armaments nor art, alas!*



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(REGISTERED)

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ALL LEADING DRAPERS AND STORES SELL "LUVISCA," 37-38 ins. wide—in latest shades and colourings—striped designs and plain shades—self-coloured check effects. Also "Luvisca" Garments ready-to-wear in newest styles and designs.

IF any difficulty in obtaining write Mr. F. B. Foster, Room 409, 275 Craig Street West, Montreal.

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Re-arrange the furniture and rugs—freshen up the rooms with different drapes—change the entire color scheme every once in a while.

Wouldn't home be like a prison to a woman who couldn't change things around?

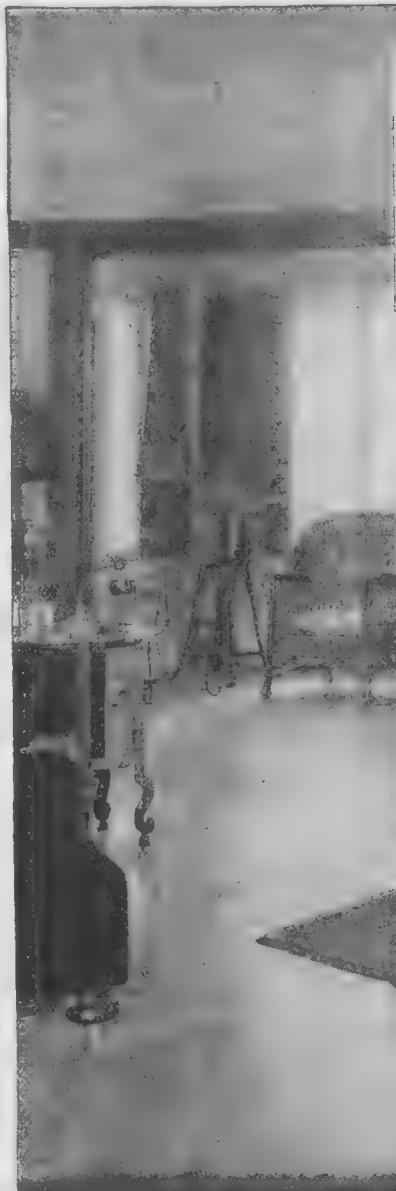
How often floor coverings by sheer force of color or design, render these desirable changes very, very difficult—sometimes impossible!

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"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly helps bring out the beauty of eyebrows, lashes, hair, hands.

For scalp and hair—To treat the scalp, part the hair, lock by lock, massage the scalp at the part with "Vaseline" Jelly on the finger tips. Leave on over night, then shampoo.

To shape the eyebrows—Apply a bit of "Vaseline" Jelly with the finger tip and shape with an eyebrow brush.

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To beautify hands—If the hands are rough massage with "Vaseline" Jelly and wear soft silk or cotton gloves over night. Makes the hands soft, and keeps the cuticle of the nails firm.

Remember, when you buy, that the trade mark "Vaseline" on the package gives you the assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 5520 Chabot Ave., Montreal, Canada.

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166 Stinson, The Lewis Institute, Detroit

Wild West

Continued from page 53

didn't know what to do; I found her on the floor." The voices were floating away now. Just pieces of what they said came through. "Couldn't lift her." The words melted again—only sounds with fright in them now.

But now there was a treble voice, that didn't blunder, that was like clear water, melting away the hot, hard blackness. "Don't be frightened, Father, it's part of the game. I keep telling Mrs. Swanson mother said not to be frightened even if she didn't wake up." If only the heavy voices wouldn't crowd away the clear one. "Oh, Doctor, it was over before I got here. I didn't know what to do."

"Doctor, she isn't—she isn't—Is there any—" That was Niel's voice, like a muffler. With fright wrapped up in it. If only she could open her eyes, could give them some sign. If she could hack herself out of the hard dark. A wet burning in her mouth. Choking. This may bring her round." Voices swimming off again. And now coming clear. "I kept putting a cloth with household ammonia to her nose. I didn't know what to do. It was eleven when I got here, and all night like this." Fright in Mrs. Swanson's voice.

Funny, she was hearing everything now, and they didn't know she was alive. "Betty, run away." "But I'm a nurse. Mother said I could play nurse." "Run away, dear." "Doctor, there is a chance?" "Betty, do run away; go, get yourself a glass of milk." "Doctor—" "Well, y-e-s—"

Milk. Milk. No one had milked the cow. Poor cow. Cow would get sick. Someone must milk her. The cow. If she could say it out loud, if she could gather her whole self together and say "Cow. Cow. Cow. Cow!"

Her lips were moving! Darling, what is it? Nice, how the fright was beginning to spill out of Niel's voice. "Don't try to talk, darling; your strength will come back. You're all

right, dear." Her eyelids were thawing; there was Niel's face, all streaked. That must be eyelashes. Only they didn't hear what she was shouting. Cow. Cow. Cow!"

Betty heard, Betty understood. "Father, nobody milked Bossy!"

Such relief! Now they knew; now she could leave everything to them; now she could sleep. Only there was something—something—some other thing. What was it all about? If Niel could tell her—but what? what? "Niel."

"Oh, darling, you're all right. She is, doctor, isn't she? There, what did I tell you? And the dearest mite of a son."

Of course, now she could sleep. What was it they were saying? "Mite? Eight pounds?" "Well, then, the sweetest little elephant." Niel was almost laughing. Eight pounds. That was what it weighed—the pivot of the universe. The deliciousness of drifting off to sleep. Only here was her body, dragging her back. Dull, thudding pain. No matter. Time enough. The universe had its new pivot. "The sweetest little elephant." A new child. Only, now, till this desperate weakness passed, she must think of some less violent joy.

Ye Editor Waxes Comparative

What a fish or worm is to a robin, what a saxophone is to a jazz band, what a watermelon is to a darkey, what four aces are to a poker player, what a powder puff is to a flapper—when a farmer sees his 40-bushel-to-the-acre-wheat-field, the hum of the binder is to him.—Stettler (Alta.) Independent.

Bananaland Warfare

Some of the soldiers attached to the forces of President Diaz of Nicaragua refused to travel except by automobile. If this mutinous spirit continues, it would serve them right if the war were stopped entirely and the troops were forced to go to work.—Seattle Times.

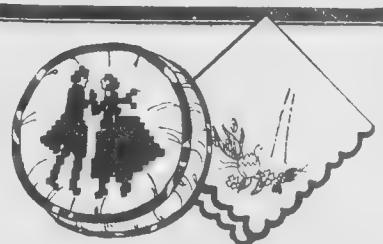


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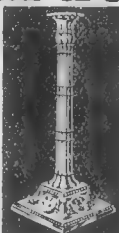
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Monarch of the Icefloes

Continued from page 17

out over this ice. There were no ridges or ice hummocks of any description out there behind which the Killer could hide; and he did want to follow up the trail. But prudence bade him stay where he was, and hide, and strive to watch without being seen. Wherever the cub was going she would certainly not go if she knew that the Killer was following.

Suddenly the cub stopped. For awhile she stayed where she was, motionless, then there was a faint flash of light as her paw dipped forwards and downwards, then upwards, and she lowered her head to the ice. After awhile this manoeuvre was repeated, and yet again; then, after the third time she came shambling back. Close to the Killer's hiding-place she passed, and the Killer was surprised. For the cub looked bigger and stronger and fatter.

Here was wonderment!

When the cub had disappeared from sight the Killer came out into the open and ambled off at a quick gait over the ice. He stopped where the cub had stopped—and was very, very much surprised.

There, facing him, was a square pool of water. He had never seen this pool before. And what else could these darting shapes be but fish—plenty of them. Four quick flashes of his paw and as many fish lay squirming and flapping on the ice. One after the other disappeared down his throat. The fish seemed to be very small compared to the ones in the basin, and it needed four more before his hunger was even partly appeased. Then the fish, as if knowing that above there was a dangerous foe, darted off beneath the ice, to not appear again, though the Killer waited and waited.

But now he was not very hungry. He would come back the next day. The cub would be beaten at her own game. He would show her that she was his subject.

Silently, and knowing that the cub would come no more that day, the Killer padded back to his cave, which now, there being no excitement of the trail, seemed a long, long journey.

BEFORE even the first speck of dawn had appeared the following morning the Killer was behind the same ridge where he had hidden the previous day.

It was a little while before the cub appeared, and as she passed the ridge the Killer sank as close as possible to the side of the ice. Then he started following her, anxious lest she chanced to glance behind. But she didn't, and in a little while she was posed on the edge of the pool.

Silently the Killer padded up until he was directly behind her and there he stayed. Then, after two failures, the cub succeeded in catching a plump, though smallish fish. Then the Killer stumbled down the few intervening feet and threw his weight against the little white body. Somehow she didn't fall, only quivered, and for an instant was unsteady. The Killer snarled and hit violently against her little snout—and the cub went down.

When she was up she only glared and bared her teeth. As if oblivious to her presence the Killer munched away at the fish; then when it was done he looked at her in the old, insolent way.

Quietly the cub walked away, and now her limbs were not unsteady. As if quite serene she went over the ice, passed behind the ridge where the Killer had hidden, and out from sight. After catching a few more fish the Killer, quite satisfied, shamled off to his cave.

The next morning, and the next and the next, the Killer was by the ridge waiting for the appearance of the cub. But no cub appeared. Two more mornings passed, still no cub. Becoming angry the Killer decided to visit the cub's cave and follow her when she issued out.

THE next morning he did so, and lay in wait behind an ice hummock, a little to one side of the cub's cave. He waited long, but no cub appeared. He became impatient and angry, and at last decided upon a search of the cub's premises. This he did, poking his head around the corner very cautiously and piercing the gloom. Then he went inside, nosed around, came out and stared in perplexity.

Where was the cub?

Well, the cub could wait. His stomach craved food. Being nearer to the basin than to the pool there he went, though the fish in the pool seemed to be more plentiful than in the basin, but they were not so large, and besides the basin had porpoises; the pool had none.

On the way to the basin he was wholly unconscious that something moving, and white, was following. At the basin he stood on the edge for awhile, his paws in readiness. In a few minutes he had landed a fine, fat porpoise.

Suddenly, he was shaken violently by a blow on the snout. He looked up, shook his great, shaggy head—and when his eyes had cleared he was staring into the little, blinking eyes of the cub. To say that he was amazed would be putting it mildly. He was amazed, very amazed, at the cub's audacity. Then, before he had even time to bare his teeth a slanting blow swept his legs from under him, and despite his struggles to remain upright he crashed over onto his side, to claw at the edge of the ice—and quiver convulsively as he went over.

The cub grinned, yes, grinned—if a cub can do such—and calmly began munching at the porpoise, apparently oblivious to the violent contortions in the water. But when the Killer had started to crawl out, one great, drenched mass, the cub, having finished most of the porpoise, very wisely took herself off.

The Killer was mad—exceedingly mad. He now understood that the cub was beginning to show her teeth. What he didn't know was that she had hidden by his cave, and had trailed him when he came out. She had trailed him to her own cave, had waited while he had explored, and then had trailed him from there to the basin.

It would seem that the cub was growing tired of the Killer's tyranny—and she was. Drastic measures had to be taken. She had gained in strength, though she was well aware of her inability to as yet engage in open conflict. Yet, something might turn up that would be the means of her getting rid of the Killer. Just now she could play the Killer at his own game.

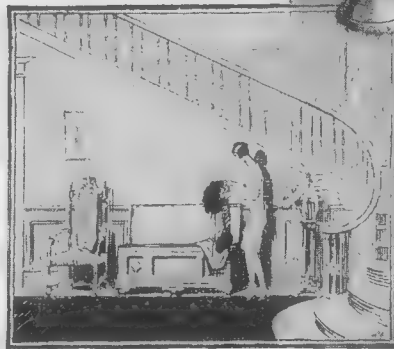
DAYS passed, and each time the Killer issued out from his cave the cub was there hidden, and waiting. Invariably the Killer would go to the cub's cave, and there wait for her. When she didn't show up he would explore the cave; and as he could find no trace of her he would go to the basin and fish.

When the Killer threw up a fish, the cub, who was in hiding, would hurl her body against his legs—and undoubtedly would Mr. Killer be splashing in

Continued on page 85

A Hall Seat that is a beautiful RED SEAL CEDAR CHEST

THE Chest illustrated here is a wonderful reproduction of an old Credenza, typical of furniture made in Italy in the 17th century.



A beautiful piece of Furniture, a seat at the hall telephone, a sanctuary for valuable wearing apparel—you find a very happy combination of decorative beauty, utility and protection in Red Seal Cedar Chests.

RED SEAL CEDAR CHESTS reflect the good taste and judgment of the lady of the house. The designs, whether modern or period, are authentic, and fit in with the household furniture in Dining Room, Living Room, Bed Room and Hall.

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RH-70



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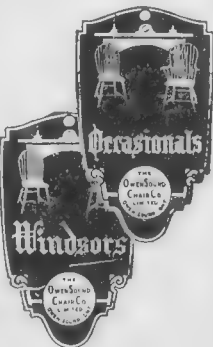


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MOSS: An Easter Story

Continued from page 9

Her sister paid not the slightest attention to this; she was now in her element giving away that thing which of all others is easiest to give and hardest to take: Advice.

"Not only do Jim and I advise you to do this but to get one of the Dixon girls—you remember they live right across the railway track from you—to come in every morning and do up the house for you. We knew you wouldn't want to take the time from your writing, and then you're not used to housework; and to come again an hour or two to get supper for you and do up the dishes. Both teachers can get their dinner in the middle of the day at the hotel if you like."

AT LAST Robina knew that "The Thing" had got her—for the time, at least. So, she even agreed to the boarders and the Dixon girl. A woman was engaged for the next two days to go up to "her house" and help them clean up. Maud—in her element, accompanied Robina next morning when she went "to enter her inheritance"—as she laughingly put it. Then they entered on a veritable orgy of cleaning and airing.

Right away Robina's imagination was all aflame. Her natural enthusiasm and love of adventure were soon in full play.

"O—h! What a lovely, lovely room I can make by taking down the wall between 'the parlor' and the bedroom at the back. I can put in one of those big windows in the bedroom, for it's on the south side and will give such lots of sun!"

The little sitting-room at the end of the hall was to be a library or den, its plainly-doored cupboard to be turned into a glass-doored affair with an arched top. The big dining-room with the falling plaster was to have a modern window added and "one of those 'dinky' tiny kitchens ablaze with color," cut from it—and on and on went her planning until her sister threw on the ice-water of:

"Where's the money to come from to do all this?"

"Don't know," she laughed. "Maybe it will—just come. But I can keep on doing a bit myself—painting and enamelling and that—I love making over!"

Then all at once she realized that here was her salvation.

"Oh, I'm glad it's like this—the ceiling falling down and all. If it had been finished, everything ship-shape like other nice houses I just know I couldn't have stood it for long."

"If you really mean that you're a bigger fool than I thought you," answered her sister tersely.

But Robina knew this was to be her secret: She'd be content to stay in her house while this adventure of making over lasted, but when all was made over, the burden of "things" would begin to stifle her and she'd have to leave it all—"roll" again. Well, it was nobody's business! It would be fun while it lasted! Of course she'd really rather not be like that—it would be much more sensible to settle down there comfortably for "keeps," like other women—perhaps she'd be able to fight her nature—she hoped she would, but—she was almost sure she wouldn't be able to endure it when the whole thing was "done."

AND so at last it came to Good Friday—she was staying in her house now. The teachers' rooms were in readiness. She was not going to start her enamelling and painting till after

Easter; for the time the little sitting-room was to be their dining-room. She had been so busy inside the house that she had not had a minute to investigate either the front or back yard. And now, shortly after ten on Good Friday morning, she stepped out on the back verandah for a bit of fresh air—my, how balmy and spring-like the air seemed! There were two or three pocket-handkerchiefs of snow still in the corners of the yard and in places it was still quite damp. Sniffing the air she strolled over to one of the corners, and—there, in close neighborhood to a handkerchief of snow, spied a bit of green something! She hurriedly kicked the snow back with her toe, and, forgetful of dampness, stooped down and hurriedly pulled back the mushy leaves, twigs and dirt about the peeping green.

"Why, it's rhubarb—coming to life already!" she exclaimed aloud. A lovely, yellowish, spring-time green—Oh—my! Oh—my!"

How cunning it looked coming out of its winter bed. She thought of a baby's face. Right away that bit of rhubarb coming to life again in her back yard did something to Robina. It seemed as though something new had sprung to life in her heart—a new joy, a new hope. If she had found a gold mine in her back yard she could not have been more pleased.

"It's the forerunner of Easter," she thought. "Life coming from death! Oh—h! and to think it's in *my* back yard!" and she sat down on an old saw-horse and forgot all about the dreaded arrival of the school principal that very morning—that her brother-in-law was to bring him up from the train and stay to luncheon with them; that Maud was coming up to see her through the afternoon—and all.

"If a man die shall he live again?" she whispered to herself. "It's a miracle—an Easter miracle! all this coming to life in the springtime. How can there be people who doubt the resurrection for human beings—that after what seems to be death is a beautiful life! Why, I believe God has made all plants repeat themselves as they do just to teach us that very thing!"

She went over and examined the rhubarb again, exulting in it. "Oh—how lovely to have a whole yard full of Easter miracles! Helping God to bring them to pass! Why didn't I think of it before—I'll have a garden!"

Just then the whistle of a train sounded.

"Good land! There comes the Principal!" she exclaimed, and rushed into the house, for she had to change her dress, fix up her hair, and all.

Even before she opened the door she saw through the door-glass what he was like:

A short, thick, squatty man, who seemed to stand four-square to the world—solid-like on his feet, as though it would not be an easy matter to push him over; thick brown curling hair, a little gray in front; big brown eyes that looked almost solemn and a bit sad when the face was in repose—light gray hat, light gray clothes.

With a gasp of surprise she opened the door. "Why, Len Harris! What—ever are you doing here? Surely—surely you're not the new Principal?" she threw at him.

"I am—just that. But who would have expected to find you here? Last I saw of you, you were a free-lancer in Calgary—and before that running a private Kindergarten in Vancouver, and—"

"Yes, but you were running a broker's office in Calgary, and—before that a rancher, and—"

turned to her brother-in-law: "When I first went West he was Principal of the school where I taught but he couldn't get rich quickly enough at that so he turned rancher. He's a regular 'rolling stone'."

"You're two of a kind, then, I guess," chuckled the brother-in-law. But isn't it a joke the two of you meeting again like this?"

While they were at luncheon Robina was busy telling her old Western friend the story of how she had come by her Moss and just how she had come to be taking two teachers to board. Immediately at the close the brother-in-law said:

"Well, we're awfully rushed in the store today, and seeing as how you two happen to be old friends, guess I'll leave you."

At once she took "The Principal" on a tour of inspection to see her Moss, and poured out her story of how she was going to make it over; and when they came to the falling plaster in the dining-room almost before she knew what was happening she found herself telling him her secret—but then, ever since she had known him she had told him things, things she would never dream of telling another man.

That was one of the things she had always liked about this big, brown-eyed man: he gave one a comfortable feeling—he never felt like "moss" to one—in a way, one just spoke out their thoughts to him as though he were a part of themselves, and he smiled his slow smile and seemed to understand. Now he smiled and answered.

"I know exactly how you feel, for I seem to be made the same—too many things seem to trammel one, tie one down when there's something calling to the new, the untried, and all. But you'd better try and fight it, Robina, for I believe you might be happy here, and for a woman—"

"But—oh, I forgot—I found something in my yard this morning—something wonderful." So out they went to see the rhubarb. As they looked at it she tried to tell him just what the rhubarb had seemed to say to her—and all."

They sat down together on the old saw-horse.

"I have always thought it would be wonderful to have a garden," he said, entering at once into her feelings, "for every time we make anything grow from a dead-seeming seed or root buried in the earth, we seem to be helping God to make the world understand about the resurrection of our own dead. I believe there would be nothing like a garden to hold 'rolling' people like you and me to one place because it's a continual source of newness, of adventure and of interest. It's a kind of 'rolling' in itself."

Now they both laughed, for the kinship of both being 'rolling stones' and so freely admitting it to each other seemed suddenly to have brought back to both their long friendship in the West.

Her eyes were very ardent as she looked admiringly into his and said:

"You haven't changed a mite, have you? You seem to understand everything, and clinch things so for one." Then a sudden thought made her laugh, "It's really funny, though, to hear you try to get a cure for my 'rolling' when all the time you're really a worse 'roller' yourself, and you've no word about curing that."

He seemed to have no desire to laugh at this and, indeed, for some time made no answer.

Finally it came: "Oh, yes, I have. But—but, I wasn't coming to that yet. But—that was why I came east."

A bit embarrassingly he placed his big hand over one of hers. "Robina, don't you think we would make good Moss for each other—other?" he asked quietly. "We'd keep each other from

rolling—we both need just that kind of moss, and—" then his brown eyes twinkled, followed by a big boyish laugh he added: "If we did come to a point where we had to roll again, why—we could do it together—be more interesting, too."

"Why I—I—did you think of that only just now?" she stammered in surprise.

He laughed. Well, I guess I've got to make a clean breast of it, though I didn't intend to tell you for months. That's what brought me here. My cousin wrote me about getting a young fellow I knew out there to come and finish the term out for him, and told me all about your getting the house and all, and going to take the teachers to board. So I just locked up in Calgary and came myself—you see you're the only woman I ever cared for, but I—I knew how you felt about not wanting to settle down and I'd heard you say over and over again you never wanted to marry, so I thought it was no use. Now—"

No answer.

"I'm not mossless, in the sense of money," he continued. I've gathered a good deal. I believe we could be very happy and contented here together. I could use some of my money making the very improvements in this house you've told me about, and we could make a wonderful garden together—fill both yards with growing things—help God perform more Easter miracles—put more symbols of His resurrection and ours into the world. Then, as I said, if we ever wanted to 'roll' a bit together, there's nothing to hinder. Only, so far as I'm concerned, if I've you—that is, moss and rolling enough to satisfy me—it was largely, of late years, because I cared for you so much but thought there was no hope, that I kept on rolling."

"You're a dear," she answered. "You'll make just the right kind of Moss for me—all right, we'll be Moss for each other—I know that down underneath I've always cared for you—there has never been another man—I was foolish to pretend I had no Moss." Then she laughed—and the very joy of spring-time was in her laugh, as she slipped her hand into his.

"Now, wasn't the rhubarb right—in what it did to me this morning?" she said gaily. "It seemed to awaken a new life, a new joy, a new hope in my heart when I saw its little bit of greenness peeping out of the cold dark ground—as though spring-time had come to my heart. And it was you all the time—you, coming to me."

So the old long-darkened house took on a wonderful new life and gladness that Easter-tide.

Sight, Sounds, Smells

*When my garden sees me coming
All the birds and bees start humming,
All the flowers shake their heads,
Stand up stiffly in their beds.
All the apples start to blush,
All the grapes to ripen rush,
All the roses shed their scent
With the rich box-perfume blent;
All the dew-drops shake and glitter,
All the gnats dart out and flutter,
And the toads pop out their eyes,
All the butterflies arise,
All the leaves awake and shiver,
Silver sparkling flows the river—
And I dance and sing and shout
Till at last the moon peeps out
Timidly from summer sky,
Wondering why, wondering why.*

—Charlotte Haldane, in the Observer.

Holly

*The holly bush, it seems to me,
Must be the fairies' Christmas tree.
And every crimson berry bright
An elfin wish for your delight.*

—MRS. PATTERSON MILLER.

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Then come pain and worry—and the tell-tale, beauty-marring lines that come with them. Decay poisons, seeping into the body, sap vitality, bring premature age. Serious disease may follow. Pyorrhea, too, results from this irritation at The Danger Line. Teeth loosen and must come out.

You must neutralize the acids! Merely cleaning the teeth is not enough. Only by combating acids can decay be prevented.

That is why leading authorities recommend Squibb's Dental Cream, made with more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Under its mild, beneficial influence, mouth acids disappear magically.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains no ingredients that might be harmful to the most delicate teeth or gums. No harsh abrasive. No astringent. Nothing but cleansing agents, and Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. It protects the precious enamel by striking at the source of decay—mouth acids. It creeps into crevices that no tooth-brush can reach. It remains there to give protection for a long time after use.

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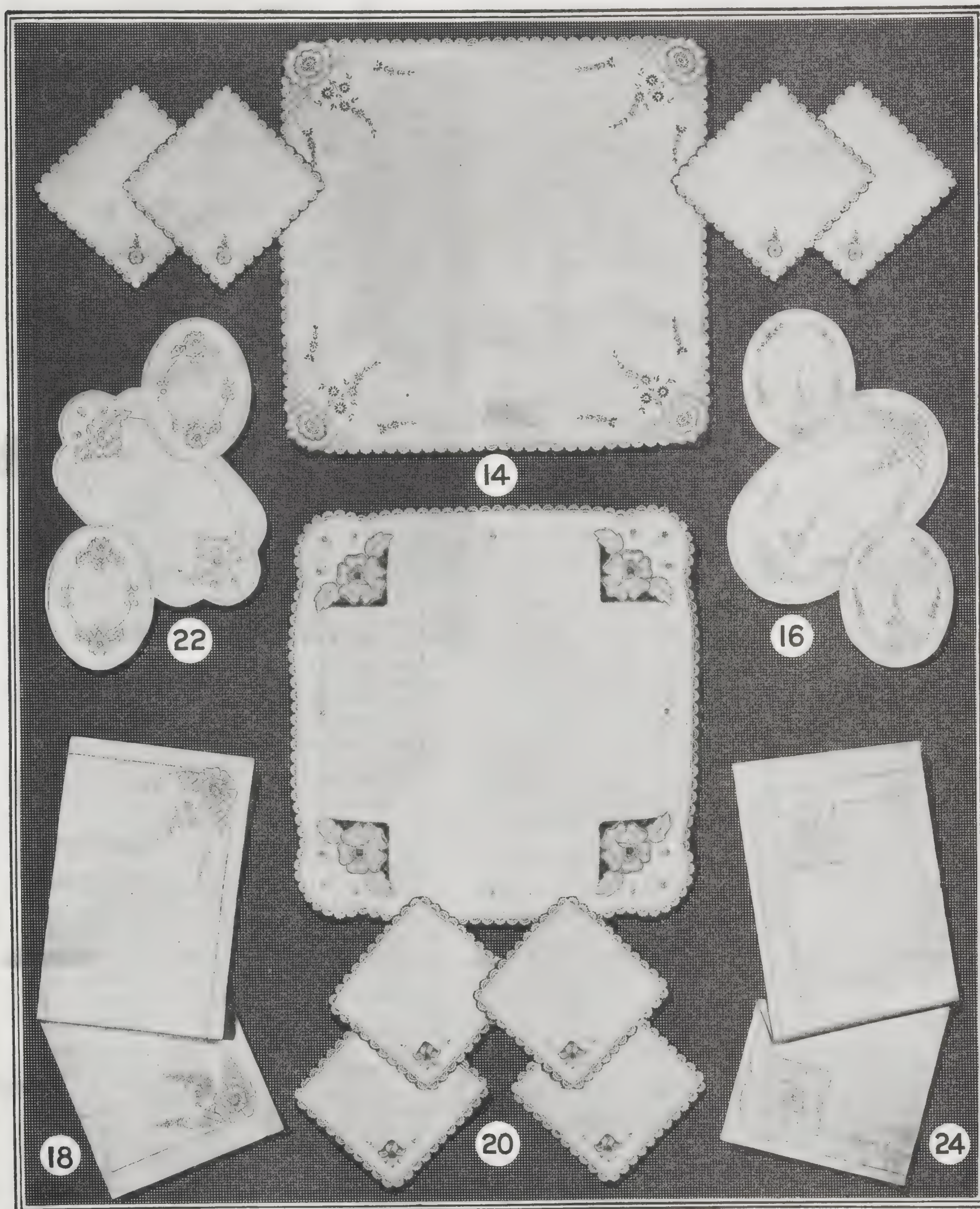
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Everyone knows what this distinctive fruit adds to salads—say with cottage cheese and chopped nuts; sliced oranges and celery in gelatin; or sliced bananas and mayonnaise. And not to forget desserts—in shortcakes, custards, puddings, etc., you'll agree they're just the thing for new, welcome flavor. Tart, yet sweet—different, but delicious. A fruit you'll like any way you serve it.

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How To Make This Milk Loaf

Follow directions carefully and
you will be sure of success:

- 1 Royal Yeast cake
- 2½ cups milk
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 6 tablespoons lard
- 6½ cups flour

Dissolve Royal Yeast Cake in ½ cup warm milk. Put the remaining 2 cups milk into a bowl, add sugar and salt, then the yeast; add 2½ cups flour and lastly the melted lard; mix all together thoroughly, cover and let stand in fairly warm place over night (about 9 hours). In the morning mix in the remaining 4 cups flour, let stand till double in bulk. Divide and make into two loaves, leaving some of the dough to make a twist for top of loaf if desired. Place loaves on greased pan, let rise to double in bulk. Bake in moderate oven.

Top of loaves may be brushed over with a little melted lard or beaten egg yolk to which has been added a little cold water.

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Better Cookery

By Gertrude Dutton

LIVER FOR IRON AND VITAMINES

SOME up-to-date physicians are prescribing for their anaemic patients, a pound of liver a day, for its iron contents. For many who are not very anaemic, it is recommended several times a week. We know that babies enter the world with a large supply of iron stored in their livers, to tide them over the first several months of their lives, while their diets are restricted to milk, which is lacking in iron. There are more vitamins in liver than in any other meat, which makes it the most valuable we can serve. People who like liver at all are usually very fond of it. Those who do not, cannot be persuaded to taste it, but the least they can do is to refrain from discussing the subject before children, who should not be prejudiced against a good food. It is specially good for tubercular people, and elderly folk who are unable to take other kinds of meat. For those who are quite healthy, it is a safe-guard against various ailments. There are so many ways of cooking it, that it need not become monotonous. "Fried" with bacon or onions, till tough and leathery, is the only method some cooks use. It is better to be rare rather than overcooked. The fire should not be too hot or it will be leathery. Calf's liver is more tender than that of beef, but the latter may also be cooked quite satisfactorily, as well as pig's liver. Let us hope that the price of it will not increase, so that it will be beyond the reach of people with limited purses.

Broiled Liver

Broiling is perhaps the simplest and best way of cooking liver, but we must have variety.

Have the liver cut in half-inch slices, pour boiling water over it and let stand five minutes to draw out the blood. Wipe, and remove veins and membrane and tough skin. Place on a wire broiler and cook five or six minutes over the direct flame (or under it as the case may be), turning very frequently. Put on a hot platter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and if wished, spread with a little butter. If a broiler is not available, use a frying pan, with only enough grease, preferably beef fat, to keep the meat from sticking. Turn very

frequently to keep in the juices. To determine when it is done cut into a piece with a sharp pointed knife, as soon as the pink color has disappeared, the meat is cooked. Serve at once.

Liver and Bacon

Prepare the liver as for Broiled Liver. If wished, it may be dredged with flour mixed with salt and pepper, or with corn meal, after scalding and wiping. Cook the bacon, and put where it will stay hot. Put a little of the bacon fat in a clean frying pan and cook the liver in it till done. Arrange on a platter with the bacon and serve hot.

Steamed Liver

This is specially tender. Pour boiling water over the sliced liver, remove the skin and veins, dredge with flour, salt and pepper, and put in a frying pan with one tablespoon bacon fat, one tablespoon of butter, and brown on both sides. Add one cup of boiling water, cover the pan closely, and cook half an hour, keeping it over a fire just hot enough to keep the water bubbling slightly. More thickening may be added to the gravy if necessary.

Stuffed Liver

Use calf's liver unsliced. Beginning at one end, cut a deep cut lengthwise to make a pouch for the stuffing. Pour boiling water over it, and wipe, fill with the stuffing, fasten with skewers, lay in a pan with strips of salt fat pork or bacon on top, and pour over it brown sauce made of

Butter, 1 tb. Flour, 1 tb.
Soup stock or water, 2 c. Salt and pepper to taste
Bake one and one-half hours, basting occasionally with the sauce in the pan.

(Stuffing)

Stale bread crumbs, 1 c. Chopped cooked ham, 1 c.
Chopped onion, 1 small Parsley chopped, 1 t.
Salt and pepper
Moisten with a little of the brown sauce.

Braised Liver

This is one of the most delicious meat dishes we

know. Use the liver unsliced. Scald with boiling water, brown on all sides with salt pork or bacon fat. Put in a deep kettle or pan which may be closely covered and set in the oven for two hours, with two cups of soup stock or water. At the end of the first hour add a cup each of diced carrot, celery, onion and turnip, a leaf of bay, a few peppercorns or a little pepper, and if liked, two or three cloves. (The cloves and bay leaf may be omitted, and celery salt or dried celery leaves used in place of celery.) Uncover the pan during the last 20 minutes of cooking to brown the meat. Remove it and slice. Strain out the vegetables, and thicken the gravy. Arrange the sliced meat on the center of a large platter, surround with the mixture of vegetables, and serve the gravy in a separate dish.

Liver Loaf

Liver, 2½ lbs. Eggs, 2
Chopped onion, ½ t. Poultry seasoning, ¼ t.
Salt, 1½ t. Bread crumbs, 1½ c.
Vinegar or lemon juice, 1½ t.

Cook the liver for ten minutes in boiling salted water, drain and chop fine. Add the chopped onion and seasonings. Soak the bread crumbs in cold water, then wring dry with a cloth. Mix all together. Lay slices of bacon in a brick-shaped pan, pack the liver mixture in it and put a few more slices of bacon on top. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours, turn out on a platter, and if wished serve with tomato sauce.

Baked Liver and Onions

Boil and chop the onions, and put with a little water in a pan in the oven. On top of the pan set a wire toaster with slices of liver scalded and wiped, arranged on it. Sear the liver on both sides, then turn occasionally. A few pieces of bacon may be cooked on top of the liver, the juices will drip into the pan of onions.

Liver and Chicken Giblets

Scald the liver, and simmer with the chicken giblets in chicken stock, adding chopped onion. When done,
Continued on page 78

Old Dutch says:



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thicken the sauce. The liver may be cut in pieces about the size of the giblets.

Ham and Liver

Ham, 1 slice Liver, 1 lb.
Milk to cover Salt and pepper

Wipe the ham and place in a casserole. Scald the sliced liver and lay on top of the ham. Cover with milk, and cook till tender, adding more milk if needed. Sliced potatoes may also be cooked with the meat if one wishes. It will take from an hour and a half to two hours to cook.

Liver En Casserole

Use liver scalded, trimmed and cut in pieces, and onions cut in pieces. Put a layer of onions, then a layer of liver, season with salt and pepper, and bake in a casserole, covering with bread crumbs and dots of butter about 15 minutes before removing from the oven. About an hour and 15 minutes will be required. Instead of using onions alone, other vegetables may be substituted for part of them, such as chopped carrots or potatoes, a cup of tomatoes, a green pepper or two.

Creamed Liver

Cut left-over broiled or fried liver in neat cubes, re-heat in white sauce and serve on toast. This may be garnished with little curls of bacon or with strips of green pepper or pimiento.

Baked Liver II

Liver, unsliced, scalded, dredged with flour, salt and pepper. Lay in a covered baking dish, cut several gashes in the top, pour over it one or two cups of tomato, according to the size of the piece of liver. Cover with two medium onions finely chopped, and slices of bacon. Cover and cook till tender.

Liver with Rice

Simmer together two pounds of liver sliced, scalded and wiped, three onions, three carrots, a cup of diced celery and a cup of tomatoes, till tender. Season with salt and pepper, add a little flour for thickening if needed. If the liver is dredged before adding other ingredients, it may thicken the sauce enough. Pile in the center of a large serving dish and surround with a border of cooked rice.

Liver and Spinach

Scald the sliced liver. In a bake dish arrange a layer of canned spinach, a layer of liver, another of spinach, a second of liver, and a top layer of spinach. Fresh spinach may be used, having an equal weight of well washed spinach to that of liver. The addition of water should not be necessary. When tender, serve from the baking dish, covering the top with hard-cooked eggs rubbed through a sieve, sprinkled with salt and pepper.

Liver and Mushrooms

Scald the liver, trim, wipe and cut in small pieces. Use a cup of mushrooms to a pound of liver. Cook together with a little water till tender. To the stock add two tablespoons of flour, two tablespoons of butter and half a cup of rich milk, salt and pepper if needed, cook till thickened, and serve on toast. Garnish with cut pimiento.

When We Weary of Potatoes

As spring advances, we grow tired of potatoes in the same old style, and the potatoes themselves deteriorate in quality. We must either serve them in a new way or substitute some other food occasionally. If we use a cereal product such as rice, macaroni, spaghetti, etc., we must not forget that the cereals are lacking in the minerals and vitamins which are in potatoes, so their lack must be supplied in fruits and vegetables.

Potatoes Italian

Pare and slice the potatoes very thinly. Let stand an hour in cold water, dry in a cloth. Put in layers in a greased frying pan, a heavy iron one is best, sprinkling each layer with salt and pepper and dotting with butter. Cover to keep in the steam and cook in a moderate oven till soft. Remove the cover during the last few minutes of cooking to brown the potatoes slightly and to prevent soggy.

Keep up
the family
appetite
—
Keep down
the family
budget!



IT'S the new desserts you make, the new salads you serve, that keep daily meals from growing monotonous. How your family loves to see "something new" on the dining table!

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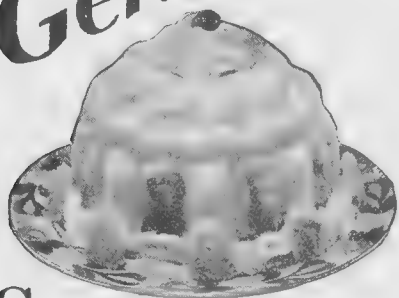
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Here is an unusual recipe:

ORANGE CHARLOTTE

(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 ¾ cup cold water 1 cup orange juice and pulp
 ½ cup boiling water Whites of three eggs
 1 cup sugar Lady fingers
 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add orange juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat, using a wire whisk, until light; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs. Or use one cup whipped cream and whites of two eggs.

Other recipes in the package.

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO.

Dept. K, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal

KNOX

Sparkling GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"



Potato Omelette

Chop cold boiled or baked potatoes very fine, season with salt and pepper, and moisten with just enough milk to hold it together. Put a little butter or dripping in a frying pan and when hot, pack in the potato mixture. When well browned and ready to serve, crease with the back of a knife, sprinkle with grated cheese, fold over like an omelette and turn out on a platter. A few slightly beaten eggs may be mixed with the potato instead of milk, especially for a main dish for breakfast.

Scalloped Potatoes and Egg

Slice cold boiled potatoes and hard cooked eggs. Put in alternate layers in a buttered baking dish. Add half the quantity of white sauce, made with one tablespoon of flour and one tablespoon of butter to each cup of milk. Cover the top with buttered crumbs, sprinkle with grated cheese and paprika. Bake in a hot oven till heated through and the crumbs are browned. This is excellent for supper, and takes the place of meat and potatoes.

Franconia Potatoes

Pare the potatoes and let stand in cold water an hour or so. Parboil for ten minutes, then put in the pan with roasting beef, and finish cooking. Or if there is left-over roast beef gravy, from another meal, cut the parboiled potatoes in halves lengthwise, lay cut side down on a dripping pan and baste with the beef gravy, and put in the oven. Baste as necessary with the gravy, turning when basting. From 20 to 30 minutes will be required to cook them.

Hongroise Potatoes

Pare the potatoes and cut in small cubes, let stand in cold water, then parboil in salted boiling water for five or six minutes, drain, put in an iron frying pan with two tablespoons of butter to each cup of potatoes, cover and cook where the fire is not hot enough to burn the potatoes. Make a white sauce of one tablespoon of butter, one and a half tablespoon of flour to each cup of milk, season with salt, pepper and onion juice, and add the beaten yolk of one egg. Put the potatoes in a vegetable dish and pour over them the sauce, and sprinkle with paprika.

Potato Croquettes

Season hot mashed potatoes well with salt, pepper, onion juice, celery salt, and the yolk of one egg to every two cups of potatoes. Beat well, and shape as desired. Dip in dried bread crumbs, beaten egg and again in crumbs. Either fry in deep fat, or brown in the oven and serve hot.

Potato Cake

Season mashed potato with salt and pepper, add either beaten egg or milk to make the mixture light, shape in cakes with the hands, dip in flour, and set aside till ready to cook. Brown on one side, using butter or drippings, then turn and brown the other side.

Lyonnais Potatoes

Cook thinly sliced onions in a little butter till soft and yellow, being careful not to let them scorch. Add thinly sliced cold boiled potatoes and cook, stirring gently, till the potatoes are hot and browned.

POTATO "SUBSTITUTES"

Many delicious cereal dishes may be prepared with little labor and at small expense.

Savory Rice

Cooked rice, 3 c. Onion, 1
 Diced celery, 1 c. Tomato, 2 c.
 Melted butter, 2 tb.
 Chopped green pepper, 1 tb.
 Salt and pepper to taste

Mix together with a fork so as not to mash the rice, put in a well-buttered baking dish, and cook till the celery is tender. Shortly before taking from the oven, sprinkle the top with buttered crumbs and brown. Or it may be cooked in a double boiler. The green peppers may be omitted. Slices of bacon may be put on top of the rice mixture long enough before it is taken from the oven, to cook the bacon.



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HERE he comes. Bright eyes. Eager feet. Watch the chubby little fellow take his first step. What pep! What promise of bigger, stronger steps to come.

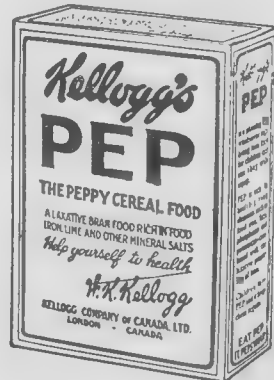
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Mrs. F. B., Moosehorn, Man.

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Mrs. B. K., Salvador, Sask.

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Mrs. E. J. P., Vidora, Sask.

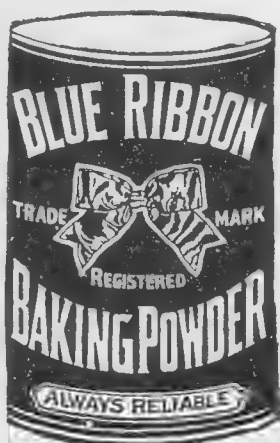
I use Blue Ribbon Baking Powder almost all the time. I've tried other brands, but always come back to Blue Ribbon.

Mrs. J. McC., Ponoka, Sask.

If better Baking Powder could be made—it would still be

Blue Ribbon

Your Grocer Sells It



Rice and Salmon Mold

Line a bowl or pudding dish with a layer of cooked rice, having it cover both bottom and sides. In this put canned salmon, flaked. Put a layer of rice on top, cover the mold and cook in a steamer till hot all the way through. Turn on a platter and serve with tomato sauce.

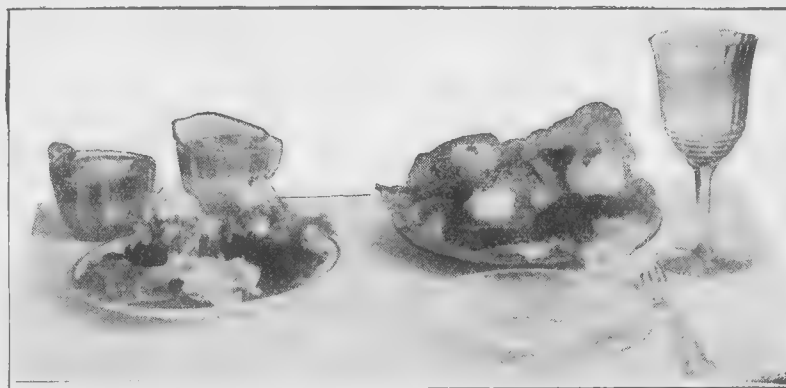
Macaroni with Chicken

Either rice or macaroni may be used. In a well-greased bake dish put half of the cooked rice or macaroni. On top of it put the cooked chicken, cut in dice. Then the rest of the macaroni. Over it all pour a sauce made of chicken broth thickened with two tablespoons of flour to each cup of liquid, and seasoned well. Cook in a moderate oven about 20 minutes, till real hot.

of onion, one cup of tomatoes, salt and pepper, a bit of bay leaf. Boil for three quarters of an hour, then add one cup of rice, and continue cooking till the rice and vegetables are tender. Lift the mixture from the bottom of the kettle occasionally with a fork or perforated spoon, so that it will not stick to the bottom. If the kettle is kept closely covered, it may not be necessary to add more water. The juice should have any scum skimmed off before adding the vegetables. Put the meat on the centre of a large platter and surround with the rice and vegetable combination. The stock will be an excellent foundation for soup or gravy.

Oysters with Rice

Cooked rice Oysters
White sauce



Pimento and Tomato stuffed with potato croquettes

Macaroni with Dried Beef

Cooked macaroni, 2 c.
Dried beef, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sauce, either white or brown, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Mushrooms if liked

Make a white sauce using one and a half cups of milk, three tablespoons of flour, three tablespoons of butter, or a brown sauce, substituting soup stock for the milk, or water and two cubes of beef extract. Mix together carefully in the double boiler, or a buttered casserole, and cook 20 minutes. The top may be garnished with mushrooms, if wished. The dried beef should be torn in small pieces.

Rice Meat Pie

Cooked rice, 4 c. Cooked meat, 1 lb.
Liquid, 2 c. Onion, 1
Fat, 1 tb. Salt and pepper

Cook the onion, chopped, in the fat, till yellow. Add the liquid, which may be gravy, soup stock thickened slightly, or

In the bottoms of buttered individual dishes, or one large bake dish, put a layer of cooked rice, then a layer of raw oysters. Season highly with salt and pepper. Cover with another layer of the rice. Pour a little white sauce over the mixture and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven. When ready to serve, garnish the top with slices of hard cooked egg white, with the yolks rubbed through a sieve and sprinkled on top.

Fried Cereal

Mold cooked cereal, either corn-meal or cream of wheat, in a bread pan. Slice, dip in beaten egg and a little dry meal, then brown on both sides in bacon drippings, in a frying pan.

BREAD IN PLACE OF POTATOES

Bread in some form may be substituted for potatoes, such as the crust of meat pie, dumplings, Yorkshire pudding, etc. But



Ham and Liver embellished with mashed potatoes

tomatoes, and the salt and pepper. If cooked meat is not used, then chopped raw beef may be used, cooking it with the onion and fat till the red color disappears. Put half of the rice in the bottom of a buttered bake dish, on top of it the meat and gravy, then the remaining rice for a top crust. Dot the top with butter or use a little beef gravy to prevent burning. Cook 20 to 30 minutes.

Rice-Vegetable One-Dish Meal

Use a knuckle of beef or soup bone with considerable meat on it. Put in a large kettle with three quarts of water. Simmer for two to three hours. Add one cup each of diced cabbage, carrots, turnips, half cup

do not let us forget the fresh vegetables, fresh canned or dried fruits which must supply the minerals and vitamins needed

Scalloped Bread and Cheese

Bread crumbs, 1 c. Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Butter, 1 tb. Salt and pepper
Egg (well beaten), 1
Grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Melt the butter in a baking dish and stir the bread crumbs in it till the fat is absorbed. Put alternate layers of cheese with the bread, mix together the milk, egg and seasonings, and pour over the bread and cheese and bake in a moderate oven till a knife comes out clean. Serve hot.

A good day begins with a cup of good coffee—

Chase & Sanborn's
SEAL BRAND

Gran'pa McGarry's Finesse

Continued from page 46

into the silence that followed Danny's last question to Matt.

"Can you, Pa? We'll do it right after dinner then!"

Molly stopped with a fork-full of food suspended like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth, and gaped in complete astonishment at the imperturbable Gran'pa, who went on unconcernedly with his dinner.

Matt started to laugh, but just in time saw that his father was in earnest, and also proceeded with the business of dinner.

Mahomet's coffin continued on its way in the desired direction, and the children's chatter covered up like the water of a pool when a stone is thrown in, all trace of the astonishing thing had happened.

Gran'pa had money still . . . after all!

Pretty cute, he was, letting them think he had come to the end of his funds. But he had made a slip now . . . the cat was out of the bag. Nevertheless, Molly's closest observation of the old man during the rest of the meal, discovered no trace of such feeling as might be expected following such a slip, which puzzled Molly not a little.

SAFE in the upstairs room with the door securely shut, Danny took the old man's shoulders in his big hands and laughed silently with Gran'pa McGarry, till the tears came.

"You're goin' to be th' death o' me yet, so you are, Pa! It worked slick as a whistle, didn't it?"

"What did she do, Danny? I didn't dare to look, you see . . ."

"She nearly fell off her chair, so she did . . . and I nearly choked meself to keep from laughin'!"

The conspirators indulged their mirth at great length—though silently—but it is a notable thing that no hundred-dollar bill changed hands!

Then one day when the leaves were falling from the trees and the year was drawing to its close, God listened to Gran'pa McGarry's oft-repeated wish that He would let him die an' be don' wit' it!—for he was an old man, and life was a burden to him, so it was!

An honest man was Gran'pa, with no fear as to what lay before. The priest had done what was required, and Danny and Matt stood by, waiting the passing.

"You wont worry about me, boys? You've been good boys an' I'm sorry to leave you and the childer—but I'm glad too. The world's no place for an old man!"

The voice was thin and faint, but quite steady.

"You'll have me trunk, Danny . . . there's a letter in it for Molly—I writ it th' other day . . ."

MOLLY and Danny went through the old trunk together . . . near the top they found Molly's letter, sealed and addressed in Gran'pa's labored hand.

She took it toward the window, opened the envelope, and read, while Danny continued his investigation among the old man's things.

"Read it, Danny—" Molly's voice was hushed . . . she had really thought a great deal of the old fellow, despite their bits of unpleasantness.

"Molly, dear:" Danny read—"I'm not goin' to be here to trouble you long now . . . I've this on my mind—I was foolin' you about changin' the money for Danny that day. Sure I couldn't change it—so I'm leavin' it to you. You've been a good girl to me, especially lately. Yors truly, Gran'pa."

With a smile that was made of both laughter and tears, Molly held a hand toward Danny, and on the palm of it lay, crisp and unwrinkled, a hundred-dollar bill!

Esteemed Colleague.—Messenger (to newsboy)—"Who's the swell guy ye was talkin' to, Jimmie?"

Newsboy—"Aw, him and me's woiked toggedder fer years. He's the editor o' one o' my papers."—Life.

Rah! Rah!—"How do you play hookey from the correspondence school?"

"I send them an empty envelop."—Boston Transcript.



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The Economical Bungalow

Continued from page 34

of the shingle spoils its appearance entirely. These roofs have the advantage in that they are fireproof, and if properly laid will last the life of the building. In the detailing or drawing of the cornice, although it appears simple in drawing, a lot of thought was given to it. I wanted a wide soffited cornice with a rather thin fascia. In fact a break between the roof and the wall, yet a break that could be painted sparkling white and not be just a vivid line between the soft green of the roof and the brown of the side, but there must be a separation—a shade. So to get over the difficulty a narrow face board, or fascia is put on and on its white surface breaking up the severe lines is put a semi-circular copper gutter, the dull glow of the copper melting into the sparkle of the white yet in such a soft manner that although the shade cast by the soffit of the cornice is absolutely decided, the transition between roof and walls is not bleak but mellowed by the sheen of the copper. With the columns on the verandah it is permitted to give a distinct contrast to the brown of the walls, and the fat bulging shapes are decidedly white. I have already spoken of the concrete treated as concrete, not weakly marked off to imitate stone, but by this I do not mean that concrete has not many ways of individualistic treatment by the use of its aggregate, by its coloring, and by its mass. In a bungalow of this size concrete has its limitations when used as a foundation wall, but if sand and stone is plentiful in the district what more pleasing conception could be thought of than to bring the concrete wall up artistically from the foundation, making the balustrade of the verandah and

foundation if the house is on a permanent one. If you do, the most distressing results will follow. Your verandah will lean repositively against the house during the winter, and in the summer the floor will be certain to pitch like a ship at sea. The steps should also be supported from the solid foundation. In laying the floor of the verandah as it is exposed to severe weather if not enclosed, double floors should be put down, the upper floor having its joints laid in white lead. This will prolong the life of the floor.

It is strange, but how many of us visualize the houses we are to build? Shut your eyes—think. You have this design before you, but is it what you want? Speaking honestly, I hope not. I am only trying humbly to direct ideas, not confine them, and if a person is so busy or bound by traditions that he has no ideas, why, let it go at that.

I try to bring these images before me when designing a home, and I do not know or care, whether it is a weakness to create these forms, and try to group them into a soul-created home. Take a piece of paper. When the vision comes, and how often it comes. Just what we want is within our mind, dancing before us golden-winged, heart warming, making an Elysium home. Then, suddenly as night, or a cloud, a word, a memory, will chase it away and in vain we strive to re-create these children of our brain. The paper is blank! We know in our inmost soul what we want, but we are inarticulate.

But what is paper and what are words? Vain things. The soul leaves them behind, the pencil staggers and you grope in vain to express them, but always you know what your desire of home is. There may be base moulded souls who know nothing of this. They laugh and even affect to sneer. A house to them is a building with only brick walls, or concrete, or of 2x4-in. studs covered with lumber. To them:

*"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."*

A home is the bright goal of most mortal ambitions. The Lares of your worship are there—the altar of your confidence.

And this one is no mock cottage.

Its wide-spreading eaves give you a sense of peace. It is such a home as any of us might build, with clustering old-fashioned flowers and vines clambering about it, while the stones show mossy through the interlacing climbers. You will see by the plan that a small



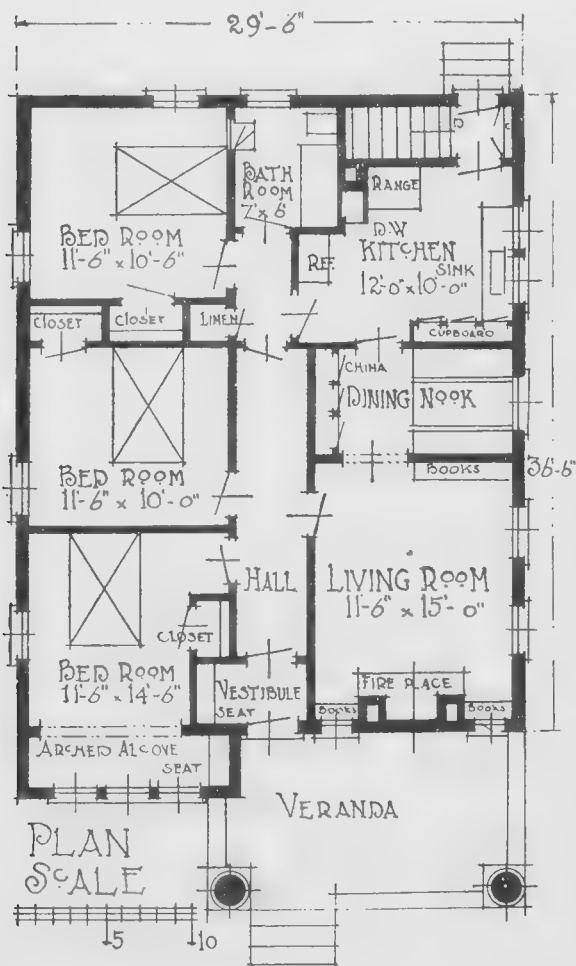
dining-nook is planned. In the ultra New York planning it is called a "Dinette." This could be omitted if it were desired and the living-room be one large room. It will be noticed that the plan shows the width of the rooms as 11-ft. 6-in., and the question might be asked, why? It is because all our lumber comes in even lengths, 10 or 12 feet and so on, so that in the more economical planning it behoves us to be careful with the dimension timber. 11-ft. 6-in. in width will take a 12-foot joist. If it had been a little wider it would have enlarged the home beyond the economical limits of the plan and have required a 14-foot joist, and a consequent waste resulted.

The kitchen is the room in the home which especially concerns the lady of the house and offers an opportunity to exercise the best skill in planning. The ideal plan would relegate the cooking to a comparatively narrow well-ventilated apartment, a species of wide hall way with stoves and sinks at one side and the walls arranged with shelves and rows of books. In other words, the cooking division of the kitchen should resemble more closely the cook's galley on board a steamship or in one of the restaurants or hotels. Divided from this narrow cooking space should be the kitchen proper where the general household service is carried on. But in a small house the planning of the kitchen is all in one room. In this one a dumb-waiter from the basement will save many steps. If electricity is available have the wiring done so that it will carry the peak load, with plugs for the different electrical apparatus now so generally used in the kitchen.

In the bathroom appointments the desire is to have cleanliness and beauty, and to do this only the best utensils should be installed consistent with a certain cost. It is astonishing what beauty can be moulded into the shapes of such purely utilitarian things as a basin or bath-tub. In the piping, copper, brass or galvanized iron should be used.

In a well-planned house the cellar is not regarded as a place of no importance.

A hot air furnace could easily heat the house, but the choice of a heating apparatus is somewhat a matter of opinion. Hot water installation is more expensive but will distribute the heat evenly. Vegetable bins, if separated from the open cellar space by partitions should have registers to permit some warmth to enter them in extreme weather. Coal bins should be tightly boarded or bricked, and a proper chute for delivering of the fuel into the bins from the outside should be installed. Iron chutes are made which will do away with the unsightly, battered appearance seen when just a window is used.



forming the columns smooth and lustrous. The foundations, however, are shown of stone above the surface and below the ground concrete. The wall running around the verandah must go below the frost-line. Never in any instance put a verandah on a surface

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SOME few months ago we set forth in these columns the different ways in which the capital stock of a company might be constituted, for instance, first mortgage bonds, preference stock, common stock, no par value stock. These are terms which are used frequently by facile salesmen and every person who is likely to become a purchaser of stock should become fully acquainted with the precise nature of the security which is offered to him. We feel that this advice is particularly necessary at this time, when there is a sudden development in the offering to the public at large, shares of privately owned companies. Undoubtedly it has not escaped the eyes of the general reader that quite a large number of companies, the shares of which have remained vested in an individual or his family are now being freely recapitalized with a view to public participation. The usual method is to form a new company with capital consisting of bonds, preference stock and common stock. The old company sells its entire undertaking to the new company in consideration of a certain sum of money and usually a definite amount of preferred and common stock. The money required to pay off the old company and to provide a working capital for the new company is raised by selling to the public bonds or preferred stock of the new company.

In the next few issues we propose dealing with the various kinds of securities which in such transactions are put out for absorption by the general public. We intend to analyze the rights and duties which are conferred and imposed upon the holder of any particular kind of stock. In this issue we, therefore, propose to set out the rights accruing to the purchaser of a "senior" security. In company promoting securities are ranked as senior or junior in accordance with priority which they enjoy in point of dividend and safety.

The security which ranks highest is a bond or debenture. In this country the terms bonds and debentures are used without any distinction of meaning. A bond or debenture may be a mere promise in writing whereby the company undertakes to pay to the subscriber a certain sum of money on a certain date with a rate of interest. A common instance of this is the ordinary government bond whereby the government undertakes to repay certain sums of money on certain conditions. If the undertaking is to pay the money agreed upon in gold the debenture is usually called a gold debenture. The form of debenture as described is the simplest kind and yet from the point of view of the subscriber the most unsatisfactory because he holds no security whatever from the company apart from its written undertaking to pay a certain debt. In other words the company has borrowed the money and has agreed to repay it at a certain time and at a certain rate of interest, i.e. a debt has been created with the company the debtor and the subscriber the creditor.

Obviously the creation of a debt of this nature where the financial stability of the company is an issue, offers no inducement to a subscriber and in order to make such a bond attractive additional rights must be conferred upon the holder and this is usually done by constituting the debt a first mortgage on the property of the company. This may be done either by way of a specific or floating charge. "A specific charge is one which attaches to definite and ascertained property and except in so far as the company is given the right to deal with such property its power to do so ceases on the giving of the charge but a floating charge is an equitable charge of the undertaking and assets of the company for the time being as a good concern." In other words the charge does not actually fasten itself unto any specific piece of property until a certain event has taken place, usually when a default in the payment of principal and interest takes place. Whenever this happens the charge immediately becomes fixed and then becomes specific until the default is remedied.

These special provisions are usually contained in a written document called a trust deed. When there is a large number of subscribers it is patently advantageous to have one person acting as a trustee on behalf of all concerned, so that in the event of necessity, or expediency or expedition the interests of the bondholders may be protected. Trusts deeds are very elaborate documents setting out the conditions on which the subscriber agrees to purchase bonds and debentures and the rights conferred upon him.

A rough analysis of such a trust deed will show the various ways in which a bondholder is protected through the appointment of a trustee, which by the way is usually a reputable trust company.

The deed should contain conditions such as follows: It should first of all contain provisions conferring a first mortgage of all the real property and chattel mortgage of the personal property of the company, upon which security the bondholder can fall back in the event of non-payment of the interest and principal. This gives the holder in conjunction with all other shareholders a first mortgage on all the assets of the company in priority to all the creditors of the company. This deed should be registered in the proper registry offices for the registrations of real and chattel mortgages; otherwise it will not prevail as against creditors and subsequent encumbrance of the company. If the deed covers property situate in different districts and provinces it should be registered in every such district in which ever province the property is situated.

The deed usually contains provisions that all the bonds shall rank *pari passu*, i.e. that all the bonds of a given series shall be recognized as equal in value from the point of view of the rights conferred upon the holder. If this is not done and the bonds are issued one after another in numerical order each bond ranks in priority of charge ahead of all the others subsequently issued. The deed should also contain a copy of the bond with the amount agreed to be repaid, the interest, the date of payment and a clause allowing the company to redeem any or all of the bonds at a certain pre-arranged price upon giving definite notice to the holder.

The trustee is given very wide powers to protect bondholders, especially when the company is in default. When a bond issue is floated to construct buildings and the proceeds of the bond issue are to be used to complete the buildings, if there is any default in the raising of the amount involved, the trustee may advance the money for completion and obtain priority for repayment of this amount before the other bondholders on the grounds that the advance of such money, has protected the bondholder. If the company should make default in the payment of interest or principal the trustee is empowered under the trust deed to step in and manage the undertaking on behalf of the bondholders. This right may involve the actual carrying on of the business or may entitle the trustee to dispose of the property to the best advantage under the circumstances.

Time and Love

G. Arthur Hallam

When I bethink that my beloved's eye
Must lose its witching lustre, and that she
Must wither late or soon, and fading, die,
Like to the rose she yesterday gave me:
When I do muse upon the transient lease
Of loveliness and beauty—its brief day,
I fain would see my own sad heart's decease
Than to behold her roseate charms decay:
O such, alas! is my most wretched state—
That I have neither art nor magic power
Wherewith to render her inviolate,
Immune from each besieging, ruthless hour.
Alas for me!—I can but helpless stand,
Well knowing her despoiler is at hand.

Monarch of the Icefloes

Continued from page 71

the cold water. After devouring the fish, and as the Killer showed over the edge, the cub would amble off. The Killer knew the hopelessness of pursuit, for the cub was lighter and the pace naturally was faster, and she could go places where he would not dare.

Some days the Killer would go hungry, for day by day the fish seemed to grow scarcer. And though he usually caught one, two was only by luck. If he caught two he had the second, the cub had the first.

He didn't go to the cub's cave now. He knew that she wouldn't be there. Straight down to the basin would he go. Now was he growing nervous. He would start at the slightest sound. His body was shrunken, his eyes and limbs unsteady, and his stomach empty. He was sadly weakened; the cub was growing in strength. As far as the pool was concerned both the cub and the Killer appeared to have forgotten its existence.

One time when the Killer was by the basin, a fish between his paws, his eyes seeking something and moving restlessly from side to side, and as the cub lurched herself forward, there came a loud, splitting report, then—silence. Then the killer was writhing in the cold sea, and the cub had grasped the fish.

But she didn't eat it just then. Something on the ice had attracted her attention. She looked at it, then nosed it, keeping one watchful eye on the claws which were clutching the edge of the ice. Then as the heavy body climbed over the edge the cub caught up the fish and ambled off.

That day the Killer went to his bed hungry.

WHEN the Killer was safe for the night the cub came down to the basin again. She peered long and intently at the fissure in the ice, scratched it, nosed it, squeezed her forepaws down into it—and the fissure widened a little. She worked her paw around the whole length of the fissure, from where it started at one side of the basin, to wind in a circle to the other side. It was a complete half-circle, lopping off a good-sized chunk of ice. A little hard pressure and the chunk would pull loose from the main body then—. She had once seen such a chunk draw loose; and somehow her eyes turned out to sea, and a hazy conception of a plan half materialized in her head. It was as if she had a vision, though that vision was blurred and obscure. But she was growing tired of this oppression, and a little afraid that sometime she and the Killer would meet in open conflict. She knew that it must come. She was stronger and bigger than she had been, and though the Killer was not the same as a week or so before, he was still very strong and fierce—and there could only be one ending to such a contest.

Satisfied that a little pressure would loosen the cracked portion of ice the cub left the basin and set off for her cave. Each few feet that she traversed the plan in her head took on clearer aspects; and when she had gained the entrance to her cave the vision in her mind was without a blur.

THE following morning she was by her usual hiding-place when the Killer came down to the basin. He seemed nervous, very nervous, and every now and then would he glance to the right and left with timid agitation and expectation. He looked weakened, very weakened, his eyes strained

Continued on page 86



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Monarch of the Icefloes

Continued from page 85

and of an unusual red; and as he stood by the basin his paw shook as it dived for a fish. It came up—but without the fish. He tried again, with a like result. Then on the third try he succeeded in flinging onto the ice a small baby porpoise.

Then the cub was upon him. He was indeed faint and weakened or he would not have fallen so easily. But he did fall and slide—and splash as he hit the water.

The cub worked quickly. Her forepaws into the fissure, a little leverage, a sudden push, and with a sharp report and a low hiss the ice parted. And the cub stood on the main body of ice, the porpoise in her jaws, her eyes blinking, with an indefinable glow in their depths.

Perhaps the Killer was petrified—he looked it—for he made no move to abandon the ice-chunk onto which he had climbed, and had stayed. He once had been, and still was, a magnificent swimmer, but the thought of escape by water seemed not to have entered his benumbed mind.

The undercurrent caught the chunk of ice in its grip. It was whirled around, then carried out through the pass, then between the two steep icy sentinels, and out to sea.

THE cub stood by the edge of the enlarged basin, looking out over the black and gray lapping waters. The Killer was but a dim speck in the distance now, still astride the ice-chunk. Then the cub sighed—if a cub can do such—and munched slowly away at her fish—the last fish that the Killer would catch there.

Perchance the Killer might reach the other icefloes. The ice-chunk undoubtedly would. So would the Killer—if he was still astride.

A Spring Fantasy

THE little old woman sat huddled up in her soiled and ragged garments, her grizzled gray locks streamed out on the breeze, her long, scrawny, weather-brown arms hugged her knees to her chin—the skin on her scowling face was like seared and yellowed parchment—only the eyes gave sign of undiminished energy—they shot forth defiance at the youth, who leaned teasingly towards her.

"Oh, come now, mother, it's high time you were away. Bad policy to outstay one's welcome you know."

"No, no," muttered the crone. "I won't go. Who are you, a stripling of a lad, to come and usurp my domain? Go you." The last words ended in a scream.

Stripling indeed was he—but wondrous fair to look upon. Clad in shining, golden armour which glinted like the sun and at every move of his lithe body little waves of flame seemed to ripple over him. His bare feet were reddened with the cold though he seemed not to be conscious of the fact. His face wore the brightest, most mischievous smile.

"But, good mother, be reasonable. You were young yourself when you first came—a demure young thing in robes of virgin white. I have no doubt the children shouted and clapped their hands when you trailed your snowy garments down the streets and over the meadow lands and the faces of youths and maidens glowed ruddily when you passed in your cold young beauty—only the very old or decrepit turned away their faces from you and perhaps murmured sadly—

"The drear November days have come—the saddest of the year."

"But you have had your day—even the children have lost their enthusiasm and as for the older folk, they are a-wearying for the Spring."

Some of the fire had died from the old crone's eyes. She seemed to sag dejectedly. It was true indeed—her glory had departed—the universe was clamoring for a new monarch.

Continued on page 92



Companions

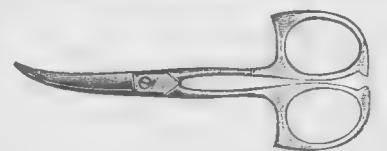
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Spring fashions a reflection of modern art

Predominance of capes on coats emphasizes trend toward more feminine designs

The ensemble has its established place in the spring mode. The model on right depicts an inspiration of navy faille with white satin overblouse, the border of the fashionable cape being pleated to form a V in the back. The hat is of black celephane with straw and maline combined and the protective little nose veil reflects a sign of returning femininity.



Above—This ultra smart sports coat of Sunlight colored kasha, with hand painted conventional design on hemline and sleeves, makes a charming wrap for the suit on the left.



Above—Black Kasha coat featuring the new one sided cape, edged with black satin and smartly buttoned sleeve. The hat is of hair braid.



Right—An attractive navy poirette twill tailleur with braid trimmings, vest of mallinson silk crepe in the new monett shade of blue, and matching hat of tagal braid with brim and applique in felt.

Above—A sports suit of silk and wool Jersey in the new Sunlight shade with darker tone for trimmings. The skirt is pleated crepe and the scarf and hat of mallinsonsilk in the popular oriental design.



Right—An exotic ensemble of crepe romain in the latest Morning Glow shade. The coat has the new throw collar of self material and dress and coat are trimmed with matching silk fringe. The large picture hat is comprised of straw and silk in the same shade.



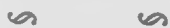
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The **BUSTER BROWN** **THREE-THREAD KNIT*** **STOCKINGS FOR BOYS**

Thoroughbred's Pluck

Continued from page 47

Bentham at his corner, Mark strode on to his hotel in a daze, his wide, entranced eyes staring unseeingly at the sky, while he lived over and over again each moment—how she had looked, what she had said, what she had left unsaid!

For the next three weeks Beth Berry was haunted by her very personable Canadian cavalier, and when he was not able to see her, he besieged her with letters, telegrams, flowers, books. Everything he saw in the attractive shop-windows he was sure she would like. And at the end of three weeks Beth, already very much in love, decided not to torment him any longer. So they were married!

It was not until they were on the boat sailing for Mark's beloved, Beth's unknown Canada, that he remembered his father and mother, and realized that he was taking home to them a girl who had strutted on the stage of a London music-hall. He was uneasy, agitated, and sunk in his troubled thoughts until Beth demanded to know what he was worrying about. Then, as has been said, he asked for her promise and Beth, although very hurt, gave it with distrust but without demur, but then she was very much in love. However, her feelings were ruffled before she even landed, and there had been steadily growing in her a resentful and fearful attitude towards her strange father and mother-in-law. Mark extolled them from early morn till dewy eve. Their age, their delicacy, their beautiful manners, their piety were aired for Beth's pleasure, but all Mark did was to raise a barrier which was going to prove hard to do away with. True, Mr. and Mrs. Darrow were the kindest and most natural old souls in the world, and Mark had turned them into frozen wax-work figures.

However, the play must go on, whether it is being acted among the Darrows and their intimate set, or whether it is on the stage of make-believe. And when the curtain went up that night on "The Scarlet Stiletto," all the actors were present, including those in the Darrow box. There lounged our "beautiful-but-dumb" hero, once more calm and assured and basking in the smiles of his Beth; next to Beth sat Mrs. Darrow, in black and silver, her fragile loveliness crowned by snow-white waving hair; between courtly old Mr. Darrow and her husband, sat Mrs. Connor, happy in a new and expensive confection of old gold. Beth had sworn to herself that she would relax tonight, that she would make Mark proud of her, but unfortunately Mrs. Connor, a plump, amiable young matron who would not willingly have hurt a fly, made a remark that sent all Beth's resolutions flying to the four winds. "I don't know any people I feel sorrier for," she said, "than actresses. What a life, to be stiff with paint and powder, to have to smile all the time whether you want to or not, to have to show off to hundreds of callous people in order to earn your bread and butter. It's small wonder that so few of them are moral, poor dears!" A normal Beth would have shrugged away a silly statement made by an ignorant woman, but Beth was still in an upheaval, though a well-controlled one. She let the friendly smile fade from her lips and she froze from her head to her feet with a sudden, cold fury, but the lights went down and the curtain went up, so that she was unobserved.

Mrs. Connor, who had been eyeing her curiously the last few minutes and who had decided that there had been a slight family tiff, bent towards her to

say smilingly: "I suppose the company seems rather second-rate to you, Mrs. Darrow, after all the wonderful castes you have seen in London?"

"Indeed, no," answered Beth quietly, "I was just thinking how good they are. I'm enjoying it very much."

AND then, even as the pianist was taking his place again and starting to sort his music, there crept over the theatre a strange and uneasy silence. Nostrils here and there were quivering, as though they refused to acknowledge too hastily that thick, acrid smell floating through the air. Whispers, as dry and swift as furtively moving fire itself, ran from row to row. The members of the orchestra, now all back at their places, stared uneasily around, gaping, as though deprived of their wits. Ushers were rather deliberately walking down the aisles.

"I thought so," said Beth very softly, "It's a fire. See the smoke over there," and at that instant a woman in the centre of the theatre sprang to her feet and gave a piercing scream. "Fire! Fire! Let me out!" In a moment the place was in an uproar. Men and women with blanched faces were prepared to throw away courage and decency and tear, trample, and smother those who impeded them in a mad, dreadful struggle for existence!

And then, while those in the Darrow box still sat in a horrified silence, a little figure flashed like a leaping flame from among them, one supreme thought in her head: how to stay that ghastly panic, how to turn the mob, how to shock those swaying hordes back into decent control. A word sharply thrown to the wings and the curtain flew up; a lightning-quick sentence to the pianist: "I'm Beth Berry. You know my songs. Anyway, if you don't, follow me, and be damn quick!"

With a shrill whistle through her teeth, with a clear echoing, reassuring laugh, with a shrill thrilling voice that soared even above the clamor, she called to those people who were grimly preparing to kill each other in order to live. "Ere, ere, ere! Where you going. 'Arf a mo! You ain't goin' to 'op it without seein' my turn, are yer? My word, what manners, I don't think!" Again that reassuring, confident laughter. Was there a slight lessening of the struggle? Were heads turning to see this beauty incarnate? "Look 'ere, what's your 'urry? Keep your shirts on, there's worse things than this 'appens at sea! You've lots of time; wot d'you think all the bleedin' exits are for? Blimey! Besides, you don't orfen get a chance ter see Mrs. Mark Darrow performin', do yer? Tike a good look!" More heads irresistibly turning towards that thrilling voice, that mocking laughter and then Beth broke into one of the wild and amazing dances that had taken London by storm.

NEVER in all her startling, meteoric career had she danced as she was dancing now, for she was dancing with death hovering threateningly over the theatre, with panic's hot breath sweeping about her. Suddenly she knew that she had won, for a strange, hypnotic silence had fallen over the house. Not only were the well-bred Darrows watching her as though in a trance, not only the adoring orchestra, but the whole house she had in the palm of her hand! She sang then, sang one of her rollicking, bold little songs. Then stopped abruptly, looked round at the fascinated faces, smiled as one would on children, and then called down the aisle to a fat, perspiring little

Continued on page 90



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Thoroughbred's Pluck

Continued from page 89

man she was sure was the manager of the theatre: "'Ere, guv'nor, 'ow abaht it?"

"The fire is out, thank you," he called happily, in a big, booming voice. "There yer are, yer see!" cried Beth, "the fire's aht! Now you can all go 'ome"! Saying which, she slipped into the wings, where the director and the excited company were waiting to embrace her.

"Beth Berry! You're a trump!" shouted that same director, who had known her in London. Beth, whose mind worked quickly, looked around her, addressed everyone there in a clear voice saying: "If my husband or anyone comes looking for me, say I'm not here! Come on, Mac, I want to talk to you!" And taking the willing director by the hand, she raced down the stairs, crying eagerly: "Your own room, Mac, quick"! So while the enthusiastic crowd above was cheering her and calling her name, and while Mark was frantically searching for her and being told by polite but untruthful chorus girls that she had gone home, Beth was earnestly talking to the director.

"You see," she was explaining, "I've done for myself with my husband's family and with him too for giving myself away like that. That was the skeleton in the cupboard. It was a forbidden topic and Mr. and Mrs. Darrow would break their hearts if they knew, and all that sort of thing. So, if you can manage it, I'll finish out the tour with you, chorus girl, dresser, anything you like, I don't care, and then go back to the old job, if they'll still have me!"

Mac did not hesitate very long, because he was only too glad to add anyone so versatile to his company; he would give her some special turns, but he asked: "Do you think you can get ready in time? We're leaving tomorrow morning, early."

"Don't you worry, said Beth promptly, "I'll be there with bells on. He'll be glad to see the last of me"! Reckless, big-eyed and stormy, she finally left him and took a taxi for her home.

Meantime, at Mark Darrow's they were waiting. Not only Mark's father and mother, but a wildly clamoring crowd of friends, all eager to let the missing Beth be overwhelmed with their admiration and congratulations before the night was over.

Mark, looking rather sheepish, was listening to a long and stern lecture from his surprising parents. He had at last told them the truth about Beth's life in London and to his amazement found that they received it as placidly as they would have if he had said she had been a missionary! And they were very, very angry with Mark for having been such a foolish, they might almost say, such a cruel boy.

"Now, of course, I realize," said Mrs. Darrow, looking seriously at her husband, "what has been the matter with that sweet child since she came. She has just been pining away because no one understood her, and because she has been living under a cloud, as it were." Mr. Darrow nodded gravely, and they both surveyed the crestfallen culprit. "I really thought that a child of mine would have had more sense," continued Mrs. Darrow crisply, "I never knew before you were so narrow-minded!"

"I'm frightfully worried about her," said Mark, "I wish I knew where to go and look for her."

"I don't think you need be a bit worried," said the astounding old lady, "I expect she has gone out to have

supper with one of her old friends in the company. Really, Dick, her dancing was one of the most joyous things I have ever seen, and her courage when she thought she was deeply offending us, was really magnificent!"

BETH wearily mounted the steps of the home she was determined to leave and quietly let herself in. When she heard voices in the drawing-room, she was too depressed even to worry about them and started to slip upstairs to her room, but the glow of her dress betrayed her, and a merry and admiring voice called out: "Hurrah! Here she is! Three cheers for our Mrs. Darrow!"

And then they were around her, shouting, laughing, pulling her into the room. In a dream from which she could not rouse, she felt herself lifted and carried round and round the room. The lights were terribly bright, Mark was trying to reach her, Mr. and Mrs. Darrow were waving to her, and Mrs. Darrow was crying.

The lights wavered, and the room danced round her, and suddenly a voice called out of the darkness into which she was sinking: "Look out! She's going to faint"! When she opened her eyes again, the room was very quiet, and everyone had gone, except those three shining incorruptible Darrows! Mark crouching in a chair near her, his hands over his eyes, Mrs. Darrow leaning over her, the old father standing at the fireplace, watching intently.

Mark did not look up and Beth, after glancing at him through wet lashes, stammered: "What's the matter with Mark? Oh, I know! I've disgraced you all, but—" Mrs. Darrow stopped her. "My dear, don't make me more ashamed of my son than I am already! We have given him a good scolding for being so very stupid and he is afraid that you will never, never forgive him. I wouldn't, if I were you, anyway, not for a long time"! She bent nearer to Beth, as a pleased, mischievous smile lighted her face, and in a whisper she confided: "I've always wanted to be an actress myself, always! But I never had your talent! Now you'll be in all the amateur shows, won't you?"

Then when they had both kissed her again, and made her feel as though a lamp had been lit inside her, they drifted away and she was alone with the flickering fire, and a wan young man, from whom all the starch had been removed!

The fire was very comfortable and the silence to Beth was grateful and presently she fell asleep. When she awoke from uneasy dreams, Mark was kneeling miserably by her side, kissing her hand. Beth watched him for a moment, her eyes deepening and glowing, then she said: "I meant to catch a train early tomorrow."

"Did you?" said Mark humbly.

"I was going with the company."

"Were you?"

"But it's funny, it seems as if everything's got all changed around. Everyone was so kind—"

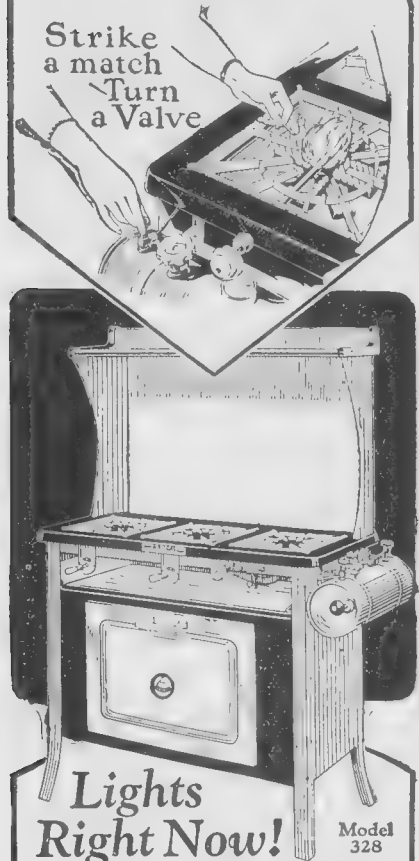
"But you, you—" he stammered, "were wonderful. I—I—would you mind putting me out of my suspense now and tell me if you're going to forgive me for being such a fool?"

There was another long, and, for him, agonizing silence, while Beth, still white and shaken, looked at the funny little boy she had married. When he seized one of her hands and pressed it against his eyes, she drew his head down to her lips and so Mark was answered.

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Federated Women's Institutes

Manitoba

Arnaud had a demonstration on Swedish embroidery, and beautiful pieces of work were exhibited.

Austin—A lady who had been a member, now a shut-in, donated an oil painting to the Institute. This is to be hung in the memorial hall.

Balmoral—The Institute is buying blinds for the community hall, also a number of kitchen utensils. The plush stage curtain in the community hall is a gift from the Women's Institute.

Basswood—A girl whose home is in Basswood, and who is now a Magic Baking Powder demonstrator, gave a very interesting demonstration. She brought a cake with her to ice, and also made one. While her cake was baking she iced and decorated the cool cake beautifully. A little lunch was served, and recipes were given to the ladies. This girl has been on two different demonstration teams, which have taken trips to Winnipeg.

Belmont—Arrangements have been made to hold a fancy dress carnival, each member to appear in costume, if possible. Realized \$51.00 from a sale of home cooking and tea in aid of Hockey Club.

Benito had a Dicken's programme. A paper was given on Dicken's life. Roll call was answered by a quotation, and a reading "Pickwickians on Ice" was enjoyed.

Beulah has held two sales of cooking to defray expenses incurred by the serving of the Hot Lunch to the school children.

Birtle—A member gave a talk on "A Holiday Spent in Yellowstone Park."

Bowman—A committee was appointed to purchase white flannelette, which the members are to make into nightgowns for the hospital, which the local doctor has opened.

Culross—Fifteen dollars was voted for prizes for the Elocution Contest.

Decker enjoyed a demonstration on making wool flowers, and a cooking contest.

Deloraine—Two very good papers were given—one on "Canada, from a Physical and Industrial Viewpoint" and "Canadian Poets and Authors."

Edrans—Small sums of money have been sent by the Institute to people in need.

Elkhorn—"Why Every Woman Should be a Member of the W. I." was discussed.

Ellenville—"Manitoba's Resources" was the subject of a paper given by a member.

Emerson—A committee has been appointed to get the story of early days in Emerson.

Ewart—Ewart donated \$10 for prizes to the Ladies' Bonspiel. Lunch was served to the men curling during the Bonspiel, and \$80 was made after all expenses were paid.

Hamiota will give a silver flower basket to the Horticultural Society as a prize for the best display of house plants.

Killarney has made \$50 which will be sent to the Sanitarium at Ninette. Address on Eugenics received with much interest.

Lake Francis—Each member has been given \$1.50 to invest, principal and profits to be returned in July; the total to go towards finishing the hall.

La Riviere—The teachers from the local school were at the meeting and were invited to present school problems.

Lidstone—Debate: "Resolved that the home is responsible for the state of the nation."

Lyleton—Roll call was answered by the members, with a homemade valentine. These with some of the school children had made, were sent to the Children's Home in Winnipeg.

Oak Point—A cupboard has been purchased for the W. I. dishes, and has been placed in the hall.

Pipestone—The sum of \$106 was derived from Burns' Night, and \$35 from tickets sold from the dressed doll. The Institute voted \$100 to the memorial hall.

Reston enjoyed a demonstration on lacquering old furniture, and also one on sealing wax craft.

Souris—The Institute is to hold a sale of plants, slips, etc., early in May.

Tilston—A member gave a paper on "The Child's Nature and its Needs." An article was read on "Sunday Minds."

Transcona—The last meeting took the form of a silver tea and sale of home cooking.

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A Spring Fantasy

Continued from page 86

As if he read her thoughts, the youth spoke softly, "Hark! I can hear the flowers stirring in their sleep." He bent his head towards the earth. "They are beginning to whisper, 'Spring is coming.' And oh see! the brook yonder has thrown aside its icy coverlet and is laughing in high glee."

In a sudden fury, the old woman struggled to her feet and beat the air with her long, scrawny arms. "Begone—begone!" she screamed, "I am the Monarch here—how dare you interfere?"

Her rage was terrible to see. The youth fled and the little, laughing brook died into frozen silence.

Her wild screaming filled the valleys and in the houses the old folk drew closer to the fire and said, "It's a wild night to be out in."

But when the brook was quiet and the youth was gone, the anger slowly ebbed from the old woman. Her strength was gone. She huddled again on the ground and moaned dismally.

A few days later the youth returned, his garments appearing even more like burnished gold.

He said no word of greeting, but sat himself opposite the old crone and bent his sunny glances upon her. She turned away her head, but could still feel the warmth of his breath as it passed her withered cheek.

"Go away," she muttered. "Don't sit there taunting me with my lost youth. I was once just as young and strong as you are. Only—only I was haughty and arrogant. I ruled by force. Mortals feared my anger. But you—you will woo them with kindness. You will rule them with love."

The youth nodded, "Love is better than fear."

A tear started to the old woman's eye but froze as it fell, forming an icicle, which flashed back the rays from the youth's shining armour.

"Perhaps you are right. I am too old and spent to argue. But," and she struggled to her feet, "they shall think of me once again before I depart. I shall make them pay me at least a passing thought."

With sudden vehemence she waved her arms aloft, fragments of her tattered garments whirled away—her high, cracked laughter shrilled across the hills, making weird noises in the chimney corners. Folk returning from work lowered their heads as the icy splashes of snow stung their faces and the Weather Man said, "March has gone out like a lion."

Next day the youth danced gaily over the hilltops and down into the meadows, calling to the flowers to waken and coaxing the brooks to laugh again. He was dressed in the palest of pale green and his rosy feet were no longer reddened with the cold. He called to the fluffy clouds to please water the hard ground, so the little flowers could lift their heads and he asked the kind sun to slip into the dark woods and waken the streams there and the soft breezes to whisper happy messages to all the people.

The old folk left their fire sides and crept out to see the new young greenness which was covering the trees and the meadows and they called gaily to each other, "Spring is come." Children eagerly ran to gather the first wild flowers, shouting, "Spring is here" and youths bent fond glances on fair maidens saying softly, "Spring is here and surely Spring and Love go hand in hand."

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The Most Interesting Towns of North Africa

Continued from page 15

perhaps the greatest natural fortress in the world. Circled on three sides by the River Rummel, with frowning cliffs dropping down sheer from three hundred to a thousand feet, and with only a narrow neck of land connecting it with the surrounding country, the place lies like an isolated world on the top of this grim rock. It has stood eighty sieges, and even today, despite the power of modern explosives, Constantine presents a practically impregnable position. And in the stupendous gorge nearly a thousand feet below the river Rummel roars at its work of cutting an ever deeper bed.

It is a forbidding-looking place from a distance, and has a forbidding record. Just how many of its rulers came to a violent end in its long history one cannot say. But by actual statistics twenty ruling Beys in the nineteenth century went to another world by poison, the bow-string or the sword, administered by fellow-townsmen who objected to one thing or another in the Beys' administration.

Situated on a ravine-surrounded rock it was a most excellent spot for the oldtime Pashas when they wanted to get rid of some of their superfluous wives. Indeed, Constantine may fairly be said to have been the ideal city for obtaining most effective "divorce."

At the apex of the city is a spot known as the Kef Cnechora or Rochur du Lac, also called the rock of the "Faithless Wives." At one time there existed here a wide plank slanting sharply over the edge of the precipice. This was installed by the ruling pasha. So when he took a dislike to one of his wives (perhaps she burned the toast, or didn't have his slippers warming before the fire when he came home from the office) or had reason to believe she had winked in an unbecoming manner at some other gentleman who peeped over the harem wall, the genial pasha had the lady gagged, stuffed into a gaily ornamented sack and taken to the plank and slid along the plank gently, to drop several hundred feet below, either to hit the river or some of the adjacent rocks. Certainly, despite woman's love of the beautiful, there could be little solace for the victim in the thought that they went to the plank gaily attired in the most

finely of ornamented sacks. But perhaps the fineness of the material and the beauty of its design satisfied the pasha's sense of fitness at his own high position. He had never heard of woman suffrage.

In this amazing gorge surrounding Constantine which the pasha long ago found so useful, an English engineer with imagination some years ago also saw possibilities of an entirely different nature. He secured from the town authorities a ninety-nine year lease on the gorge's sides. Then he went ahead and built along the face of the sheer cliffs a series of rock ladders, pathways and bridges known as the Chemin des Touristes. Upon this series of walks for a cost of about twenty cents the visitor can pass around the city, gazing up at the building on the edge of the sheer cliffs above and then down a thousand feet to the river. The greater portion of the "Way of the Touristes" consists of planks suspended from steel supports set in the side of the rocky wall. And as you move along you come presently to view a mighty bridge built by the Romans three thousand years ago, and which stood complete until 1857. Across the huge ravine these master workmen of the long ago raised a double series of arches four hundred feet above the river with a structure that carried both an aqueduct and a roadway.

Along this gorge in the past have been found many interesting Roman remains. One, in particular, now in the garden de la Breche, charms the beholder, proving that goodness in life, and happy marriage existed in those times, and that some people found life worth while. This consists of a stone epitaph written by an ancient silversmith named Præcilius. Translated from the bad Latin the gentleman wrote it as follows: "I have filled an honorable career; Præcilius my name, a householder of Cirta, a silversmith by trade. I have been friendly to all men, and whom has my charity failed. Laughter and good cheer I ever enjoyed with my chosen friends. Life was not the same to me after the death of my virtuous wife Valerius. I found my happiness in holy wedlock."

In the simplicity, the terse directness

Continued on page 97



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Johann Lind

Continued from page 62

"Sure not"! giggled Johann, "but you needn't do it. I'll go myself as soon as we've had our swim."

Andre resented that pointed insinuation, and avenged himself by still deeper philosophy: "Maybe, Johann Lind, you know so much! But it's my pa the ghosts will get — if there is any—"

"Ja, if there is any"! echoed Johann gleefully, and tore off to the inviting lake.

They played about in the water longer than they knew, so that when they were dressed again and had eaten their sandwiches, the sun was already midway down the western sky. Johann, who was fleet as a deer, ran back to the lonely graveyard, and in no time at all he had found what he wanted and was on the point of slipping away again, when his attention was drawn to a black-clad figure just leaving the Mission House doorway. Johann had never seen a priest but he knew that this venerable old man descending the path of his little garden was such a one. Yes, he now plainly saw the silver cross that hung suspended down the front of his rusty black habit.

The setting sun flung its mellow benediction over the little garden, the quiet lake, and the gentle old figure pacing there, making a picture not soon to be forgotten. Beauty and peace and patient charity, all these were in that lonely garden, and though he did not think of it just that way, Johann stood rebuked and very much ashamed. He looked at the musty package of tobacco in his hands and for the first time he realized that, strange as it might seem, that queer gift had been made for love's sake. And he, Johann Lind, had stolen it!

Very much disturbed, Johann's thoughts flew back to the priest. He was closer now, almost at the end of the path; soon he would turn and go back to the Mission—he seemed very kind—perhaps he'd understand. Without more thought Johann darted from his covert and, very much to the startled amazement of the old priest, thrust into his hands the damp little package. "Bless us, what have we here"? said the good Father.

"Tobacco," panted Johann, "from the graves . . . I stole it."

The long years of patient striving with a half-savage people had not robbed that reverend gentleman of his sense of humor. His first impulse was to laugh; but something deep down in the shamed black eyes meeting his so bravely touched a deeper chord.

"So. Tell me why," was what he said instead.

Johann gulped. Now he was in for it as usual. Oh, how he loathed these everlasting explanations! What was the good of it? Now that he had returned the stuff, admitted his guilt, wasn't that enough? He just couldn't say any more—wouldn't say any more—why, there was nothing more to say . . . and just then he happened to meet the grey eyes bent upon him so kindly, and he could have sworn there was a wicked twinkle in them. Oh, gee, he understood! He wasn't going to rage nor expound the Proverbs. Why, he was almost laughing! The relief was so unexpected that Johann laughed himself.

"Oh, sir," he burst out, contrary to habit, "I only wanted to scare my papa. He's terribly frightened of ghosts. We—er—that is, I thought he'd be sure the Indian would haunt him if he smoked his tobacco."

Even a priest has once been a little boy, perhaps a bad little boy. At any

rate this one may have been for he saw the joke so readily, and joined in Johann's laughter without the least scruple. Johann's face was beautiful in its glad surprise. Ah, there was a man to love, that priest, and to bare your heart to!

The old man smiled. "And why did you return it"? he wanted to know.

"Well, I don't know," he stammered helplessly. "I saw you walking here in the garden . . . I wasn't scared."

Again that understanding smile lighted the grave face of the good Father and, very gently he laid a fine old hand on the boy's shoulder. "So? Well, you're a brave lad, never doubt it. The rest we will forget. As I've often said, a garden is good for the soul."

"Oh, sir"! burst from Johann's passionate little heart, "I'll never forget you—never"! And away he bounded like the wild thing he was.

At the edge of the wood Andre met him, impatient and not a little troubled. "Whillikers! I thought you'd got lost or something," was his first reproach. "It'll be as dark as pitch before we reach the fort—say, did you get it?"

"No"! snapped Johann shortly.

"Huh"?

"I said 'no.' Come on, let's run."

Like many another timid soul Andre swelled with importance, now that he thought he had detected weakness in Johann. "Oh, ho"! he shrielled, tearing after the racing figure of his brother. "Oh ho! you got scared, that's what!"

Johann ran on, apparently paying no heed, and thus emboldened little Andre kept up his chorus—"Scared, that's what! Oh, ho! whose afraid of ghosts? Who's afraid of ghosts—not Johann Lind—"

All of a sudden Johann wheeled in his tracks, his face chalk-white, his black eyes narrowed. "Will—you—shut—up"? said he.

Foolish Andre was too startled to change his tactics. "Scared . . . scared . . ." he babbled.

Johann's hard young fist shot out fiercely, and poor Andre concluded his taunt in the dust.

The rest of the journey was finished in gloomy silence and, to make matters worse, when the boys finally stumbled into the smoky dining-room of Echo House they were greeted by a chorus of amused derision.

"Well, by cricky"! roared a red-faced giant, "take a squint at the fighting cocks, will ye! He-he-he! Lookit that eye. How come, kid?"

Andre clapped a protecting palm against the offending member, and his girlish mouth trembled suspiciously. Ole pressed forward to inspect his son. "By jiminy! Been fighting—who smashed you?"

Andre was dangerously close to tears. "He . . . Johann . . . he hit me—for nothing."

"Nu, da"! Ole glanced sharply at Johann, who, seemingly indifferent, leaned against the wall, but the light Ole saw in the bold black eyes told another story. Ole grunted and, very much to Andre's amazement, gave his son a rough shove forward. "Ja, by dam," was his disgusted summary, "you didn't hit him back, you little petticoat!"

Later that night when the boys had crept under the same blanket, keeping, however, as good a distance between them as the wagon-box permitted, Andre gave voice to his bitter resentment. "You wait, Johann Lind, some day I'll get even—some day you'll be good and sorry!"

But Johann, restored to his usual humor, giggled into his pillow.

(Continued next month)



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On the Duty of Taking Human Life

Continued from page 42

no more than among ourselves. They are a mighty good people. I tell you, as a British Canadian with a love of fair play and justice, it makes my blood boil to hear them slandered as if they were the 'scum of Europe'—the very words I heard used about them. I know it's ignorance, and the people who talk like that would be ashamed if they knew the truth; but ignorance is a poor excuse for slander."

"George Gabson the barber — you know George—says what he objects to is that these folk haven't got our High Standard of Living," observed Jacques.

"If George had a High Standard of Thinking, he wouldn't deceive himself and others, as so many do, with a hollow parrot-phrase like that. Probe into it, and you'll find it just means that these people, being poor, are also wise enough to be thrifty, cut their coat according to their cloth. Barring some of the old folk, they acquire our tastes. Wanting to be like us, as they get more money they tend more and more to spend it on the same sort of things we spend ours on."

"If that's 'progress,' they have made more progress in a few years here than we made in a century. But a standard of living and civilization, or even of comfort, is not made high by being made elaborate and expensive."

THE KINDRED RACE

"THESE 'foreigners' that we call Slavs are simply a branch of the same fine racial tree we came from ourselves, not so many centuries ago. To unite them with us again will be at least as good for us as for them. It is not in the least to be regretted—on the contrary, it is most providential and timely — that they are being drawn back to us just when we particularly need them; for they have both the quality and quantity we require, and there happens to be no other great reservoir of suitable human life ready to supply us. Of course we ought to move heaven and earth to get all the good Britons we can—not taking three years to move a mole-hill and then crowing over it as if it were a mountain. There is no probability in sight, however, of getting more than a fairly good fraction of our requirements from the Motherland, even if we had an immigration and colonization department worthy of the name. And the Scandinavian countries have only small populations to draw from."

"Except in dialect and other surface ways, the Slavs of Central Europe differ no more from us than the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic elements in our own present mixture differ from each other. They assimilate with us easily, therefore. Too easily in some directions—ways that we might well learn from them, for all we have to teach them. Simplicity of life is not the least of these. Cheerfulness is another—partly accounted for, I have no doubt, by their love of music, which so intensifies the joy of life. And still another is their habit of making much out of little—in their use of land especially."

USED TO SMALL FARMS

"You hit the nail on the head," exclaimed Dan. "We've done just the opposite. We're seeing our mistake now. When I came up to Canada first, people laughed at me if I talked about intensive cultivation, rotation of crops, or even tame grass pasture. They don't laugh now. We're coming to it by degrees; but we'd better hurry up, or we'll run out our land so it won't be worth cultivating."

"These Ukrainians and Slovaks and so on have been used to scraping a

living out of five or six acres; fifteen or twenty was a big farm to them. It's a pity, when they came in here, they found us talking, or acting, as if anything less than 160 acres was to be despised. Naturally they believed us, and they've adopted our wasteful way of spreading ourselves in grain, just when we're trying to get out of it."

"Fortunately they're not spoiled by our example," said I. "With their wonderful gardens, their cows and pigs and sheep and poultry, they can keep themselves even if frost or drought cuts off their wheat . . . But here is the Ross place, and there are the sheep waiting for us inside the gate."

When we opened the gate to let them out, a small cat asleep on the gate-post awoke and sprang down, scared, in front of them. They were more scared than she was. The whole bunch fled back through the yard, past the barn, and out into a field from which Tom was just emerging with a load of sheaves.

Dan turned to me, laughing: "Scared of a kitten as if it was a tiger, they were—the front ones that saw it—and all the rest turned tail because the front ones did. Pretty much like us men, eh?"

When we had rounded up the run-aways and got them well started for home, our two dogs herding them along in the middle of the road, I said to Dan: "So you think we're like those sheep, Dan?"

THE BIG BOGEY

"No offence," said he. "I guess we're all more or less like that at times. But just now a lot of folk seem to be taking a Hallowe'en turnip lantern for a real live bogey. The latest scare seems to be an idea that the country would lose its British character if most of its people hadn't a British pedigree. Why, in the States, though they'd be like to shoot you if you called them British, it's the British character they're proud of. It's their old British principles and ideals that keep on top even in districts like the one I came from, where only a small minority have any British blood in them. It got the start, and won't ever lose the lead. The same here in Canada, only a sight more so."

A MILLION A YEAR

"IF WE got a million new people a year for the next ten years, as we could if we set ourselves to do it," said I, "it would have an electrifying effect on every industry and every employment in the country, though even then our population would still be sparse. Yet a man got up the other day and solemnly exhorted us to 'Go slow!' If we go any slower than now, we'll be going backwards. Another man feebly says: 'Until we can get the British and Scandinavians we should like, perhaps we'd better mark time'—just what we have been doing ever since the war."

"Another timid suggestion is to make an arbitrary rule that the number of people admitted from Central Europe shall never exceed the number coming from 'preferred' countries, which practically means Britain and Scandinavia."

"But see how such a rule would work. In a year when the number of arrivals from 'preferred' countries happened to be large, say half a million—though that is only large compared with the pitiful totals of recent years, and small in proportion to our needs—there would be no trouble. But if the number of 'preferred' immigrants were small, then cutting the others down to

Continued on page 96

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On the Duty of Taking Human Life

Continued from page 95

an equally small number (instead of increasing them to make up the deficiency, as common-sense would suggest) could only have disastrous effects on our country.

THE NATIONAL HUNGER STRIKE

"A HUNGER strike—that's what we are coolly asked to go in for. Refusing bread and butter if we can't get jam—or even if the jam has a new label.

"All these proposals are dictated by fear and lack of faith—a singularly un-British lack of faith in our capacity to overcome difficulties—the capacity in particular to impress our principles and ideals deeply on other groups enlisting under our flag. And this unworthy fear springs simply from a totally exaggerated notion of the difference between the two kinds of people.

"As we happen to be Canadians, with some name in the world for courage, we are not to be stampeded by counsels of cowardice.

"Some of us—the premier of Alberta for instance, who tells me he hasn't a word to say against these people; they are excellent—are bothered by the question: 'What about our power to absorb them'?"

"If you had a big vacant factory site beside Niagara Falls," said Dan, "would you hesitate to build for fear you couldn't get power to run the machinery?"

SPEED UP ASSIMILATION

"That's exactly it. We have any amount of power, if we only make up our minds to use it. The number we can assimilate and absorb is only limited by the amount of energy and brains, of good sense and ingenuity, we apply to speed up the process. By reasonable care in their selection, a new and whole-hearted warmth in their welcome, far-sighted and skilful planning for their settlement, and thoroughness in their education, with unofficial but watchful following-up, we can absorb and assimilate large numbers in a short time.

"The railway companies—we have given them the task of recruiting our 'Foreign Legion'—are trying to perfect the system of selection and employment; but do we even take the trouble to welcome them when they arrive and give them a good first impression of the all-Canadian spirit we expect them to love and imitate?

"The Provincial Governments are anxious to improve their common-school education—which already works wonders of assimilation—but they need other kinds of education too.

"As for plans of settlement, we've none at all. We complain of the foreigners for settling in masses together up north. What alternative do we give them? None!

KILL MANY BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

"You've some sort of a plan yourself, Jacques tells me," said Dan.

"Well, as I've knocked about the whole West off and on these forty years, and have my own farm here too, I've naturally seen what a terrible loss the country suffers continuously from the vast area of waste land—land that we nominally occupy but don't use. The gain, if that land was put to use by a plan of 'closer settlement,' would be enormous—to the farmers themselves, to all the people brought in to settle on it, and to the whole country.

"We should be killing not merely two birds but a whole flock of birds with a single stone. For one thing, it would enable us to accommodate many

thousands of British families who couldn't take farms of the ordinary size, and also many thousands of the 'foreign' families that we want to distribute among the general population.

"We've got to end that big loss and secure that big gain, some way and some day, and the sooner the better. We'll never do it unless we try. So let's take off our coats and make a start."

STOP WASTING THAT LAND

IN THOUSANDS of districts nearly every farmer has enough land idle—though he has to pay interest and taxes on it all the time—to support a whole family of the "New Canadians" or largely to support even a family that would make a part of its living by other means—rurally-minded Britishers, for instance, who now delight in cultivating "allotments" near their home towns.

In such a district, say ten miles square, of 200 farmers at least half have idle land, from ten to twenty acres to a hundred or more.

If a new family could be settled on each of these hundred farms, the local population would be increased by 50 per cent. or more. What this would mean to the trade and prosperity of the district may be imagined.

Many of our farmers would be ready to allot probably 30 or 40 acres or more to such a family, on terms satisfactory to both sides—some adaptation of the 35-year amortization plan, perhaps.

The farmer would not only secure a purchaser for his waste land, or indeed for a certain acreage already broken—he would have permanently on the spot the extra labor he needs, at harvest and throughout the year.

To the farmer's wife, the presence of another family, with a woman or girls always ready to come in and help, would be a godsend.

The newcomers would set a high value on such opportunities of earning extra money without leaving home. With the reciprocal help which the farmer would gladly give them, their expenditure for machinery and horses would be much less than on a separate farm.

Every co-operative movement would be strengthened. Even new industries, especially of a kind dependent on intensive cultivation, could be established—beet-sugar making, for instance, and the raising and canning of small fruit and vegetables.

PUBLIC EXPENDITURE

No very heavy public expenditure would be needed. Possibly a government guarantee of the first few small yearly payments on the land might be advisable. The "foreigners" build their own cottages; in treeless districts a moderate advance might be made for lumber. British immigrants might need more help, but most of them are handy enough to do much of the building themselves.

This plan would probably attract not only total new-comers but many who have been working in cities with the hope of getting country homes as soon as they can afford it.

A Provincial Government, or the Land Settlement Board, might have enough enterprise to carry out the experiment in one or two sample districts. If not, the farmers might well take the initiative themselves.

While this scheme is suggested chiefly for the prairie provinces, where most foreigners settle, its main principle could be applied in parts of British Columbia too, and even in eastern provinces.

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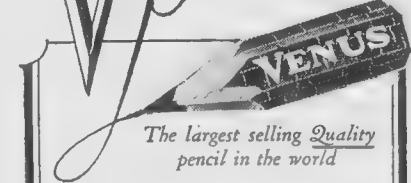
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"Kills rheumatism" said these 248 railroad men

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And if you ask workers in any trade, you'll get the same answer. You, too, should have it always on hand.

Get a bottle today. You can never tell when it may save you hours of agony—days of lost time. Only 35 cents at all druggists'.

SLOAN'S

MADE IN CANADA

Endorsed universally by those who do the world's hard work

The Most Interesting Towns in North Africa

Continued from page 93

of these statements is an enduring charm.

The plateau upon the top of the rock which holds Constantine's 75,000 people is in the form of an irregular square, and here are squeezed very closely together the habitations of the varied nationalities common to all North African cities. Yet despite the value of real estate there is set aside several acres for a Mussulman cemetery, and beyond it a great grassy open ground where the Arabs occasionally hold a picnic, that universal pastime, I think, of nearly every race on earth. But an Arab picnic is a very grave affair. They indulge in no games of violence like football, baseball or tennis. At the picnic in Constantine I witnessed, there were no three-legged races, no fat men's contests in speed.

To the picnic ground came about twenty thousand Mohammedans. At one end of the grounds were pitched the scores of tents of the Caid. At one side of these in a long line were the cook-shops and tents of the fruit sellers. In the cook-tents huge copper kettles were devoted to preparing the national dish of couscous, cooked cereals, mutton and chicken. From the pots the food was ladled out into large wooden platters. Around each of these platters a dozen Arabs sat and in turn dipped their fingers into the food supply. It was all very decorous. Those not engaged in eating couscous were busy consuming honey cake, dates, and drinking coffee. But if there was not much bodily activity, the vari-colored burnouses, red, green, yellow and white made the green square look like an animated crazy-quilt. After several hours of this tranquil feeding, the crowd formed into a huge procession and marched about the grounds chanting weirdly. Then more sitting down for the majority. Presently about fifty Arabs formed a sort of irregular square and began a series of whirlings, leapings and twisting of body which more than proved the Arab could be agile if he wished. Perhaps this excess of activity is a natural reaction from so many months of sitting about tranquilly contemplating the universe and reflecting on the goodness of Allah and their own ability to get along with doing so little work. At any rate, the dancers howled and screamed as they cavorted. An hour passed, and one by one the men began to show signs of exhaustion. At the end of the second hour many had fallen by the wayside and crawled away. The dance proceeded on into the night. It had a religious significance. Those dancers who reach-

ed the highest state of frenzy increased their chance for admittance into the Moslem paradise.

Constantine, with the exception of its unique setting, is in general very much as the other North African cities, the life of whose streets I have previously described.

BUT one cannot leave Africa behind without dwelling briefly upon that famous body of men, the Spahis, which, like the Mounted Police of Canada, have appeared so often in stories as romantic figures.

This body of men has helped in winning many of France's most important engagements in Africa. In 1903 one hundred of them held a position at El-Mounga against thousands of Arabs, and though only thirty were left alive when reinforcements came, they saved the place and French supremacy. It is an odd circumstance that these native horsemen, recruited from different nationalities, have proved time and again their loyalty to France. They are great riders, and a witnessing of one of their charges across a desert space is a thrilling sight. They dress as loudly as they fight well. The long burnouses are almost turkey-red in Algeria. These are worn over tunics sometimes khaki in color, sometimes blue. The bulging head-dress is like an upturned vase, a moulded form covered with pure white cloth, and ornamented with cords of red and gold. The baggy trousers are tucked into heel-less red boots of most wonderfully soft leather. In Morocco the burnous is blue and lined with red, in Algeria it is red and lined with white. Like the Mexican and the old-time cowboy, the Spahis outfits himself with most elaborate saddles. Astride of a good horse, his gun across his shoulders, the Spahis presents one of Africa's most striking figures, the native soldier-policeman who today has helped to make a lawless land more orderly by far than the United States, where gunmen stalk boldly in the streets of the principal cities.

This in brief is something about the most interesting points in this vast new ranging-ground for the modern tourist.

At sundown the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer, and night falls abruptly as a curtain is drawn down on a stage to denote the passing of the day. It is a land well worth sojourning in to all lovers of the storied past and the commercial-striving present, a land rich in Roman ruins, a land of sunshine and warmth when the snow flies at home.

Signs of Spring

By Iris Arnold

*A scent, elusive, that retreats,
Returns again, and stronger grown
Breathes life, vitality, delight,
Exhilaration of ozone.
Sweet breath of coming Spring.*

*The balmy air encompasses,
Folds round me like a cloak.
Soft drops of gentle, warming rain,
With penetrating fingers poke.
Joy in plethora: Spring!*

*Oh, listen! Do the violets wake?
And hark! I hear a wild bird sing!
That joyous warble, happy song!
The flowers growing, birds on wing!
Oh, pulsing heart of Spring!*

*The winter—drowsy earth revives;
And rounding contours take the place
Of bare limbed trees, and beelies hives.
The chill is past. Now May will grace
These silhouettes of Spring!*

*I, gleefully, Spring's hope imbibe:
Drink in her mellow air, and smile;
Feast on the music and delight
In sparkling waters that beguile.
Oh, taste the joys of Spring!*



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THE DISTANCE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE

With Brother Cree of the Northland

Continued from page 38

system which pours through Lac la Ronge into the mighty Churchill river and so to Arctic waters.

In Montreal river a diversion was caused by the appearance on the shore of a moose and her month-old baby. It was too much for the Indians, and two of the hospital-boat crew leapt ashore and after the calf. They chased the ungainly creature down the shore, the mother frantic the while, until the clumsy young thing plunged or tumbled into the river, floated handsily backwards down stream and clambered out again lower down. The Indians returned to their paddling.

On the evening that the travellers came to the dead water at the source of Montreal river, Dr. Westgate and his party made camp, but the ambulance boat kept on all night, the dip of the paddles never ceasing, though a storm was brewing. In the rapids the canoe was poled up, so that the patient might not be disturbed by portage. Through the whole trip, Dr. Westgate said, the conduct of the Indian guides with their patient was worthy the highest traditions of manhood.

Next morning a fair strong wind was blowing and the missionary party hoisted sail and sped before it. Montreal lake was lashed by the hurricane, and waves five or six feet in height rose in front of the canoe. But the guides were experts and knew the elements, and the whole 35 miles was covered by sail. On the way the ambulance canoe was overtaken and passed, the paddlers holding their craft steady over the climbing waves. This crew returned from the next landing and a fresh four was found to complete the trip.

Red Deer river and a lake by the same name remained to be covered by boat. Waskasiu they are called in Cree, and so they are indicated on official maps—a much more musical and appropriate name than the English. It is to be hoped the Anglicized equivalent will not oust the native name. Red Deer Landing, end of the water journey, was reached the morning of Tuesday, May 31.

Peter Bird had made the trip in wonderful condition. The wound was examined at intervals and found doing satisfactorily. Guides had fed the patient oxo, bovril and condensed milk on the way. With him he had brought the tattered remnants of a New Testament which the principal of the school had given him years before and from which he was rarely parted. At Red Deer landing he was put into the only available cabin, provided by Fire Ranger Merrell. But how was the next 70 miles to be negotiated. Nobody knew.

Again Providence favored Peter Bird. A few hours after he had been made comfortable in the forester's cabin, the hearty chug-chug of a Ford truck was heard, and Inspector Smart of the Forestry Department drove into camp. Although the inspector had come out to make inspection of stations in his district, no sooner was he informed of the case than he consented to turn right around and drive back to Prince Albert over the worst road in the world. Next morning a canopy was put up over the back of the truck, a bed of straw was arranged and the wounded man laid on it. With the rain still pouring down, Mr. Smart set out. Two Indians accompanied him to care for Peter, who through it all maintained his stoic good humor. Eight hours later the patient was delivered to Victoria Hospital, Prince Albert.

LAC LA RONGE is one of the tokens left to Canada of the daring exploits of French explorers who

threaded her waters long in advance of more tardy civilization. The story of the naming of the lake is that when these early adventurers first sighted it, the trees on the shore were all gnawed by beavers for a dam. So they gave the lake the name which perpetuates their and the beaver's exploits, though both long ago have departed.

Picturesque, and probably rich in mineral ore, the country is too rocky for agriculture. The school grows garden stuff, but that is about all. The lake teems with fish which form a large part of the diet for man and the dogs which are beasts of burden in winter. Fish, also, are shipped out to the markets of the world to the limited extent of the rather backward transportation facilities of the locality. The Indians live by trapping, fishing and hunting.

Dr. Westgate left Winnipeg Monday, May 16, on the trip out. Weather conditions at that time were much more favorable than during the return trip. The journey was full of interesting incident. The Sioux reserve, where live the descendants of the Indian refugees from American justice, was passed in the 47 miles covered by motor. The kit wagon, sent on the day before, in charge of Chief William Bear of the New Reserve, was overtaken. The new Peterborough canoe was hauled behind on a two-wheeled contraption, to the launching at Red Deer Landing.

Red Deer, or Waskasiu river, was alive with fish—suckers—going up stream to spawn. The canoe slipped over them in thousands. In the shallow stream Dr. Westgate could watch their manoeuvres. They jumped at the big stones in the rapids, climbing up the current in much the same way as the lordly salmon in the Fraser, on similar mission bent.

On the shores big game was sighted more than once, and in Montreal river a picture was obtained of jumping deer on the shore. The guides were cooks and camp builders. Wedge tents were kept in the bottom of the boat to sit on while en route. No wood was carried but at each stop was cut fresh for fuel, tent-pegs and for poles for negotiating rapids, when necessary.

Camping at sunset beside waters dyed carmine and gold by nature's magic; rising at dawn to the songs of myriads of love-inspired birds—these formed the evening and the morning of each day's travel. The aroma of sizzling bacon, with crisp bannocks toasting over the camp-fire, was a strong competitor for attention of the six-o'clock riser, with the songs of the birds. It was too early in the season for mosquitoes and flies, and every day saw new delights.

At Waskasiu lake the travellers were honored with a call from the "mayor" of Red Deer, one of those human anomalies, a white man of culture returned to the wilds and living like the natives. His son, a half-breed, who served in France with the Canadians, was paddling across the lake, urged on by the good-natured raillery of his father, who offered to give him a tow.

In Montreal lake they found ice floes, some of them piled up by the wind and current until they assumed the proportions of icebergs. At nine o'clock, on the evening of Friday, May 20th, camp was made on a little peninsula overgrown with willow. Icebergs floated past all night. The place was sanctuary for birds and thousands of them kept up the chorus, practically all night. The weird cry of the loon mingling with the mating call of ducks, blackbirds and hundreds of other species, kept the air vibrant with song.

Continued on page 99



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With Brother Cree of the Northland

Continued from page 98

SUNDAY evening at 7.30 o'clock the missionary secretary stepped ashore at Lac la Ronge. From the little white church on the hill the sound of singing floated down over the water. It was evensong and the Indian children's voices were sweet on the air.

The Mission at Lac la Ronge is one of the older ones under the Anglican Church. The school, like all of the Indian boarding schools, is the property of the Dominion Government. The present building is comparatively new. It was erected under the direct supervision of the Principal, Rev. C. F. Hives, who, in addition to teaching and performing the offices of Holy Orders, is an expert woodsman and can run a sawmill as well as any engineer. The mill on the reserve was built by the Government. Mr. Hives went into the woods, chose and helped to fell his timber and then sawed it into lumber. He had a hand in laying the foundation and superintended the driving of every nail, driving not a few himself. The school is thoroughly equipped and up-to-date. Sinclair Lewis, on his visit to the Canadian North a few years ago, was a guest at the school, and professed himself impressed by the efficiency and standard of the institution.

Recent reports of establishment of a new national park in Northern Saskatchewan are being received with feelings of concern on the part of the Indian population of that district. The proposed park is to be situated about 50 miles north of Prince Albert, and will enclose a territory between a line running east and west 15 miles south of Red Deer Lake and another parallel to it ten miles north of the south end

of Montreal Lake. It would thus take in Waskasiu lake and part of Montreal lake, and as this area embraces the Indian settlements of Montreal lake, they look with some anxiety on this new aggression of the white man.

When interviewed by some of the old men of the reserve, Dr. Westgate assured them that the Department of Indian Affairs would treat them fairly, as it always had done. He made the weathered old features crack into a smile by suggesting to them that the government might want some of the old fellows as attractions in the park. They went away satisfied, at any rate.

On his return trip to Prince Albert Dr. Westgate encountered every sort of trouble possible to motor travel. The rain was coming down in sheets. Time after time all hands had to get out and shove the car out of mud holes. One chain was lost and a cow chain obtained and cut into four pieces to replace it, with but poor success. Water from the ruts splashed over the hood, got into the works and short-circuited the ignition. The only piece of luck was that the discovery that there was only one pint of gasoline left was made after driving into the Prince Albert garage, instead of out on the road.

Since returning to Winnipeg Dr. Westgate has received word that Peter Bird is making a fine recovery. It was found necessary to amputate the whole arm to the shoulder, but the wound is healing perfectly. No doubt Peter Bird will be one of the first to welcome the missionary secretary on his next trip to Lac la Ronge, which he thinks may be made by air, as more expeditious and convenient.



Lake Beaumont, Jasper National Park

Rainscapes

By Clara Hopper

To go a-faring you would fain
Along this grass-edged country lane;
Too bad the air is blurred with rain.
You simply cannot see.
Not see? Leave that to me.

I see the grosgrain ribbon road,
From some great bolt unwound, bestowed
In bright-bound loops; there raindrops
flowed
Like silver satin, free,
And paused, and shone—for me.

I see, against a greyer sky,
A slim, grey windmill limned—and die.
I see meek, dripping horses plod
Home; rain-released, loose-traced, they
nod,
Dog tired of being gee-d and haw-ed
At the threshing bee.

I see a caterpillar strain—
Great, brown, agorge with garnered
grain—
Panting, puffing, crawling o'er the plain
Eastward, through the rain:
Men call it "a train".

Here, there, a lick of flame I see—
Some straw-stack's fierce, last agony,
No more vivid than the wild cherry
In nature's nursery
Blazing ardently.

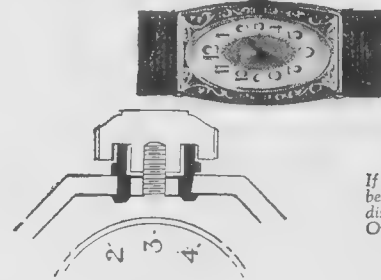
"Not see"?—Thank God for rain!
That limits our insatiate sight;
Else, easily, go blind we might
From too much seeing—pain of pain!
Or miss, through dazzle of bright light,
The water-colors of the plain.

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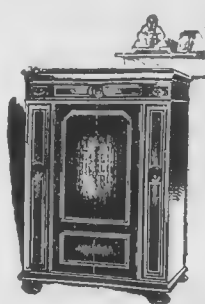
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"This shall not go on," cried Pharo the King of Andike.

"I shall send my men out into the sea and they shall conquer this man Ulf, and bring him to answer for his dark deeds, but, if we do not win this time we are beaten indeed. Children, Wives, and Husbands shall die of hunger if our ships are no longer free to come and go because of this pirate. For all our food comes in from over the sea."

So the King called for volunteers, but of all the brave men of Andike, only six were willing to go.

"Ah!" cried Pharo, "I fear we are beaten," and he fell back in his chair in deep sorrow. "Must we suffer and die of hunger because of this man?" thought Pharo, "No, we shall not, I will offer thirty thousand pieces of silver instead of five thousand."

But the greater reward made no difference, for even though the men wanted to go, their wives clung to them, afraid to let them go. So for all the money in the town King Pharo could not gather enough men to fight.

"Oh, we are beaten, yes beaten! It seems no use trying to save us all from starvation. Men do not understand as I." So the sad heart of Pharo led him to his treasure room, and he cried to God to tell what they might do. And afterward he went to his people, and was happy and he told them that they need have no fear, because God told him he would show a way to get rid of Ulf. And the answer would be revealed in a dream that night.

So night came, and with a heart full of wonder that his puzzle would be solved, Pharo soon fell asleep. And all was still and dark in his room. The people feared to move lest they would break the "Vision."

I cannot describe Pharo's "Vision," but next day he arose early, dressed himself and walked through the garden. Picking a rose he said, "Ah, I know we are not beaten yet, for I have heard, I have seen, and now I know. Oh, you lonely rose, your mates have gone and you are

left, but you are the one my heart, soul, and thoughts are cast upon."

The people thought the King would tell them about his dream, but he did not. He slowly walked out of the garden into the street, down to the harbor and to where the salt sea begins. He found awaiting a small boat with two oars on either side. He seated himself in the boat as the crowd gazed at him, for his actions seemed queer to them, to think that a King would make such a fuss as Pharo was doing over a rose. But he rowed away. Ulf, who saw him at once, turned towards him, but stopped, for Pharo arose and called out, "Let me upon your galley, for I have something for you."

"Lift the old fool up he seems out of his mind," shouted Ulf to his men. So they did, and Pharo rubbed the rose, thus one of its petals fell, he rubbed it again and another fell. And so on, until one at last was left.

"Ah, it is a lonely rose, just one more to go, I know we are not beaten now." He rubbed it again. What happened? Pharo found he was in his own bedroom.

"What is this," he still had the rose. "It is no dream, God is it? I know it is true, I remember standing on the deck of Ulf's ship. I rubbed the rose, the last petal fell, then what happened? I do not remember, Ah, but I know it is true."

So King Pharo said nothing to his people, but he left his chamber and entered into the street. Where were all the people? Had God taken them away, Pharo wondered, for there was not a soul to be seen. Just then he heard a voice, "Is it Ulf?" He turned, and looking along the narrow harbor he saw the people full of excitement. But that was not all he saw, for he caught sight of a ship, such as was never seen, nearing the harbor.

"Yes I remember," cried Pharo. "When the last of the rose fell, Ulf's ship vanished, and something seemed to carry me across the water, then I awoke, found myself in my bedroom, but by the works of God that I shall forever follow, that ship has been changed, and I have been changed."

In every box



CANADA'S
CANDY



This is how Mary Philbin proposes to deliver her Easter Eggs. We always knew she was as light as a feather, but until we received this picture we did not know that even a little chick could pull her

The Eruptive Mussolini

Mussolini is going to have the ancient city of Herculaneum dug up from under the lava beneath which Vesuvius buried it so many centuries ago. And then, no doubt, Mussolini, who rather fancies himself as being somewhat volcanic at times, will dare Vesuvius to do it again.—Vancouver Province.

Ye Editor Grows Reminiscent

A pair of Manitoba turkeys have been shipped to Australia. That's nothing. We remember a pair back on the farm that used to travel that far every year to make their nest. This goes to show that we may not know very much about geography, but we know something about turkeys.—Selkirk Recorder.

Jasper and the Carnival Spirit

Continued from page 27

the people of Jasper on their carnival. "It is a splendid beginning," he said, "I know this is only your fourth year, and I am confident that before many years this will be one of the biggest winter events of the country. I see no reason why in future, Europe should not come to Canada for its winter sports. We have in Jasper one of the largest, if not the largest national park in the world, and one of the most beautiful." An invitation was then extended to Miss Grace Poole, the Carnival Queen, to spend a week at Jasper Lodge during Golf Week in September, and Her Majesty graciously accepted.

Mr. Clarke made the further announcement that the Association would give Miss Poole a trip to the Coast this summer.

A dance brought the Carnival to a close—such a dance as only a carnival spirit can create; such music, such laughter, and such happiness. The prizes were presented by Her Majesty and with lingering regrets the guests took their departure.

The great train slid out of the station, the mountains echoed the last final whistle, the silence, and the stars brooded over Jasper, and the Carnival for 1928 was over.



Days to Keep in Mind

BEFORE long now, when spring once more "makes all things new," we shall have striking proof again of how our minds and bodies respond to the seasonal changes in the world around us. In the great annual renewal of the bountifulness of Nature, when the trees are putting on their new garb of tender green, there will be days when it will be literally impossible for any person who has good health to walk abroad in the open country and be pessimistic. Such days when they come should help us to realize the truth there is in Hamlet's words: "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so." By an effort of the will, which can be trained to such effort, we can renew on days of gloom something of the inspiration we had on days of happy brightness.

What Makes a Home?

"THE cradle is the most important of Canadian institutions," said a Quebec member in a recent debate in the House at Ottawa. Most Canadian infants now are not cradled, but the words of that member of Parliament express a fundamental truth, all the same. Its real meaning is not to be fastened to a piece of furniture, any more than the meaning of home can be fastened to a house. The house is not the home, nor is the home the house. No dwelling-place, be it a shack or a palace, is anything more than the roof and walls which house a home. The home is personal. It is composed of personalities. Indeed, a single personality may constitute a home. The ideal home is the life of a family, which creates by the devotion of its members to one another the best happiness this world can know. Home makes character, and character determines destiny. Is it not true, then, that home-making is what is most important in civilization and human progress?

About Canadianism

SOME of the well-meaning but over-anxious persons who are having a great deal to say about the necessity of stimulating the growth of Canadian national sentiment are like the children who pull up plants in the garden to see if they are growing. Surely every boy and girl born and bred in Canada will grow up to be a good Canadian. For a person not a Canadian by birth, who becomes a Canadian by adoption, the best that Canada can do is to give him, or her, a fair deal and make the conditions in our country the best possible for us all. The spirit of such Canadianism surrounding such a person is the only thing that can make him, or her, truly a Canadian patriot. Patriotism, like religion and love and other precious realities of life, is a thing about which there can be too much talk.

To Spank, Or Not?

FROM the What the World is Saying page a reader has cut out a paragraph which says that "one reason why girls are naughty is that they get

the shingle in the wrong place," and pasted it on a letter asking if The Philosopher believes that punishment of the sort indicated is any longer possible, even if it were a good and right thing. As a matter of fact, The Philosopher believes that the paragraph quoted should not be taken too seriously. Plainly it was meant as a joke. At the same time, he believes it to be true that many a man spans his children for things which his own father should have spanked out of him—if possible.

Sizing Up Ourselves

"THERE was never yet a philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently," says a character in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Even temporary disease of our bodies, these mortal envelopes of our immortal souls, can upset the most philosophical of us. Such things can (again to quote Shakespeare) "overcome us like a summer cloud." "The state of mind of a man who is very hungry is very different from that of a man who has just eaten a satisfying meal. Who has not observed in other people that hunger breeds irritability and even rancor? It causes personal anxiety and a pessimistic outlook on the world. And, on the other hand, who has not observed in other people that tolerance and kindness are the spiritual concomitants of a full stomach? But how about watching ourselves and seeing that such things are no less true of us, too?"

A Good Habit to Learn

HOW few human beings have not had an uncomfortable awakening to the fact that the links of the chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are so strong that they are hard to break! The earlier in life we learn this truth and lay it to heart, the better for us. Then we can realize that we can exercise control over the formation of those chains which grow strong so imperceptibly. One of the best habits we can form is the habit of learning. Then our education never stops going on while we are alive. There is no other habit can help us more to keep us young and keep us truly alive and bring us real happiness.

Opinions and Prejudices

ONE of the most important things to learn in this world is that open-minded, unprejudiced thinking does not come easy to anybody. This is true not only of uneducated persons but also of persons whom it is usual to regard as being in the highly educated classes. If more of us would devote effort to examining and testing our opinions and prejudices, instead of devoting a great deal to justifying them to ourselves and others, we should find ourselves on the way to the great truth that the only real understanding is sympathetic understanding. To become possessed by the great truth is a moral experience, an enlarging and deepening of the personality. It might be compared to a conversion. It means a permanent change. It is like learning to swim. Once a swimmer, always a swimmer.

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The Western Home Monthly

BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR
WINNIPEG, MAN.

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The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

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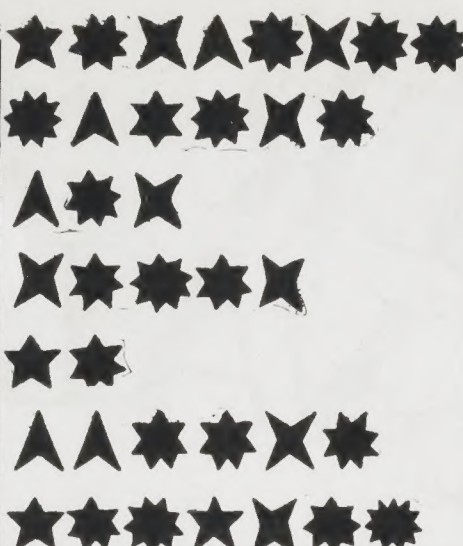
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Solve this Puzzle



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Fourth	-	100.00	"
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Sixth	-	50.00	"
Seventh	-	25.00	"
Eighth	-	10.00	"
9 to 26	-	5.00	Each

The above prizes are unconditionally guaranteed.

Follow these Simple Rules

1. Write your answers in pen and ink only, on one side of the paper. Put name and address in upper right hand corner stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, also name of this paper. Write anything else on separate sheet. Don't send fancy, drawn, or typewritten answers.
2. Contestants must be 16 years or over.
3. Employees of Banner Hosiery Co. or friends and relatives of employees are forbidden to enter.
4. Three entries may be submitted but only one can win a prize.
5. Different members of a family may compete but only one prize will be awarded to any one household or group.
6. Final awards will be made by a committee of three prominent Toronto business men who are in no way connected with this firm. Their names will be made known to all contestants. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions.
7. If you find the correct answer to the puzzle you will be awarded 950 points, and we will send you by mail, a simple acting charade puzzle game on which you will be awarded all the final points. No points are to be awarded for neatness, handwriting, or general appearance, nor are points to be awarded for orders unless sent optionally to a limited amount to take the place of missing or doubtful answers. You are neither obliged nor required to buy or sell a single thing to win the highest prize.
8. Contest closes 5 p.m., Friday Aug. 31st, 1928. Entries should be forwarded promptly.

Banner Hosiery Company, Ltd. Dept. 49 Toronto, Ont.

One night Professor Gazor, the great astronomer noticed through his telescope that various stars in one of the great constellations had different numbers of points to them. He was able to group these odd stars. This discovery so startled the scientific world that it was decided to find out what it all meant. After tremendous research it was decided that one of the planets was using this method to send the world an important message. By mathematical calculation Professor Gazor was able to decipher the message. His colleagues naturally wanted to know all about it, but he would not give them the message. He told them to work it out for themselves.

How He Did It

"You will notice," the professor told them, "some stars have three points, others four points, some five, or six points, etc. The number of points each star has determines what letter of the word of the message that star stands for. For instance if a star has three points it is the letter a. However, if it has four points it is either d, e, or f. Some stars represent only one letter, some 2 letters and some 3 letters. I have worked out the table code for you, now you count the number of points on each star and try to find what letter each star stands for, by referring to the table code. I have correctly arranged the stars so that each row of stars spells a word of the message. In order to help you a bit the first word is 'Greatest.'"

Solve This Puzzle Win First Prize

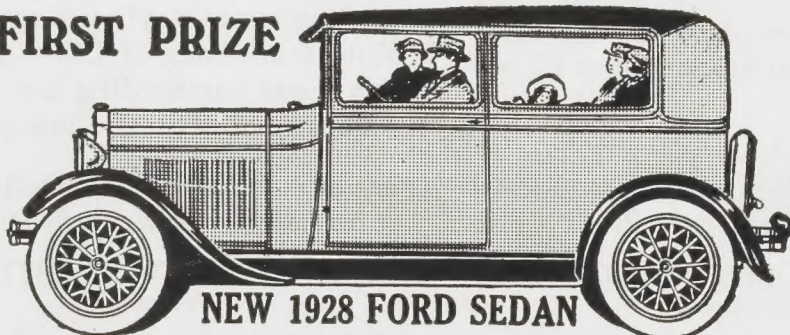
If you can solve this puzzle, send your answer in at once to compete for the beautiful 1928 Ford Sedan First Prize. Write your answer neatly on a piece of paper in pen and ink.

TABLE CODE
3-a.b.
4-d,e,f.
5-g,h,i.
6-l.
7-n.o.
8-r.
9-s,t,u.
10-v.
11-y.

Nothing to Buy or Sell. No Money to Spend.

Frankly, this is an advertising contest. Its object is to get a wider distribution for the Banner Money saving hosiery and underwear catalogue, listing three hundred quality items at direct to consumer prices. When we receive your answer to the puzzle, we will write and tell you how many points you have gained towards first prize and will send you a copy of our latest catalogue right away. You can enter and win the highest prizes without buying a single thing, selling anything, or spending a cent of your money. You will be under no obligation whatever to make a purchase to obtain standing for first prize. Send your answer at once.

FIRST PRIZE



NEW 1928 FORD SEDAN

What the World is Saying

Observant Editorial Suspicion

Whenever we see a woman trying to pull down a short skirt, we always have the suspicion that the hose have cotton tops.—Peterboro Examiner.

Some Profess to Think It's Crooked

At first the world was believed to be flat. Then it was discovered that it was round. So knowledge advances.—London Free Press.

Progress Upward

A real old-timer is one who can remember when girls wore their dresses down to their insteps and not up to their step-ins.—Galt Reporter.

One Way of Regarding It

The great advantage of bootleg booze is that a man dies before he can drink enough of it to form the habit.—New York Tribune-Herald.

The Real Might Is Money Power

The pen is mightier than the sword because it is used to sign contracts for building armaments.—Brooklyn Eagle.

When Will This Apply to War?

It wasn't the development of more deadly weapons that abolished duelling; it was the development of common sense.—Manchester Guardian.

Auriferous Manitoba

With her golden grain, goldeyes and gold mines Manitoba's claims to be in the auriferous belt are indisputable.—Neepawa Press.

Something Should Be Done About This

A boy of seven is said to have written a novel. In a case like this, I believe the responsibility devolves upon the male parent.—London Passing Show.

It Is Not Laws That Are Lacking

We can't imagine what other nations mean by speaking of "lawless Americans." Haven't we got more laws than all of them combined?—New York World.

No Safety in This Gasoline Age

In these days of motor competition the pedestrian is never safe. If an automobile doesn't get him, an automobile salesman will.—Ottawa Journal.

Showing How Money Talks

Another indication of good times and increasingly easy money is the increase in the Manitoba telephone receipts.—Winnipeg Free Press.

He Must Be a Sentimentalist

An eminent psychologist writes that perfume has played an important part in the growth of kindness in this world of ours.—London Daily Mail.

To Make Music Revenue-producing

The King of the Hedjas has placed a heavy tax on musical instruments entering his kingdom. Winnipeg is looking for more tax money and there has been much talk about a broader basis of taxation. How about putting a tax on flutes at so much per inch and on bass fiddles at so much per quart?—Brandon Sun.

And All Detest Static

One of the musical societies discussed the subject, "How to listen to music." Some prefer earphones and others favor loud speakers.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Vanished Rainbow Hues of Hope

Someone has photographed a bursting soap bubble. Man on the way to gamble on margins should take a good look at that snapshot.—Toronto Telegram.

The Silkworm's Work Is Never Done

The saddest of all insects is the silkworm: he labors all his life to clothe the beautiful women—and dies with his work half done.—Calgary Herald.

The Real Cost is in the Upkeep

A car purchased for \$8 was caught yesterday speeding, and its owner was fined \$10. Thus was a new automobile record made in this city.—Toronto Globe.

Ask Stovel About YOUR PRINTING

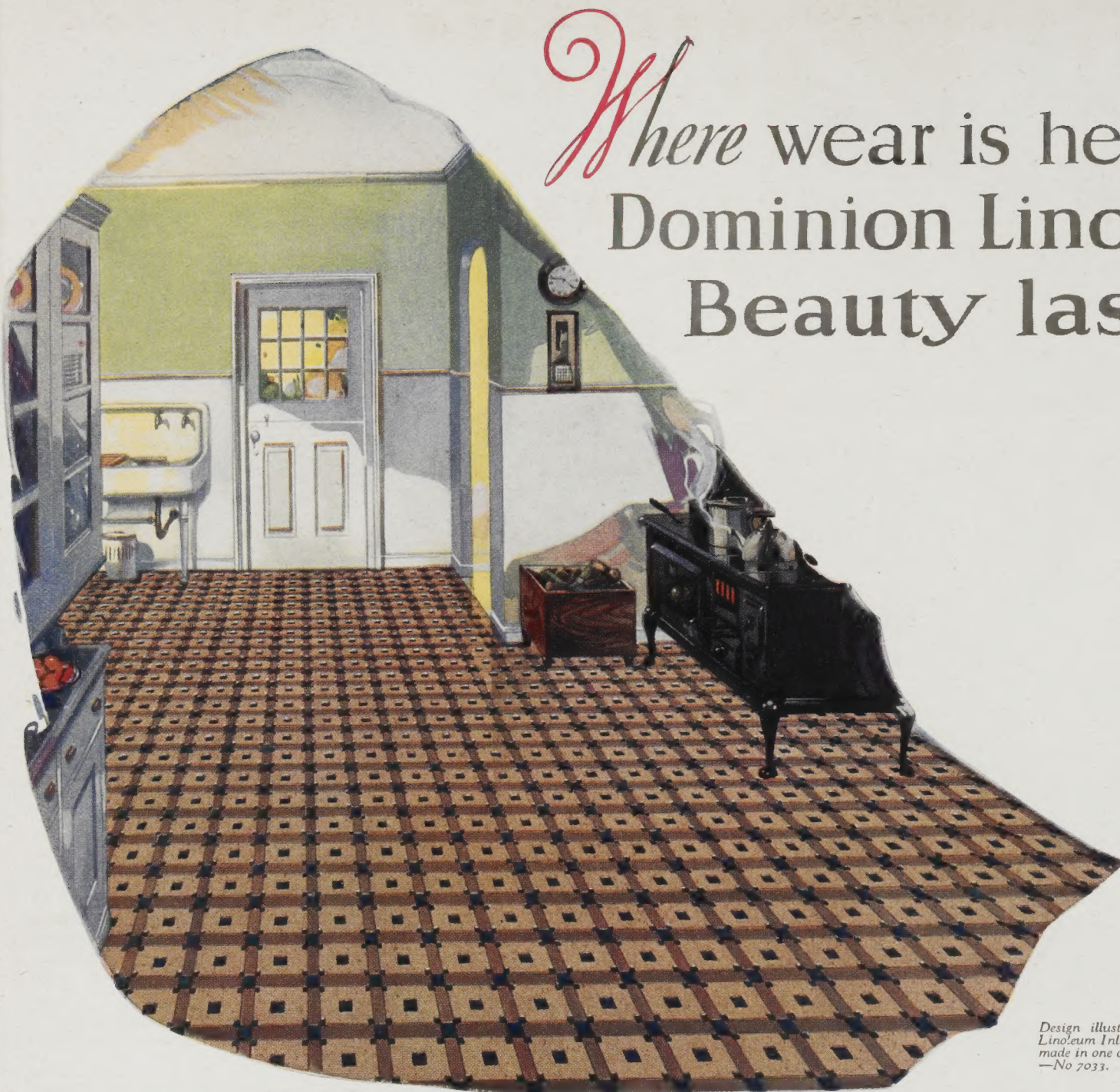
There is an outstanding character about their production. Every art essential to the finest possible work is concentrated under their one big roof—a real modern plant, stretching from Ellen to Dagmar Street on Bannatyne Avenue, Winnipeg.

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